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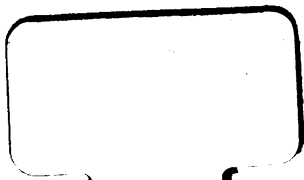
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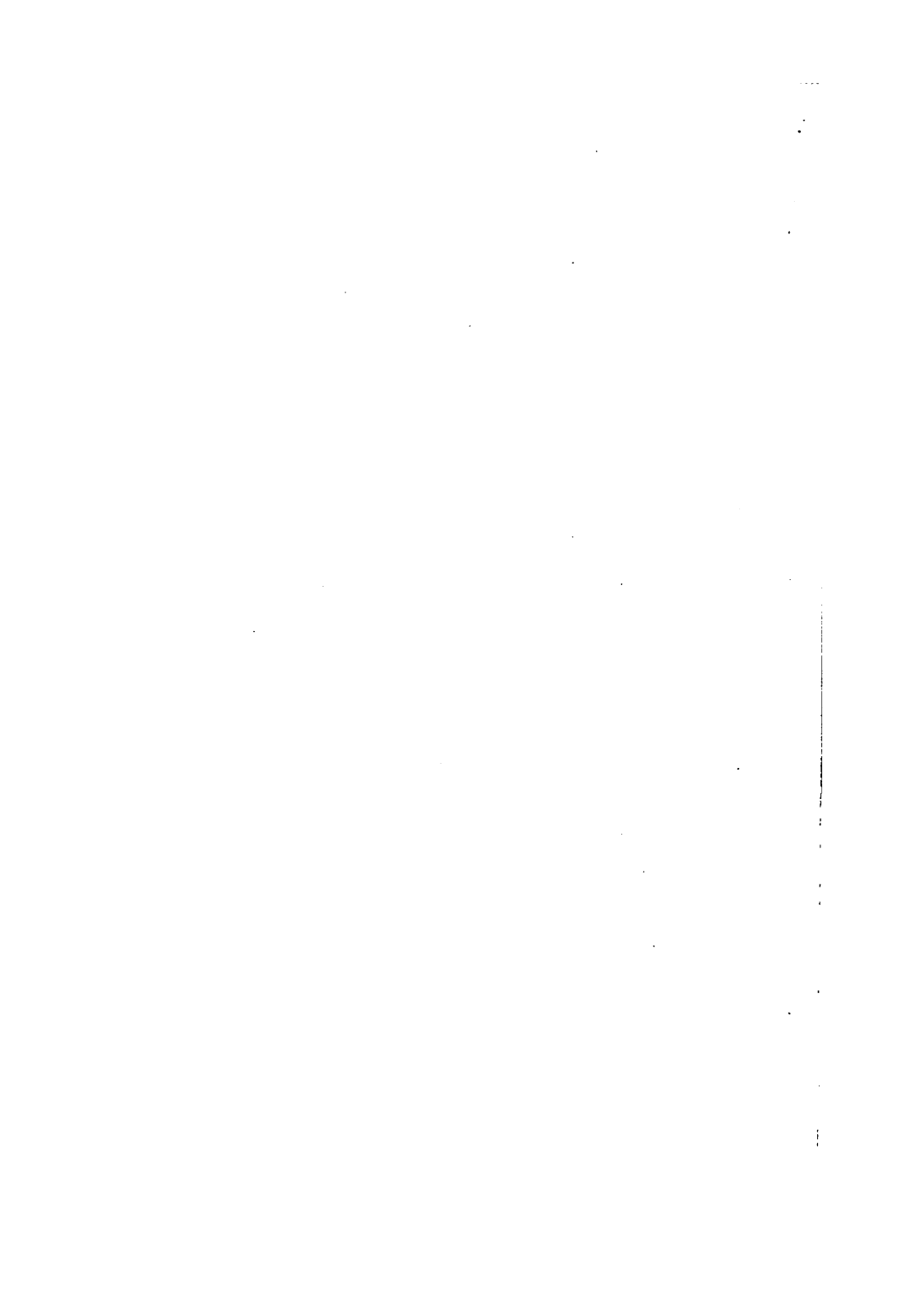


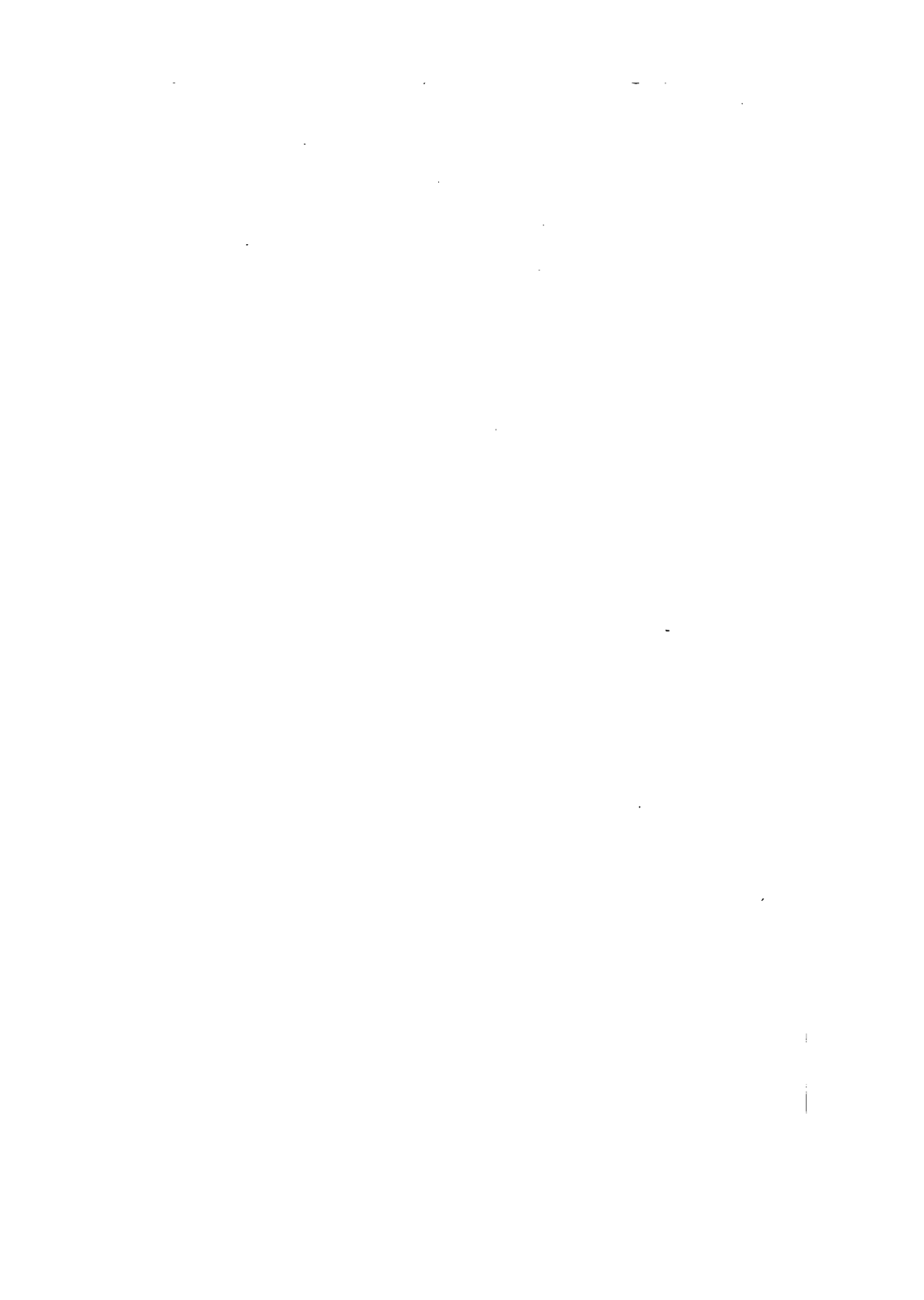
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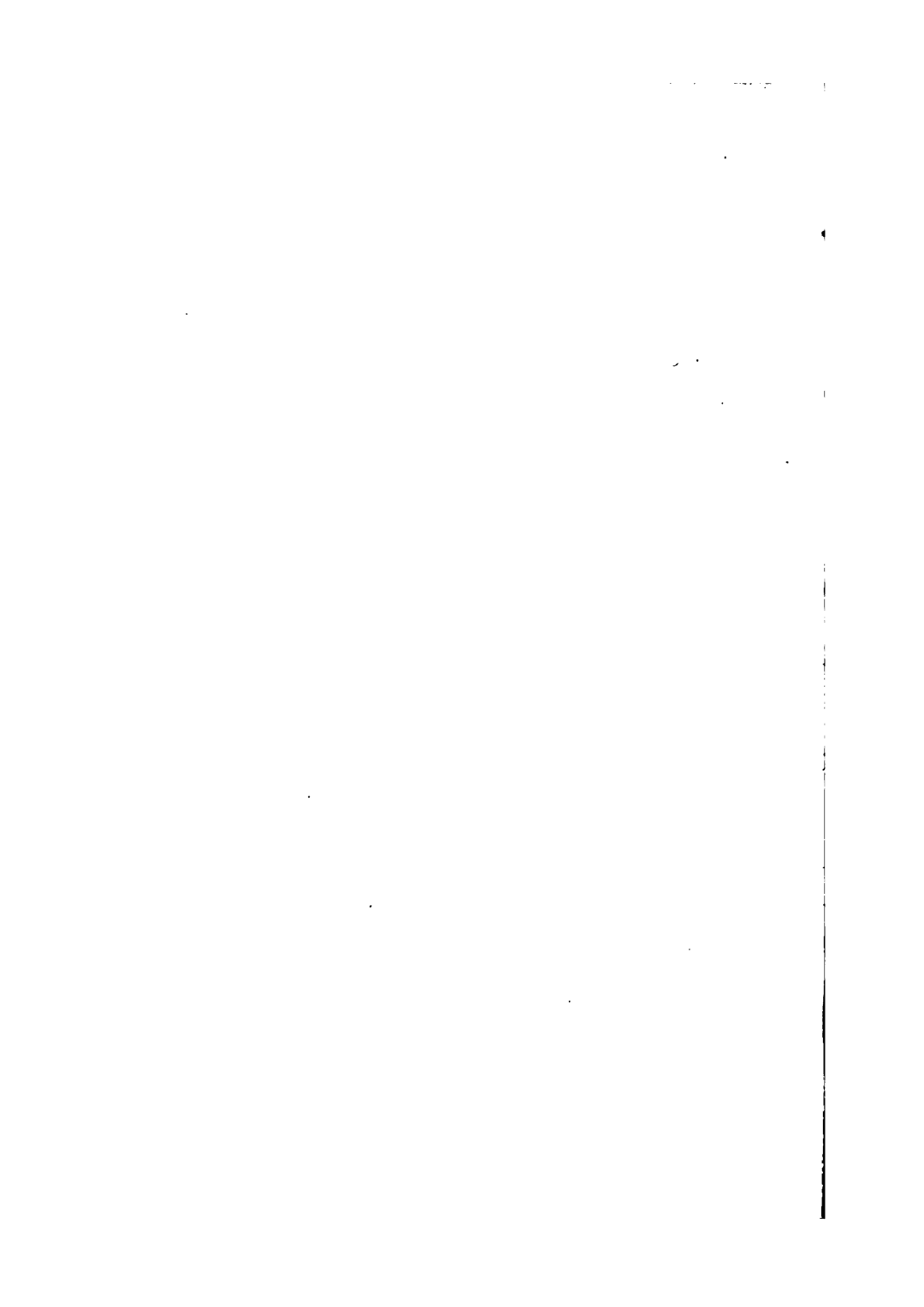
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WILLIAM HAVELock

By

WILLIAM HAVELock

Author of "The Havelock Family" and "The Havelock Family"

The Havelock Family
The Havelock Family

THE HAVELock



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NEW YORK:

GRAYSON SCRIBNER, 14 GRAND STREET.

NEW YORK.

1893



THE LIFE
OF
GENERAL H. HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

BY
JOEL TYLER
J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,"
"SACRED MOUNTAINS," ETC.

"And at their head rode Havelock—his fearless forehead bare—
His warlike locks, worn thin and white, a-wave with every air."

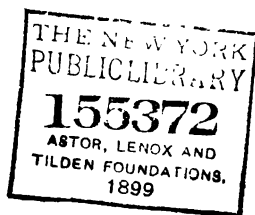
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INTRODUCTION.



It may seem strange that a full and extended biography of so distinguished a general as Havelock should be first attempted by an American. But it must be remembered that Havelock was one of those rare characters that belong to the race, and are not the exclusive property of any nation. The mere fact that when the news of his death reached this country, the flags of the shipping in the port of New York were hung at half-mast—a mark of respect never before shown at the death of any chieftain or potentate of the Old World—shows how deeply the sympathies of the American people were enlisted in his career. Doubtless, the chief reason of the apparent neglect in England to give a history of Havelock's life may be found in the following statement made by Rev. Mr. Brock in his sketch of Havelock's religious character: "From the pen of John Marsham,

Esq., a memoir may be looked for, as soon as there has been an opportunity of obtaining the necessary documents, and submitting them to the deliberate investigations which their importance will require. Some time—perhaps a twelvemonth—must elapse on account of the length of the period which the memoir will embrace, and of the carefulness with which the voluminous materials must be examined and employed.” Both of these gentlemen being brothers-in-law of Havelock, this announcement by the latter would naturally arrest any inclination on the part of others to write his biography. A twelvemonth was certainly the shortest time in which the materials could be collected and arranged.

The present work was commenced at the urgent request of a friend of Havelock’s family, and of the missionaries with whom Havelock was on the most intimate terms, and on his assurance that the pressing engagements of Mr. Marsham would prevent him from accomplishing an object so near to his heart—at least for several years. Still I declined to complete it until I received the undoubted information that Mr. Marsham had not commenced his work, and would not for three years, if he ever did. The field thus being clear, and having

obtained through this friend, and through another in India, all the necessary materials, I deemed it fit and right that the fruit of what has been to me a labor of love should be given to the world.

It may be objected that so much war and bloodshed should be mingled in with the life of an eminent Christian ; but this is designed to be a military biography. Havelock was a military man, and his eminence did not arise from his rare Christian virtues, but these virtues became known through his greatness as a warrior. To take advantage of his military renown to make more widely known his Christian character, and then to ignore the military career by which that renown was won, is to be guilty of a deception and trickery unworthy of the biographer of so straightforward and truthful a man as Havelock. Besides, it would be manifestly unjust. Havelock was proud of his profession, and loved active service, and whether the man of peace can reconcile this with his religious character or not, he has no right whatever to present him with half of his life and character cut away. Havelock would have scorned such a man, and held in low estimation religious principles that would sanction such disingenuousness.

It is an error to suppose that Havelock was singular in his religious character ; the English army has had many distinguished Christians among its officers—such as Captain Hedley Vicars, Col. Gardiner, General Burns, the Lawrences, Nicholsons, Edwards, etc. He differed from many others only in the boldness of his course, and the public manner in which he showed his faith and devotion. As the prominent position his name at present occupies is that of a great commander, the tracing of his military career should be the chief object of his biographer. Only a small portion of his correspondence is inserted, and that simply to illustrate his private social character. So also many facts relating to his religious course are omitted, because they would be a mere repetition of what has already been given, and belong more especially to a strictly Christian biography. His religious character is, however, fully brought out.

It may be thought that I have dwelt with unnecessary length on those campaigns in which Havelock acted only in a subordinate capacity ; but to understand a man's character it is necessary to trace the events and scenes in which he has been educated. Havelock's military greatness was not the growth of an hour,

but the result of severe study and long service in the field. I have given the main outlines of the Afghan campaign, because, in the first place, Havelock, although only a staff officer during its progress, did more than any commander towards saving it from ending in total disgrace, and in the second place, in its length, and in the varied events and scenes that marked its passage, there seems to be the type of which the siege and relief of Lucknow are the anti-type. Not only did this campaign lay the foundation of Havelock's future greatness, but one, in tracing its progress, can see the hand of Providence preparing the Christian soldier for those trying scenes amid which his life closed. On these accounts I have deemed it important to enter more into detail of the Afghan campaign than at first sight would seem necessary.

My personal views or prejudices respecting the course of the East India Company, from its first aggressive movements until now, I have endeavored to keep in abeyance as having no place in a work of this kind. The invasion of Afghanistan and the annexation of Oude are the only two events of which I have spoken with severity. Of the first, my severest language has been quotations from English histo-

rians, who are regarded in Great Britain as standard authority. In condemnation of the last, I have but reiterated the sentiments of the best and wisest statesmen of England.

In contemplating the life of Havelock, many are troubled at the outset to reconcile his military and Christian profession. I have touched on this point in the body of the memoir, but since it was written, my attention has been called to an interesting work entitled "The Higher Christian Life," by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, in which he takes up the question, "Can any man be a whole-hearted Christian and yet a military man?" He meets it frankly, and those who will take the trouble to refer to his arguments, will be surprised to find how much their views have grown out of a mere feeling which a little reflection would have changed. I have not space for his able discussion of this question, but the main points are—the first Gentile to whom the Gospel was preached was a Roman military officer, Cornelius, who is commended as a devout and prayerful man. It was of a centurion, too, that Christ said, "I have not found so great faith—no, not in Israel." He says, moreover, that the army and navy are simply a "national police, in principle just what the civic police is to the

city, and the sheriffalty and constabulary are to the country." That it is right to have a police on the high seas to protect commerce from pirates, and one on the land to defend the frontiers from invasion, no one will deny. He says that when the necessity of a navy and army is admitted, the whole question is settled ; for whatever is necessary for the protection and conservation of good government, it is proper for good men to engage in. He might have added, that if a military profession is inconsistent with Christian character, then the first duty of chaplains in the navy and army is to preach desertion. If they cannot be constant Christians and follow their calling, it is manifestly the duty of officers to resign, and men to desert, for the claims of God are above all other obligations. The seamen of the North Carolina, who shared so largely in the religious movement in New York, the past year, would not place a high estimation on the Christian teacher who should inculcate such doctrines. No one believes those converted sailors would be less efficient in the hour of action because they have become conscientious religious men.

It is impossible to give all the authorities to which I have been indebted in compiling this memoir. With regard to the various cam-

paigns in which Havelock was engaged during his long service, I have consulted not only every work that has been published, but the official papers issued in India. I am indebted, also, to the standard papers and periodicals of England. I am under especial obligations to Blackwood's invaluable magazine for matter relating to the campaign in the Punjaub.

Dr. Kaye's valuable work on the war in Afghanistan I found to fill an important hiatus in my materials relating to the closing scenes of that event. In two of the most important of Havelock's earlier campaigns, I have made use almost entirely of Havelock's own journals and accounts. One of these, written in his youth, his own family did not possess, and it was obtained only by rare good fortune even in India, and through a gentleman of high position in Calcutta.

In writing the history of the *last* campaign of Havelock, I have made use of all the authentic accounts published in England, embracing various diaries by ladies, and officers, and civilians. For the incidents connected with Havelock's boyhood I am indebted entirely to the able and highly interesting sketch of his religious character by Rev. Mr. Brock. After having exhausted all these sources of in-

formation, my collection of materials would still have been incomplete but for the generous interest of two gentlemen—one a friend of Havelock's family, and the other a man of high position and influence residing in India. They do not wish their names mentioned in connection with this memoir, but I cheerfully confess that but for them the book would not have been written.



LIFE OF GENL HAVELOCK.

CHAPTER I.

Havelock's Birth and Childhood—Early Training—His Courage and Daring—Gets a Black Eye—Military Tendencies—Called "Phlos" for his Grave Demeanor—His Religious Tendency and Love of Study—Chooses the Profession of the Law—His Brother William serves under Wellington—Havelock obtains a Lieutenant's Commission—After Eight Years' Service at Home, embarks for India—Is converted on the way—Stationed at Fort William, in Calcutta—Commences Religious Instruction of his Soldiers—War with Burmah—Havelock's First Battle—The Baptist Missionaries—Is taken Sick, and returns to Hindostan—Rejoins the Army—Is engaged in Three separate Actions—Drs. Price and Judson—Bearer of Presents to the King—Receives a Patent of Nobility—Scene at Dinner—Religious Services in a heathen Temple.

HENRY HAVELOCK was born at Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, on the 5th of April, 1795, being the third of a family of seven children. Attempts have been made to trace his lineage back to an illustrious Danish family ; but nothing definite is known of his ancestry beyond two generations.

His grandfather, who lived in Lincolnshire,

removed to Yorkshire, where Henry Havelock's father was born. The latter being in moderate circumstances, went to Sunderland to improve his fortune by engaging in ship-building and commercial pursuits. Acquiring sufficient property to support a family, he married Jane, daughter of John Carter, a conveyancer. When young Havelock was four years old, his father, having purchased Ingress near Dartford, in Kent, Co., removed thither. Havelock's after religious character was, doubtless, owing much to the careful training of his mother, during the first six years of his life, while under the paternal roof. She was accustomed regularly to assemble her children around her, and after reading a portion of Scripture, converse and pray with them. The lessons she inculcated and the religious truths she implanted in his young heart remained there to bring forth their fruit in due time.

At the age of five, he, with his brother William, was sent to school at Dartford, three miles distant, and placed under the charge of Rev. I. Bradley, curate of Swanscomb.* These two lads ambling to Dartford on two ponies, and the gallant Colonel heading a charge

* It is possible there may be an error in this date, for Havelock himself makes a difference of a year in his age at this time. In his own memoranda, he says that "in January, 1801, William and Henry went to school at Dartford as parlor boarders," etc., but in a letter to his son, dated June 4th, 1853, he mentions: "In the month of January, 1800 (this is 1853), my brother William and I were taken on ponies away to school at Dartford," etc. If his memorandum is correct, he was six the April after he entered school, but in this letter he says he was *five* in April.

of cavalry, and the great Commander leading his army to victory, present one of those striking contrasts, which fortune sometimes seems to delight in.

He remained here three years. At this early age he evinced great fondness for reading, and like all boys of an ardent temperament, took great delight in accounts of battles and sieges. This taste for military affairs was much increased by the wonderful career Napoleon was then running. The rapidity and boldness of his marches, the extent of his resources and the sudden and terrible shocks with which he fell on the monarchs of Europe, were well calculated to inflame the imagination, and he carefully followed all his movements, and in the secluded places of the park marked out the various fields of action, remmarshalled the battalions and fought his battles over again. In this way the natural tendency of the child to a military life became a fixed and permanent characteristic.

Naturally adventurous and daring, he excelled his schoolmates in those feats requiring courage and steadiness of nerve. The tree-top must be high and the limbs slender where he would not venture after a bird's nest. One day he lost his hold and fell to the ground. His father, who saw the accident, asked him as he got up if he did not feel frightened when he found himself falling. His reply was characteristic not only of the boy but of the after man. "No," said he, "I had too much else to do to be frightened. I was thinking about the bird's eggs."

On another occasion, having been drawn into a quarrel by interfering for a schoolfellow who was not

receiving fair play in a fight, he got a black eye. His teacher observing it, asked what had caused it. "It came there," was young Havelock's laconic reply. "But *how* did it come?" rejoined the teacher. To this inquiry the boy, determined not to implicate others, gave no answer. Neither commands nor threats nor a sound flogging, which he received, for what his master regarded obstinacy, could wring another word out of him. He was not quarrelsome or noisy—on the contrary, quiet and somewhat taciturn; but he feared no one. The cool, imperturbed way he took everything, and the philosophic firmness with which he met danger and bore pain, gained for him among his schoolmates the sobriquet of "old *phlos*," a nickname for philosopher. Many boys are cool in danger and patient under suffering; but Havelock must have been peculiarly so to have obtained this epithet. It is rare that the characteristics and qualities of one so young remain exactly the same in manhood, as they did in young Havelock. In fact, at nine years of age, he was the man of fifty-seven seen through an inverted telescope. So eager was he at this early age to improve every spare moment, that when disturbed at his reading in the library he would fly to the woods and climb into a tree-top where he could study unmolested. At nine years of age, he was removed to the Charterhouse and placed under the charge of Rev. Dr. Raine. Among his friends and schoolmates were some who afterwards rose to high distinction. After he had been here six years we find him on the fifth form with Walpole, grandson of Sir Robert Hare and John

Pindar. There were some thirty boys on this form, among whom Walpole stood first on the list and Havelock fourth.

During his stay at this school he exhibited those strong religious tendencies for which he was so remarkable in after life. Having once made up his mind that it was his duty to examine the doctrines of the Bible and ascertain the obligations resting on him to his Maker, he did so, and the charge of "canting Methodist," and laugh and sneer so powerful to deter one of his age from any open religious acts, had no effect upon him. Neither did it require any strong religious principle in him to withstand them. It mattered not what it was that he resolved upon, for when his mind was once made up, scorn and derision only fixed him firmer in his purpose. Although as a boy and as a man fixedness of will was one of his strongest characteristics, yet at this time nothing irritated him so much as to be called obstinate.

Several of his schoolmates joined him in his religious exercises, and meetings were regularly held in one of the sleeping rooms of the house. A portion of the time at these meetings was commonly devoted to the reading of a sermon by one of the number, followed by a familiar discussion of the leading thoughts it contained.

Although Havelock had received his early religious bias from his mother, as he grew older he began to doubt some of the doctrines she had taught him to believe. He was not peculiar in this respect, for reflecting young men, who have received great and important truths in childhood, almost invariably

when they come to examine them for themselves, pass through a short period of semi-skepticism. The rock on which Havelock threatened to split was the doctrine of the trinity, and for a while he adhered to the Unitarian belief. But he discovered that he had begun wrong in his investigations. Instead of ascertaining if the Bible was true, and then seeking to find out what it actually taught without reference to its apparent contradiction to reason, he first established by argument that it was inconsistent and impossible that Christ could be both God and man, and then endeavored to make the Bible harmonize with his theory. A very common error.

As his father had not the means of giving him a university education, it was now time to choose a profession. Governed doubtless somewhat by the early formed wish of his mother, although she was now dead, and somewhat by his love of study, he selected the profession of the law, and at nineteen years of age became a pupil of the celebrated Chitty, with Talfourd* for a fellow clerk. He prosecuted his studies, however, only a short time. Four years previous, his brother William joined the army, and immediately entered on active service under Wellington in the Peninsular War. He was with that general in his memorable retreat before the advancing hosts of Massena, until the lines of the Torres Vedras shut him in. The stirring scenes and fierce battles that intervened—the after retreat of Massena,

* Afterwards Judge Talfourd, the author of "Ion."

and the stern and bloody pursuit of Wellington, furnished endless themes for the young and chivalrous soldier in writing to his brother at home, and were well calculated to reawaken the martial spirit that had characterized the latter in his early boyhood. On one occasion, the Spaniards halting in their advance against the enemy's works, although urged on by their officers, young Havelock was sent by General Altem to ascertain the difficulty. He found their ranks perfect, but the soldiers irresolute. Enraged at their cowardly bearing, he waved his hat over his head, and shouting to them to follow him, he buried the rowels in his steed, and with one bound cleared the abattis and drove headlong amid the enemy. Excited by the chivalric daring of this mere stripling, they shouted "the fair boy, follow the fair boy!" and dashed after, breaking with resistless fury through the French ranks.

But whatever dreams of military renown Havelock may have indulged in, the overthrow of Napoleon seems to have banished them effectually, and he entered on the study of the law. But the sudden landing of this wonderful being on the coast of France again, his triumphal march to the capital to sit down on his recovered throne amid the acclamations of the people, summoned Europe once more to arms, and rekindled the military ardor which had subsided with the peace. Young Havelock caught the enthusiasm; his law books became distasteful to him, and he wrote to his brother to get him a place in the army. This was not so easy for a young subaltern to do, and for a time nothing was

accomplished. But his brother, who was a brave, dashing officer, served at Waterloo as aid to Baron Alton, and bore himself so gallantly, and rendered such valuable assistance, that the latter at once became his friend and interested himself in his behalf. His influence soon procured for Henry the appointment of second lieutenant in a rifle brigade. His whole course of life was now changed, and though it may seem a little singular that one so studious and religiously inclined should have chosen the military profession, it must be remembered that with all his religious tendencies and conscientious regard for duty, his nature demanded action, while to his fearless, daring spirit danger was only a pleasant excitement.

His desire for military distinction, however, was doomed to a long disappointment. The second overthrow of Napoleon brought peace to troubled Europe, and the bewildered kings and emperors he had overthrown on so many battle-fields were glad to give their armies rest.

Stationed sometimes in England, sometimes in Ireland, travelling on short leaves of absence through portions of France and Italy, his time passed with no incidents worthy of special record. He read works relating to his profession, and studied Hindostanee and Persian, in anticipation of an exchange into an India regiment—an object he was anxious to accomplish. Nearly eight years of comparative idleness passed in this way, when much to his gratification he was transferred to the 13th light infantry, and in January, 1823, set sail for India. In the

same vessel in which he sailed were Major Sale, with whom fate had destined he should afterwards pass through terrible scenes, and James Gardner, a lieutenant also of the 13th, and a very devout Christian. This officer soon ascertained the state of Havelock's mind, and took great interest in conversing with him on religious subjects. It was through his influence, Havelock says, "that the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed."

While sailing on the broad Atlantic, "there was wrought," he said, "that great change in his soul which has been of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and he trusts has secured him happiness through eternity." From this time his actual Christian life commences. Hitherto it seemed that he had rather been feeling his way through much uncertainty, but now he accepted the terms of salvation as offered in the Scriptures, and by the simple act of faith and submission, became a disciple of Christ. Religion was ever after his daily life. The immorality of a camp life—the jests and ridicule of his brother officers—the injurious influence he knew his course would exert against his advancement—the obstacles constantly flung in his way to dishearten him, the thunder and tumult of battle could never shake his steadfast trust in heaven or move him in the least from his calm religious course. It is not to be supposed from this that he took no interest in anything but religious matters, or conversed solely on religious subjects. Intelligent and well read,

he was a more agreeable companion than most of the officers of his rank. His Christianity was not monkish nor intrusive, but he believed in its binding force on his conduct. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise with Havelock; he was constitutionally a man of fact. It would have been more difficult and unnatural for him to have acted a sham or do different from his honest belief, than for a hypocrite to be honest and straightforward. The idea of dodging a duty of any kind or evading what he knew to be the truth, never seemed to have entered his head. The fact of its being a duty or a truth apparently engrossed all his attention, and he had not time to think how other people might view it, nor how it might affect him personally.

Havelock landed in Calcutta in April, 1824, and with his regiment was placed in garrison in Fort William. He immediately commenced a system of religious instruction with the men under his command. As they came more and more under his influence, he would assemble them to hear portions of Scripture read, and engage in other devotional exercises. He was a strict disciplinarian, yet his influence over his men soon became almost unlimited. Possessed of great self-reliance, he had the power of inspiring others with the same confidence in his ability. In the intervals of his professional duties, he sought the society of the chaplain of the mission church and other good men, and in conversations with them became still more thoroughly grounded in his religious belief. He passed a year in this manner, when the news that Burmese troops had invaded

the territory of the Company arrived in Calcutta. The garrison was immediately astir with excitement, while Havelock was elated that his long-cherished desire for active service was about to be gratified. Burmah had originally been subject to the adjoining kingdom of Pega, but had revolted in 1753, and established a separate dominion, ruled by the government of Ava. From that time it had steadily progressed in power, and though but little was known definitely either of the country or people, still it was evident, after making proper allowance for Eastern exaggerations, that it was a formidable enemy to contend with. The ostensible cause of the war was the refusal of the Company to send back a large number of fugitives who had fled to the British territory for protection. A quarter of a century previous, a thousand peasants—men, women and children—half naked and starving, and made desperate by oppression, swarmed over the frontier and claimed British protection. A parcel of waste land was assigned them, and they formed themselves into a colony, which, rapidly increasing by the arrival of other fugitives, at this time numbered 40,000. The government at Ava peremptorily demanded their surrender. This the English refused to do, and it had been a bone of contention in Lord Wellesley's administration and all through that of Lord Hastings's. Hitherto the British had been very conciliatory and diplomatic, for they had their hands full in the Ghoorka and Pindaree wars, and could not afford to make an open enemy of this powerful nation. But peace at length being restored, the

Company took more decided ground. The Burmese government had some cause of complaint in the duplicity that marked all the negotiations during a long course of years, and it was evident that the non-compliance with the original demand was but a small part of the causes that finally precipitated hostilities. With the vanity and self-confidence so characteristic of the Asiatic people, the Burmese believed their only difficulty would be, to compel the British to fight. Of their power to drive them into the sea they never doubted, and so to make a collision inevitable, they, in September, boldly invaded the Company's territory and slaughtered the British guard at the island of Shapure, situated at the entrance of the arm of the sea that divides Chittagong and Arracan.

When Lord Amherst, who had succeeded Hastings as governor-general, resolved on war, the first difficulty to solve was how to get at the enemy. The alluvial plains of the Irrawady were to be the field of battle, but these could be reached inland only by crossing a mountain range 6,000 feet high and impassable for artillery. To get there by water it would be necessary for an army first to take Rangoon at the mouth of the Irrawady, and ascending that stream, demolish the barricades, storm the forts along the banks, and fight its slow and toilsome way into the heart of the country. With steamboats, this would have been comparatively an easy matter, but for troops to push themselves slowly up stream exposed to an incessant fire from the jungles and fortifications on shore, was a more serious undertaking.

There was, however, no other course left to pursue, and 11,000 men, half of whom were European troops, were placed under Sir Archibald Campbell, and set sail for Rangoon. Havelock received the appointment of deputy assistant-adjutant-general at headquarters, and looked forward with high hopes and eager expectations to the approaching conflict.

The fleet arrived off the mouth of the Rangoon River on the 10th of May. The news of the hostile approach of so large a force, filled the inhabitants of the city with consternation, and the governor immediately ordered all the English residents of the place to be thrown into prison. But as this decree did not include the American missionaries, soon after, "to obviate the mischief which might arise from geographical distinctions, too nice for the apprehension of Burman subordinate officers, it was further explained as comprising all 'who wore English hats.'" "Thus," says Havelock, "the American missionaries who had been long established in the land, engaged in the most sublime of labors, were brought within the circle of its terrors." The stirring excitement of his first campaign could not divert the sympathy of the young lieutenant from the American missionaries, on whom first fell the evils of the war.

On the 11th the fleet—the Liffey leading and carrying the commander and young Havelock—moved up the river and anchored abreast Rangoon. It was soon discovered that "the means of defence were contemptible," and in order to

spare the town, a regular cannonade was not at once resorted to. The Burmese had only one battery from which they opened a harmless fire on the frigate. The latter returned it with occasional shots until the commander finding that his forbearance was construed into weakness, ordered heavy broadsides to be poured in.

This was the first action Havelock had ever witnessed, and he saw, with undisguised delight, the destructive effect of the British shot. Said he, "Then the Liffey opened her fire in earnest, not with a broadside, but in one long, loud, steady, continuous roar—killing, shattering, crashing, splintering, dismantling. The effect was theatrical. In a moment the battery was silenced, and the barbarians driven in panic from their guns." The fire, however, well-nigh proved fatal to the prisoners, and among them the missionaries, for the governor had ordered them all to be executed the moment the first gun was heard. As the vessels approached, the executioners began to sprinkle sand on the floor of the prison to receive the blood, sharpen their knives on the brick-bats, and feel the necks of the captives, as they would those of some animal, and brandish their weapons in exultation over the sanguinary deed they were about to commit. But the Liffey had scarcely opened its fire, before a thirty-two pound shot came crashing through the walls of the prison, followed the next minute by another, which so alarmed the murderers that they fled in affright. Having silenced the battery on shore, the commander effected a

landing, and Havelock had the pleasure of assisting in throwing open the prison doors, to some of the captives, and witnessing their joy at the unexpected deliverance from a dreadful doom. "The American Wade," he says, "was amongst them."

In passing through Rangoon, Havelock could find no "object of interest in it, except that it created a feeling of joyful surprise in the reflecting mind, to see the cross of the Saviour displayed in the midst of idolatry, on the top of the little chapel of the Arminians."

On the 28th, Havelock accompanied General Campbell in making a reconnoissance of the enemy's position, in the forest, beyond the city. Two companies of the 13th were attached to the party, with which a furious and successful assault was made upon some field-works of the Burmese. Havelock was under a severe fire in these encounters, and exhibited, here at the outset, that contempt of danger and chivalrous bearing in battle, which ever after distinguished him. The barbarians fought bravely, and "fell," Havelock said, "in heaps under the bayonet." All efforts at negotiation failing, Campbell, on the 9th of June, proceeded up the river to attack fort Kemmendine. The road was inundated, and the ponderous guns of the battering train had to be dragged along by soldiers, ankle deep in water. The next day the works were carried by storm, and Havelock's regiment again covered itself with glory. Sale attacked the fort in the rear, and when he came to

the stockade, he called "upon one or two of his men to assist him in climbing the parapet, and suddenly threw himself, sword in hand, amongst the amazed spearsmen within. Soldiers who are thus led, are seldom slow to follow. There were soon men enough at the side of their leader to protect him." Fired by the sight, Havelock threw himself in the thickest of the fight, cheering on the troops. That night, as the army lay bivouacked on the shores of the mighty river, with the standards drooping in the pouring rain, the young Christian soldier felt that he had started on a new life. The thunder and tumult of the day were over, and the massive waters rolled calmly, solemnly on, while ever and anon the booming of cannon swept through the dark and slumberous woods, awakening new thoughts and emotions within him. It is so rare that a young man of such a marked religious character voluntarily chooses the profession of arms, that one is quite curious to know what the reflections of young Havelock were after this battle.

This brilliant opening of the campaign, however, was soon overcast with disaster. The army could make but slow progress through the thick jungle that bordered the stream, while from every leafy screen before them the bullets of the enemy thinned their ranks. But far worse than all, was the pestilential air, which, rising from the surrounding swamps, fell like a shroud around the European soldiers. Sir Archibald dared not expose his men to the almost certain death that awaited them if they should continue to advance up those deadly shores

by day and sleep in the thickets at night; but it was almost as bad to stay in Rangoon during the summer and autumnal months. There was no escape, therefore, and the British commander had to look on and see his army melt away before an invisible foe. In a few weeks half of his troops were on the sick list. The Burmese, aware of this state of things, redoubled their efforts to exterminate the British, and on the first of July attacked their position in three columns, but were repulsed at all points. On the 8th, orders were given to destroy some works that had been put up to bar the ascent of the stream. The land column was commanded by General Macbean, and was formed in part by a detachment of Havelock's regiment. Sale, who was to head the storm, harangued his troops before starting. Their loud responsive cheers assured him there would be no flinching that day. Havelock, carried away by the excitement of the scene, said: "The bugles sounded the signal to advance. The thrilling call was repeated by each corps with the regularity of a day of field exercise. At once the mass was in motion. It passed the screen of thicket. In an instant the bullets of the Burmese were whistling round our heads. The 13th advanced in perfect silence—the 38th loudly cheered—both in the most perfect order. The column made its way across the plain, knee deep in mud and water, but rapidly and steadily. It reached the work—the ladders were fixed. Then each section unsling its firelocks and fixed its bayonets, with the precision of the platoon, and began to ascend in the

face of the barbarians. Section after section, leaping down, disappeared in the work." Here again he saw his commander exhibit that personal prowess for which he was so remarkable. "A Burman chief singled out a soldier of the 13th. He aimed a blow at his head. Major Sale, who was near, interposing his own sabre, parried the cut. He, in his turn, made a cut at the chief. The blow caused the Burman to stagger; but the major's sabre shivered like glass to the very hilt. Instantly closing with his enemy, he wrested from him his broad gilded weapon, and striking the barbarian with his full force below the ribs, nearly severed his body into two portions."

After this there was not much severe fighting for many months. The British army became reduced by disease to 3,000 men capable of bearing arms. Among the sick was young Havelock. Wasted away by the liver complaint, he obtained leave of absence, to try the effect of change of air; and returned to Calcutta from whence he went to Bombay, and travelled through the Deccan.

At length, the Burmese having raised a new army, besieged the British so closely in Rangoon that the place was becoming untenable, and Sir Archibald Campbell wisely concluding that desperate conditions required desperate action, took 1,500 men—all he could spare—and dividing them into two columns, and placing himself at the head of one of them, fell with such resistless valor on the besieging army of 20,000, that though protected by stockades, and defended by cannon, they in fifteen minutes were totally defeated,

and took refuge in the surrounding jungles. Disheartened by this discomfiture, they then retired towards Prome, the second city in the kingdom, closely followed by Campbell. Fighting his way onward, he arrived before the place on the 24th of April, and next day entered it without opposition. The heavy rains now setting in causing the Irrawady to overflow its banks, he was compelled to remain inactive for several months.

In the meantime, young Havelock having recovered his health, returned to Burmah and joined the army.

In November, the Burmese in great force advanced against the British in Prome, throwing up stockades and intrenchments at every step. Campbell resolved to sally forth at once and attack them in their position. Carrying out his plans, he, on the 1st of December, attacked their left, and carried it. The next day the assault was renewed and Havelock's regiment and the 38th were selected to storm the centre. Although this consisted of intrenchments two miles in length, it was carried in gallant style. Sale saw with undisguised admiration the gallant bearing of Havelock, and from that hour formed an attachment for him that ended only with life. The right, now completely uncovered, made but feeble resistance, and the whole army dispersed, leaving their artillery and munitions of war behind.

In speaking of the advance of the column in the morning, Havelock said, "The spectacle was beautiful. It was one of the finest days of an Indian December—clear, bright and cool. The line of march

lay directly transverse to the great Irrawady, which rolled majestically along at the foot of rocks of varied outline, wooded to the summit. In its channel rode the thirty vessels of the flotilla, all prepared for action. Horses and men of the lengthened column glittered in the clear sunshine, as issuing from behind the curtain of the forest, they gradually spread themselves into the plain, and all was bustle and animation."

The way being thus cleared, Campbell moved with but little opposition towards the capital of the empire. But, though the enemy was too thoroughly humbled to offer any serious resistance, a worse foe soon assailed the army. Cholera broke out, and raged with terrific violence among the panic-stricken troops. The line of march passing through thick jungles and inhospitable swamps, the mortality increased frightfully. Still the commander-in-chief, anxious to follow up his success, would not halt, but pressed on over every obstacle. The appalling sights that Havelock was compelled to look upon during this desolate march were not those which kindle the enthusiasm of the chivalric soldier. For fifty miles up the river and all along the road by which the enemy had retreated, unburied bodies lay festering in the sun. At night the troops could hardly pitch their tents for the corpses that covered the ground, and when the morning bugle called them to resume their march, naught but ravaged fields and deserted blackened villages in ruins marked the way. Dogs keeping watch and ward over their dead masters, broke with their dismal howls the solitude of this

mournful scene, while the stench from the countless corpses tainted the air, and increased the sickness that threatened to annihilate the army. "Mutilated bodies of the refractory peasantry," said Havelock, "were found in numbers floating down the stream of the Irrawady—of many victims the arms had been amputated at the elbow—of many the legs had been sawed off at the knee joint. A line of crucifixes was seen in the valley below Meeaday. Already crows and kites hovered over the skeletons which hung upon them, suspended by the hair of the head and the wrists and ankles." Weak and exhausted by disease, and rendered still more dispirited by the scenes of horror through which they passed, the troops continued to stagger wearily on until at last they reached Patanaga near the capital. Here proposals of peace met them, which being accepted, were soon signed by commissioners on both sides, and the war seemed over.

Before the king had affixed his name to the treaty, however, the Burmese ascertaining the weakness of Campbell's force, found a pretext for breaking it off; and renewing hostilities, assembled 18,000 troops in the intrenched camp of Milloon, which covered the advance to the capital. Against these "Retrievers of the king's glory," as they styled themselves, Campbell, on the 19th of January, advanced twenty-eight guns, and opened his fire. For a while shot and shell fell in a continuous shower into their camp. "The deafening peals," said Havelock, "succeeding with a rapidity which suggested the image of unchecked vengeance falling in thunder upon the heads of those de-

ceitful barbarians." In the meantime two columns of attack were formed, one of which was to land from the boats. This consisted of one brigade, led by Sale and Major Frith. Havelock accompanied it, and the troops impelled by their eagerness, landed before the others could arrive, and rushed on, carrying everything before them. The Burmese, dismayed, again sued for peace, and sent the American missionary, Dr. Price, to treat with the British commander. At first, both he and Dr. Judson had been thrown into prison as Englishmen, the Burmese not knowing "the distinction between the United States and the United Kingdoms." But when they understood the difference "they began," said Havelock, "to treat the fellow-countrymen of Washington, first, with somewhat more humanity, and at length with something like consideration." An American missionary entering headquarters as an envoy, was a novel spectacle, and Havelock remarked, "It was curious to see a very staunch republican thus converted into the representative of the Burman despotism." Campbell soon ascertaining that the king was negotiating simply to gain time, gave orders to advance, and on the 9th of February came upon the whole Burmese force, 18,000 strong. Their numerous artillery was drawn up in the form of a semi-circle, all converging on the road along which it was supposed the English must pass. But Sir Archibald, who had resolved to attack this overwhelming force with only 1,800 men, had no intention of running such a gauntlet of fire, and executed a double flank movement, which took the

enemy completely by surprise. General Cotton commanded the left, while the commander-in-chief, at the head of the 13th and 89th, led the right. Havelock, who accompanied him, saw with delight this strategic movement, so admirably adapted to counterbalance the weight of numbers. After a short conflict, the enemy gave way at both extremities, and rushed to a field-work in the centre. But nothing could now stop the excited troops, and storming this, they carried it with terrible slaughter.

The rout was complete, and the enemy fled, leaving guns, ammunitions, and everything, in the hands of the victors.

During the hottest of the engagement, Campbell with only his staff and thirty men, became separated from the main army. Shot flew around in every direction, and for several minutes Havelock was exceedingly anxious for the fate of his commander. Slowly retiring before the barbarians who pressed after, waving their sabres over their heads, and shouting, Campbell at length reached an eminence, and ordering the 13th to be recalled by bugle, said "the whole Burman army shall not drive me from this hill." Havelock surveyed their critical position with some solicitude, until he saw the bayonets of the 89th moving to the rescue.

"The lord of the earth and sea," as he was styled by his followers, was now compelled to sue for peace in earnest, and Dr. Price was again sent to camp. Dr. Judson was liberated, and joined with Dr. Price as envoy to the British camp. The release of this "American missionary of dis-

tinguished piety from a horrid thralldom," Havelock said, "was among the purest sources of exultation."

Terms of pacification having been settled, Captain Lumson, Havelock, and Assistant-surgeon Knox, were selected to bear some presents to the monarch. Numerous delays and endless ceremonials had to be endured before Havelock could get sight of the "lord of the earth and sea." With bare feet he at length mounted the great staircase of the palace, and passing through crowds of curious spectators, reached the spacious hall where the presentation was to take place. This was done with all the pomp, majesty and show which distinguish an Eastern court. Amid low chants and repeated prostrations to the marble floor, and the murmuring of the word "sacred !" "sacred !" the king advanced.

After the officers had mentioned the presents of which they were bearers, refreshments were brought in on trays. Three other trays followed, on each of which was a superb ruby ring. A Burman officer then came forward and bound a fillet of gold leaf on the head of Havelock and his companions, on which was printed a title of nobility, and they became "valorous, renowned rajahs."

The king was dignified and self-possessed ; "but once," Havelock said, "in spite of his studied immobility of character," he saw him "raise his eyes and indulge in a long stare of uncontrollable curiosity at the three officers of that army which had placed his crown in jeopardy."

After the conclusion of peace, the commander-in-

chief gave a grand dinner to the Burmese Commissioners, at which Havelock was present. During dinner a scene occurred of a serio-comic character, which interested Havelock exceedingly. At the breaking out of the war, as has been previously stated, Rev. Dr. Judson, on a charge of being a British spy, was thrown into prison. Loaded with irons, he was kept in a loathsome apartment with a hundred others for two years. The devotion and courage of his wife during this heavy trial are well known. The story of their sufferings had been rehearsed at headquarters, and Sir Archibald took particular pains to have them at this dinner to the commissioners, and to the consternation of the latter, placed Mrs. Judson at his right hand. Noticing their agitation, Campbell, turning to Mrs. Judson, remarked, "I fancy these gentlemen must be acquaintances of yours, and judging from their appearance, you must have used them ill."

In giving an account of it, Dr. Judson says:

"Mrs. Judson smiled. The Burmans could not understand the remark, but considered themselves the subject of it evidently, and their faces were blank with consternation.

"'What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?' pursued Sir Archibald, 'he seems to be seized with an ague fit.'

"'I do not know,' answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes on the trembler, 'unless his memory may be too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and

may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection.' ”

The fact was, that of the most barbarous of her husband's oppressors, this very man was the chief. To herself personally his behavior had been cruel in the extreme. On Mrs. Judson's reciting this at the table in English, expressions of indignation burst from the listening officers. The man, though not understanding the language, became obviously alarmed at the intimations of their anger, and only when Mrs. Judson, addressing him in an under tone in Burmese, assured him he had nothing to fear, was he at all composed. Even then it was clear to everybody that he was ill at ease.

“I never thought,” remarked Dr. Judson, when he told the story, “that I was over and above vindictive; but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld.”

The recital of her wrongs and her husband's persecutions made a deep impression on Havelock, and did not tend to weaken his determination to suffer persecution and endure trials for his religious belief.

Although one would think that a soldier in the excitements of a first campaign might relax somewhat in the active duties of a religious teacher, the following incident, related by the Rev. Mr. Brock, shows that he never lost an opportunity to instruct his troops:

“There is in Rangoon a famous heathen temple devoted to the service of Boodh, which is known as the magnificent Shivey Dagoon Pagoda. It is

deemed the glory of the city. Of a chamber in this building, Havelock obtained possession for his own purposes. All around the chamber were smaller images of Boodh, in the usual position, sitting with their legs gathered up and crossed, and the hands resting on the lap in symbol and expression of repose. No great changes were necessary to prepare the place for Christian service. It needed no ceremonial exorcising to make it fit either for psalmody or prayer. Abominable idolatries had been witnessed there beyond all doubt, but no sacerdotal purifications were requisite ere adoration of the true God could be offered and service well-pleasing to Him, through Jesus Christ. Havelock remembered well that 'neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem' were men to worship the Father now. To the true worshippers any place might become a place for worship. Even the pagoda of Shivey Dagoon might be none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

"Accordingly, it was announced that that would be the place of meeting. An officer relates that as he was wandering round about the pagoda on one occasion, he heard the sound, strange enough as he thought, of singing. He listened and found that it was certainly psalm singing. He determined to follow the sound to its source, and started for the purpose. At length he reached the chamber, and what should meet his eye but Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book before him, and more than a hundred men seated around him, giving earnest heed to his proclamation to them of the glad tidings of

great joy. How had they got their light by which to read, for the place was in dark shade? They had obtained lamps for the purpose, and putting them in order, had lit them and placed them one by one in an idol's lap. There they were, those dumb but significant lamp-bearers, in constant use; and they were there, we may be well assured, to suggest stirring thoughts to the lieutenant and his men."

That young officer in a heathen temple, surrounded by troops he has just led through the smoke of battle, praying and singing psalms, is certainly a most extraordinary spectacle.

He believed in deeds, however, as well as words, and although he had the slender pay of a subaltern, he sacredly devoted one-tenth of his entire income to religious purposes.

Havelock's instruction to his men did not make them worse soldiers, however much they might be derided by others. This was soon apparent to commanding officers, and from the time Havelock made so many "saints" in the 13th till its original members were all gone, it was relied upon whenever hard fighting was to be done.

It is related, that during this campaign, the general being told of a sudden irruption of the enemy in camp, ordered out a certain troop. The officer replied that the men were drunk. "Then," said the commander, "call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." The bugle sounded—the ranks of the "saints" closed sternly up, and with him at their head who had so

often led them in prayer, the troops charged on the enemy and scattered them in flight. It is recorded by some that this incident occurred in another campaign. The *time*, however, is of small importance—the *fact* remains the same.

CHAPTER II.

Joins the Army at Dinapore—Appointed to the Staff of Lord Combermere—Marries the Daughter of Rev. Dr. Marsham—Forms a Church in his Regiment—Marches to Agra—His Soldiers rebuild a Chapel there—Appointed Interpreter to the Regiment at Cawnpore—Appointed Adjutant in his own Regiment—Great Opposition to the Appointment, based on Havelock's Religious Habits and Practices—Again goes to Agra—Bungalow, in which his Wife and Children were sleeping, burned down—Two Servants and one Child burned to Death—Havelock's Resignation—Forms Temperance Societies.

FROM the close of the Burmese war in 1826 to 1838, when Havelock joined the army to invade Affghanistan, his life presented very few incidents of a public nature to attract the attention of the biographer. As it has already been stated in the introduction, this is not intended to be a Christian biography—a history of his inward experience, trials, hopes and growth in grace—but a sketch of his public career, with so much of his private life as may be necessary to a proper appreciation of his character. These twelve years passed in daily routine of his military duties, discipline of his troops, study of military science, and in acquiring a knowledge of the Oriental languages. In the interval of these duties he

devoted himself to the religious instruction of the men under his charge. Whenever he was stationed near missionaries, he mingled much in their society, attended their prayer-meetings, and engaged with them in devotional exercises and in exhortation.

In 1827 he joined the army at Dinapore, and was soon after appointed by Lord Combermere adjutant to the depot of king's troops at Chinsurah, a place situated on the Ganges, only about twenty miles from Calcutta. He here commenced and finished the memoirs of his first campaign. Attention to the duties of his profession, devotion to intellectual pursuits, instead of, like other officers of his age, spending his time in various amusements, and a consistent Christian useful life, made up his daily history.

At this time the Rev. Dr. Marsham was located at Serampore, only a few miles distant, and Havelock frequently rode over to visit him. He soon became deeply interested in his daughter Hannah, and the next year, February 9th, married her. She proved to be a worthy companion for one who walked with God, and deserved to the fullest extent the wealth of affection he lavished on her, and the exalted estimation in which he held her to the day of his death. Their married life was indeed beautiful as their private characters were pure and lovely. Two months after this event he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Mack, of the Baptist persuasion, and through life continued a firm believer in the tenets of that denomination. In the latter end of this year, the depot was moved down to Fort William, at Calcutta, when he joined his regiment again at Dinapore, and

commenced a systematic course of religious instruction of the Baptist soldiers of the 13th regiment. His exertions were crowned with so much success that at one time the church of the regiment numbered thirty, men and women together. The following year the troops were moved northward to Agra. Here the soldiers rebuilt a chapel, where they assembled for worship, and Havelock had the satisfaction eleven years after of finding there a good congregation with a pastor over them. He himself records that his instruction of the Baptist soldiers while stationed at this place was blessed with much success. He continued his study of the Oriental languages so assiduously that in the following year he passed examination in them before the committee appointed for that purpose, and then started for Calcutta, between 700 and 800 miles distant, to be examined by the College of Fort William. His acquirements proving satisfactory, he was appointed acting interpreter to the 16th regiment, stationed at Cawnpore. Little did he dream, when he entered that place, with what feelings he should one day lead his victorious columns through its gates.

The next year, 1835, he was appointed adjutant of his own infantry under Col. Sale, and returned again to Agra. Sale received him with warm congratulations, for he had watched the young lieutenant ever since the campaign in Ava; and not sharing the prejudices of others against his religion, saw capacities that would one day be acknowledged. Being a fearless, chivalric soldier himself, he admired the lofty courage of Havelock.

As soon as this vacancy in the regiment was known, there were of course many applicants for it, Havelock among the number. When it was found that his claims were being strongly pushed, the most strenuous efforts were made to defeat him. This attempt developed the vast amount of spleen, prejudice and passion which Havelock's religious course had created. Piles of letters were forwarded to Lord Bentinck, the governor-general, in which he was called a fanatic and an enthusiast. His conduct was described, and his prayer-meetings and religious services ridiculed and derided. In short, so determined was the opposition, that Lord Bentinck would doubtless have dismissed the application, had it not been for Havelock's friends, who knew his worth and unquestioned fitness for the place, as well as his ambition and deep anxiety to obtain it. Boldly defying any one to speak a word against his qualifications or moral character, they pressed his claims respectfully, but firmly. In exacting obedience, enforcing discipline, in military skill, courage and energy—in every quality that goes to form a complete soldier—he stood preëminent.

Lord Bentinck felt perplexed. To settle the question, he ordered a return to be made of the offences committed in every company of the regiment. This was an unfortunate decision for the other applicants, but it reflected great credit on the governor-general. The examination of the records removed all his doubts at once, for he found that Havelock's "saints" were the most sober, obedient, and best behaved men in the regiment—in short, model soldiers.

This was a sufficient answer to all objections of the kind that had been urged. "It seems," said the governor-general, after he had perused the document, "*the complaint is that his men are Baptists. I wish the whole regiment were Baptists,*" and forthwith sent Havelock his appointment. When asked afterwards how he came to make it, his curt reply was, "*because he was the fittest man for it*"—an answer that the dispenser of patronage can rarely give for his acts. Havelock saw at once that his religious course would materially interfere with his promotion. Courage, fidelity, knowledge, ability were all of little value, if, when off duty, he presumed to instruct soldiers in the principles of morality and virtue, and point them to the Saviour of men. He might swear, and sometimes become noisy over his wine, this would never be mentioned against him, but he must not pray. To serve the devil he saw would not interfere with one's promotion if he was a good soldier, but the same qualifications would go for nothing if he served God. It is well he lived long enough to let the Christian world put its seal of condemnation on such a principle of action. Although Havelock was ambitious, and his whole energies were devoted to advancement in his profession, he would receive no promotion at the sacrifice of his principles, and he continued as usual his religious exercises with his men.

The next year the regiment marched to Agra, some seventy miles north of Delhi. His wife accompanied him, and not being in good health, he sent her and his young family to a small town a little northeast

of Kurnal, and farther up among the Himalaya mountains, for change of air.

No sooner were the troops settled in their new cantonments, than the Baptist soldiers, with the proceeds of their slender pay which their good habits had allowed them to save, built a chapel for religious worship. They had become so attached to Havelock's prayer-meetings and exhortations, that they could not do without a place to meet in.

While Havelock was stationed here, a sad calamity overtook him. A few days before Mrs. Havelock was to return to Kurnal with her family, among whom was an infant daughter a few months old, the bungalow which she occupied caught fire and was consumed, with all its contents. It was a bright night, and not a breath of air was stirring, when the inmates were aroused from their midnight sleep by the cry of fire. The cottage was small and composed so much of light bamboo work and dry thatch, that it had hardly taken fire before it was in complete conflagration. The mother's first thought was for her children, and she rushed into the flames after them, reckless of everything but their dear lives. She was literally wrapped in fire when she bore her two little boys safe into the open air. The infant daughter, too, was dragged out, but so dreadfully burned, that it soon died. Two servants also lost their lives, and Mrs. Havelock, in her desperate efforts to save her children, was so dreadfully burned, that it was at first thought she could not recover, and although her life was saved, she was confined to her couch for six weeks. That very day,

Havelock had received a letter from her in which she said she hoped in a few days to present to his embrace three rosy children. The next morning, while Havelock was sitting at the breakfast table with his brother officers, an officer came in and handed him a letter with the sad tidings that his wife and family lay dying. He uttered not a word, but the pallor of death spread over his features, and he arose and left the room.

As soon as his regiment heard of it, they came in a body to express their sympathy, and begged him to let each man devote one month's pay to compensate him for the loss of his property. This of course he refused, but he thanked them with a swelling heart for this proof of their affection.

Obtaining leave of absence, he flew to Landour swift as his good steed could bear him, and the spectacle that met his gaze was appalling enough to unnerve the stoutest heart. The wife he loved better than his life, lay writhing in intolerable pain upon her couch. Two of his servants were stretched in death, while there, before him, lay the charred and blackened form of his infant daughter. Ah! then the strong man needed all his faith to support him, and never did his deep religious trust shine forth with more beauty than under this heavy trial. He meekly bowed his head to the stroke, saying, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." For six long weeks he clung to the sick bed of his wife, nursing her with unceasing care, and consoling her with those precious promises in which both believed.

The mother yearned for her lost babe, and he mingled his tears with hers, and then poured fourth his earnest supplications that God would help them both to be submissive, and make this great affliction the means of bringing them nearer to Him whose chastisements are inflicted in kindness on his children. Those were sorrowful days to Havelock, and sad was the last visit of himself and wife to the little grave of their babe.

During this period of anxiety and suffering, Havelock's letters to his wife's father breathe the spirit of resignation and calm trust in his merciful Father.

Shortly after this calamity, he received letters from England announcing the death of his father, in Exeter, in his eightieth year. The next year his wife's father, Dr. Marsham, died in the full hope of a better life to come. Havelock remained at Kurnal, continuing his religious teachings and devoting himself especially to the promotion of temperance among his troops. Not only did he feel more and more the evil effects of liquor, but he had occasion to see how much the habit of drinking not only stood in the way of all attempts to reach the hearts of the men who indulged it, but crippled and baffled the efforts of those who really wished and strove to lead a better life. Thus during the long interval that elapsed before the invasion of Affghanistan, he continued to live the life of the Christian soldier, neglecting neither his private studies, public duties nor Christian labors, but in all and each furnishing an example to others.

CHAPTER III.

Havelock in Afghanistan—Causes of the Afghan Invasion—Injustice of the British Government—English Army assembled to put Shah Soojah on the Throne—Havelock appointed Aid to Sir Willoughby Cotton—Appointed temporary Post-master of Division—His Views of the Equipment of the Troops—The last Excuse for War removed—Havelock's Descriptive Powers—Violations of Treaties—Havelock's View of it—March of the Army—Its Appearance—Havelock's Views of the Campaign—Havelock taken Sick—His View of use of Liquor by the Troops—His Description of Bukhur—Advance on Hyderabad—Crossing the Indus—Desert Appearance of the Country—Bolan Pass—A Storm—Sufferings of the Army—The Kojuk Pass—Scarcity of Water—Havelock's Views of Conquests gained by Negotiation—Candahar—Spirit Rations give out—Fortress of Ghuznee carried by Storm—March to Cabool—Havelock's able summing up of the Campaign—Return to India.

THE fifteen years of repose that followed the Burmese War furnished but few chances of promotion, and Havelock remained a subaltern. Twenty-three years of the very prime of his life had therefore passed, when the Afghan invasion suddenly opened to him a path to higher renown. The soldier likes active service, and he is not apt to pause and question the justice of his government in entering upon a war. His duty is to obey orders and win victories. Probably there never was an act committed by either a civil-

ized or uncivilized nation so utterly without justification as the invasion of Affghanistan by the British. This is not the place to go into all the details of the trickery, duplicity, open shameful violation of solemn treaties, and contempt of guaranteed rights that marked its progress. The avowed purpose of Napoleon of invading the British India possessions by way of Persia and the Indus created the greatest excitement in England, and an envoy was dispatched to Persia, who concluded a treaty with the king, by which the latter annulled all former treaties with European powers, and bound himself not to permit any European army to pass through his dominions towards India, and also to aid the Company in any war it might wage with the Affghans. England, on the other hand, promised to assist Persia with men, or sufficient money and stores if she was invaded, and at the same time pledged herself not to interfere in any hostilities between Persia and Affghanistan, unless requested to by both parties. The overthrow of Napoleon dissipated the fears in that quarter, but the colossal power of Russia, which had been joined with that of France in the meditated invasion, still remained to threaten the integrity of the Indian Empire. Rumors of Russian emissaries in the Persian court; of Russian officers drilling Persian troops; intercepted letters revealing formidable conspiracies, etc., spread abroad until the English in imagination already beheld the heads of the Russian columns along the Indus. The Russian government denied emphatically the truth of these reports; but when in 1837 the Persians commenced open hostilities against

Herat, the western fortress of Affghanistan, it was declared to be the work of Russian machinations, and the first step of that power towards breaking down the barriers that protected the western frontier of the British Empire in India. The Indus was then that boundary. Affghanistan embraced at this time most of the powerful kingdoms that lay between the Indus, and Persia and Russia. A few princes, only, called the Ameers of Scinde, whose territories lay directly upon the western branch of the Indus, had been enabled to maintain their independence. This vast territory was crossed by mountain ranges, through which an invading army must march by the most fearful passes.

The movements against Herat, called the gate of Hindostan, although set on foot for the sole purpose of adjusting local differences, aroused the suspicion of the India government, and it resolved to counteract them. The grand object was to make the ruler of Affghanistan a firm ally of England. Dost Mohammed had driven out Mahmoud Shah and his son Kemram from Cabool, the capital of the country, but they had taken refuge in Herat, a fragment of the Douranee Empire, and held it. Dost Mohammed, however, ruled the central provinces which commanded all the passes from Persia to India. He was a popular ruler, and clearly the one with whom the English government should form an alliance. Emissaries were therefore sent to him, who found him eager to consummate one, as he was a usurper and needed the countenance and support of the English to maintain his power. Alexander Burnes, an envoy

sent by Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India, found him prepared to negotiate at once; but in the first place the contemptible presents which Auckland, in carrying out his new system of economy and retrenchment, had sent to him and to the women of his harem, disgusted him. In the second place, the envoy possessed no powers. He was not authorized to promise the annual stipend of £50,000, which the prince demanded—indeed, could pledge neither men nor money. Here was a chief who “held the keys of India in his hand,” and whom the Russian emissaries were endeavoring to approach with magnificent bribes, permitted, through the weakness and parsimony of the governor-general, to go over to the enemy. The result was, an understanding between the Shah of Persia, the Chief of Candahar, and Dost Mohammed, the first development of which was the movement on Herat.

Foiled in this intrigue, the governor-general looked around for some other prince or chief whom he could help to the throne of Afghanistan, and thus secure an ally. He finally selected Shah Soojah, who, years before, had usurped the throne of Afghanistan, but, unable to hold it, had been dispossessed by his brother, and compelled to take refuge with the Sikhs, who occupied the banks of the Sutlej, in Northern India, and who had been raised by the ambition and energy of Runjeet Singh from a small tribe to a powerful nation. Stripped of everything by this crafty and unscrupulous chieftain, he at length, after incredible hardships, made his escape into the British territory. Here

he had remained in exile for thirty years ; and him, a weak, irresolute tyrant—unpopular with his subjects while he ruled, and an object of derision in his exile—the English government resolved to place over Affghanistan, to protect the Indian empire from Russian aggression.

Thus was taken the first wicked step in this wicked war, for which such a terrible retribution was preparing.

Runjeet Singh, the former enemy of Shah Soojah, promised, to the astonishment of the latter, also to help him to his throne ; and a tripartite treaty was formed, embracing these two barbaric chieftains and England.

The work of preparation now went briskly on, and it was supposed that, by the end of November, the “Army of the Indus,” as it was called, would all be assembled at Ferozepore, a town lying upon a branch of the Indus in the northwestern part of Hindostan.

The main force, drawn from Bengal, consisted of 28,000 men, 100,000 camp followers, and 30,000 beasts of burden.

But of this vast army there were only four English regiments—the 13th, to which Havelock (who was at this time appointed to a captaincy) belonged, was one of these. When this movement began, it was feared that this regiment, which, during the latter part of the summer, had suffered severely from cholera morbus and fevers of various types, would not be able to take the field. But with the cooler weather in the autumn, the soldiers recruited rapidly. Colonel

Sale, its senior lieutenant-colonel, was ordered to the command of a brigade, and asked whom he would like for a brigade-major. Having witnessed Havelock's efficiency in the field, he instantly selected him.

As his promotion to a captaincy removed all objections on the score of rank, Havelock never dreamed there would be any difficulty in securing the nomination. It was therefore with great surprise and disappointment that he, soon after, received information that Sir Henry Fane, the commander-in-chief of the Indian forces, had selected a senior officer in his corps for the position. His long services, coupled with Sale's request, should have secured him the appointment, and it was with no little chagrin he saw that his efforts would be restricted to the command of a company of light infantry.

Not long after, Sir Willoughby Cotton arrived at Kurnal, to take command of his division. As brigadier-general, he commanded the troops from Madras, during the war in Ava, where he had often met Havelock (who was on the general staff) in presence of the enemy, and witnessed his coolness, judgment and decision when under fire, and was so pleased with the conduct of the young officer, that he afterwards took a deep interest in his advancement. He was delighted to meet Havelock again, and when he learned how he had been disappointed, resolved to secure him as a member of his own staff. Although his department had been filled up by superior authority, he applied for a second aid-de-camp, on the ground that his division embraced nine

regiments. His request being granted, he named Havelock. The commander-in-chief, could not, with any semblance of justice, refuse this second application, and he was appointed. Before, however, Havelock could enter on his duties, General Cotton, in order to give him temporary employment, appointed him post-master of division until their arrival at Ferozepore.

The mass of the artillery and infantry were to concentrate first at Kurnal before moving on Ferozepore, and here at the outset Havelock saw with his keen judgment a radical error in the equipment of the troops—an error which had he repeated years after in his march to the relief of Lucknow, would have proved fatal to its garrison. In Europe, he said, the first duty of the recruit was to learn to carry a heavy knapsack, for the simple reason that unless he transports his own baggage it cannot be done for him. But in Southern Asia the case is different; baggage-animals abound, while under the burning sun to which they are exposed, soldiers break down with heavy burdens, and after long marches are not in a condition to fight. In this arduous campaign each soldier was compelled to carry, including his firelock and ammunition, twenty-three pounds. This he declared too much, and after experience proved his views to be correct.

The different detachments from the various quarters of India came in slowly, but at length they were all assembled near Ferozepore, on the left bank of the Gharra. Runjeet Singh, the Sikh ally, had in the meanwhile pitched his camp on the right bank of

the river, with 10,000 troops and a numerous artillery.

But while these immense preparations were going on, an event occurred which had an important bearing on the whole movement, and took away from the English government even its absurd and wicked excuse for invading an independent territory. This was no less than the withdrawal of the Persian troops from Herat. After the siege had lasted nine months, Lord Auckland mustered resolution to send two steamers, with a military force aboard, into the Persian gulf. The troops being landed, an envoy was dispatched to the Persian capital demanding an immediate withdrawal of the besieging forces. It was of no avail that the Shah pointed to that article in the treaty, in which England solemnly pledged herself not to interfere, unless requested, in any war between Persia and Affghanistan. The sword was stronger than a nation's word, and the siege was raised. But the siege of Herat never having been the real cause of the movement against Affghanistan, its abandonment produced no change in the policy of the governor-general. Shah Soojah must be reinstated in power to take care of British interests in the Douranee Empire. But the Persian army being no longer in the way, a less invading force was necessary, and a reduction therefore took place.

Affairs having assumed this new aspect, Sir Henry Fane resolved to return home, and leave the command of the army to Sir Willoughby Cotton, until he was joined by the force coming up from Bombay, when the whole would devolve on Sir John Keane.

From the arrival of the governor-general in camp on the 27th November until the army was put in motion, reviews, showy pageants, entertainments, and feats of mimic war filled up all the interval. The novelty of these exhibitions amused Havelock, and he describes them in his journal with a vividness that shows great power of delineation. The ceremonial visit of the Punjaub chief from his encampment on his side of the river to Lord Auckland on the other, is thus graphically given: "Lord Auckland, habited in a blue coat embroidered with gold and wearing the ribbon of the bath, his secretaries in the showy diplomatic costume of similar color and richness, Sir Henry Fane in the uniform of a general officer, covered with orders, the tallest and most stately person in the whole procession of both nations, the numerous staffs of the civil ruler and military chief in handsome uniforms, made altogether a 'gallant show,' as their animals with a simultaneous rush, urged by the blows and voices of the *mohauts*,* moved to the front. Forward to meet them came on a noisy and disorderly though gorgeous rabble of Sikh horse and footmen, shouting out the titles of their great chief, some habited in glittering brocade, some in the *burunttee* bright spring yellow dresses, and some wearing chain armor. But behind these clamorous foot and cavaliers were the elephants of the Lord of Lahore, and seated on the foremost was seen an old man in an advanced stage of decrepitude, clothed in faded crimson, his head wrapt up in folds

* Drivers.

of the same color. His single eye still lighted up with the fire of enterprise, his grey hair and beard, and countenance of calm design assured the spectators that this could be no other than the old 'Lion of the Punjaub.' The shock of elephants at the moment of meeting was terrific. More than a hundred of these sagacious animals, goaded on by their drivers in a contrary direction, were suddenly brought to a stand still by the collision of opposing fronts and foreheads. This was the most interesting moment, for now the governor-general, rising up in his houndah, approached that of the chief, returned his salaam, embraced him, and taking him by the arm and supporting his tottering frame, placed him by his side on his own elephant. All this was managed amidst the roaring, trumpeting, pushing and crushing of impetuous and gigantic animals."

The return visit of Lord Auckland "introduced a display of a kind very different from the foregoing, but picturesque and interesting. The two British suites passed down from their tents at an early hour in the morning, through the lofty jungle and reeds to the ford of the Gharra. The river was securely bridged, and the elephants did not hesitate, one after the other, to venture on the planks which trembled beneath their ponderous pressure. On the right bank the lancers, as the *élite* of the British cavalry, were drawn up on either side, and beyond them, in extended and glittering line, helmeted and habited in long dresses of yellow, were seen the horsemen of the Punjaub." On all this gorgeous pageant the eastern sunlight lay, while over the tramp of ele-

phants and noise and tumult arose the strains of martial music, adding still greater life and excitement to the scene. As the Punjaub chief approached to salute the governor, and just as he had received him into his houndah, "a startling and irregular rattle of small artillery was heard from the swivels mounted on the backs of camels, and fired by the drivers, who now lined the adjacent bank. The animals on which these grotesquely-habited drivers were mounted aloft, frightened at the noise of their own guns, moved wildly about at each discharge." The "lofty portal of a gay pavillion of crimson shawl cloth," received the guests. After much conversation, carried on through an interpreter, there "followed (says Havelock) the degrading scene of a crowd of dancing girls and male buffoons, introduced to amuse the illustrious visitors." When this was over, they made the tour of the tents, admired the silver campbed of the chief, and "the richness and beauty of the shawl-cloth pavilions. The light which entered through their *kumats*, refracted by their crimson walls and roofs, gave to all the gold on the dresses of both nations the appearance of silver, turned all the scarlet into white, and displayed all countenances as overspread with ghastly paleness." In the evening, a grand entertainment was given on both banks. The two camps blazed with the assemblage of costly and gorgeous ornaments, while, to complete the whole, the river, the crowded shores, surrounding scenery, and the wilderness of tents fluttering with gay streamers, were illumined with fire-works, got up with a magnificence known only in the East. The

whole heavens above was a canopy of fiery net-work, while temples, and towers, and flowers, and figures, and ornaments of every variety of form and color, turned night into day. Over the roar and rush of the multitude and shouts of applause, there came explosions of artillery and wild bursts of music. One of the peculiar features of the old chief's reception was the exhibition of his songstresses and dancers, that in successive groups came swaying into the tent in voluptuous dances, and with still more voluptuous songs and costumes. Havelock, in speaking of it, says, "The time will, it is to be hoped, come in India when national custom will be no longer pleaded as an excuse for the introduction, as on this occasion, of groups of choral and dancing prostitutes, for such those Kunchunees are known to be, into the presence of the ladies of the family of a British governor-general, or those of the individuals of a nation professing to fence its morals with the securities of decorum." Havelock was struck with the change of the manners in Runjeet Singh in these evening entertainments, for he jested familiarly with all who approached him, and "pressed, almost forced, upon his illustrious guests of the right bank potations from his own cup of the fiery beverage which he himself quaffs with delight—a distilled spirit which a Sikh alone can appreciate. The hardest drinker in the British camp could not indulge in it with impunity for six successive nights; but Runjeet, as brutally preëminent in his vices as he is unrivalled in entrapping and overpowering his enemies, has made it his 'pet tippie' for forty years."

These successive shows were followed by martial displays of both forces. First came the marshalling and review of the British army, concluding with a mimic battle. The exhibition of the Punjaub chief on the following day, Havelock said, was respectable, as his troops had been drilled by French officers, but lacked the pomp and imposing effect of his prouder ally. These extracts show that Havelock could wield the pen as well as the sword.

Thus the two armies amused themselves in fire-works, and shows, and entertainments as if nothing but a holiday march was before them, little dreaming to what a tragedy all this was but a gay prelude. "Could the future have been foreseen, the arid march, the muffled drum, the wasted host would have arisen in mournful solemnity before the dazzled vision."*

Those festivities, however, had at length to give way to sterner scenes, and on the 10th of December the army of invasion took up its line of march. Shah Soojah, the unfortunate prince whom the English government was about to reinstate on his throne, was furnished with 6,000 native troops from British India, and directed to march in advance, in "order to keep up the appearance of the movement being a national one, and not supported by foreign bayonets." In fact the governor-general in his proclamation had used the following extraordinary language: "His Majesty, Shah Soojah, will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops, and will be supported against *foreign interference and factious*

* Alison.

opposition, by a British army." If it were not for the wicked design this was meant to cover, and for the fearful results that followed, the shallowness and transparency of the flimsy disguise would provoke only mirth and derisive laughter. "Supported against foreign interference" forsooth! Supported *by* foreign interference it should read. Putting this imbecile old usurper in front, followed by the commander-in-chief of the army of India, with 10,000 men as simple retainers to prevent any "*foreign interference*" in approaching his kingdom, whose subjects were waiting with open arms to receive him, capped the climax of this stupendous folly. But at the outset a new difficulty arose—the army of invasion could not get into the Affghan territory except by passing through the possessions of the independent Ameers of the Scinde. More than this, the Indus must be the base line of operations, and kept open for the purpose of transmitting military stores of all kinds. But in the treaty of 1832 the English government expressly agreed, on condition those chiefs would open the Indus to merchant vessels for the purpose of commerce, that no vessel of war nor military stores of any kind should ascend its waters. These stipulations would seem to present a somewhat formidable barrier for the governor-general to overcome, but having entered on a course of bad faith, duplicity and injustice, he was resolved to proceed, and bluntly told the Ameers, without any attempt at disguise, that that article of the treaty was null and void. Knowing that the British force would pass through their territory with or without permission, they reluctantly

granted leave. But when, beyond this, Bukhur, the only fortress of any consequence on the Indus, and the key to their possessions, was demanded, the bitterest complaints arose. Procrastination, all sorts of subterfuges were resorted to, in the vain hope of avoiding this humiliation; but the English diplomacy invariably came to one ultimatum—"surrender it peaceably, or we will take it forcibly." Of course there can be but one result to such negotiations, when one party is strong and the other weak, and Bukhur was surrendered. It seems strange that Havelock, with all his conscience and sense of justice, should hitherto have not had one word to say against the wicked, totally inexcusable conduct of the English government, but on the contrary justified it on the ground of self-defence. In this case, however, the outrage and breach of faith were too apparent to be overlooked, and he says: "'*Malheur à ceux qui ne respectent pas des traités,*' as said Napoleon when Malta was withheld from his grasp in 1803, an exclamation which might justly have been echoed by the Ameers of Hyderabad, of Meerpore and Khyrpore, upon this expression of calm contempt on the part of the British of subsisting engagements being communicated to them in 1838. To ask for Buckhur after this announcement of our views and intentions, and to persist in the request after the negotiations of Colonel Pottinger had already made the Talpoor princes aware of our intentions of forcing upon them stipulations yet more galling to their feelings, was to tell them that their days of independence were numbered, and that Scinde was shortly either to be reduced to the condi-

tion of a British province, or in spite of every disclaimer to become an actual as well as nominal dependency of the kingdom of Cabool, as might best suit the views of the power in whose hands it seemed Providence had placed the destinies of India. The only argument which could be relied on to produce compliance with such a demand, was the simultaneous advance of two armies towards the northern limits of Scinde."

For more than a month this vast array moved steadily down the left bank of the river, presenting a picturesque appearance, as it stretched for miles through the barren country, while its encampment at night resembled a large city suddenly sprung into existence on the borders of the desert. To many this was their virgin campaign, and the novelty of the scene, the mystery that surrounded the country they were penetrating, excited the spirits of both old and young. Music beguiled the way, and the gay pageant appeared more "like a grand promenade than an army destined to hunger, cold, thirst, and final massacre." Havelock enjoyed the imposing spectacle, and in speaking of the long and pleasant march says: "These were the halcyon days of the army."

Every morning, an hour and a half before daylight, the bugle sounded the reveille, and the order "to horse" resounded through the camp, and in a few minutes the glittering escort of the commander-in-chief was in motion. When there was no moon, torches were lighted and borne along the line. The waving trains of blazing lights, now winding, amid

clumps of date trees—now stretching for miles along the road, till, mere spots of fire, they were lost in the distance—had a strange and weird appearance. Thus, day after day, all through the clear, pleasant month of December, and a part of January, they marched down the Indus, the only drawback to their pleasure being the frequent desertion of the native troops, and the theft of their camels.

Havelock's functions as post-master of the division, had ceased, as it was intended they should, at Ferozepore, and Major Sage was appointed post-master of the army. Some of the Indian journals, in noticing the fact, asserted that Havelock had been removed, and congratulated the army in having secured so able and competent a man as Major Sage. Havelock complained of this as unfair, and in speaking of it, said: "The truth is, the comparison might have been spared, since the only office in the department which I once held, was that of post-master to a division alone, on the march from the Jumna to the Sutledge. In the discharge of the duties of that short-lived appointment, it is sufficient for me to have been honored with the approbation of the general on whose recommendations I received the appointment." A man who never neglects his duty, and commits no blunders, cannot fail to be keenly alive to any intimation that he has been guilty of both.

Although in this campaign Havelock was to act in the comparatively irresponsible character of aid-de-camp, yet he as thoroughly mastered everything

connected with it, as the commander-in-chief, and showed in the end, that he was far abler to conduct it than the governor-general himself. His views of the manner in which negotiations had been carried on, his exact knowledge, not only of the actual force in the field to be overcome, but the probable resistance and difficulties that would have to be met in the progress of the campaign—evince how thoroughly he had studied both the means to be used and the object to be accomplished. He exhibits a breadth and clearness of view—a comprehensiveness of plan and thorough knowledge of all the details, that would stamp him as a great commander, even if he had never led an army.

With that extraordinary appreciation of fact stripped of all pretence and disguises, he saw the utter folly of those protracted negotiations, in which it is difficult to tell whether bribery or duplicity bore the palm; for he knew that the Ameers along the banks of the Indus perfectly understood the whole matter. While the British envoys pretended to treat them as independent princes, they took away their forts, assumed the control of the Indus, right in the face of a solemn treaty, and marched through their territory. The approach of the heads of columns clinched all negotiations, and it was hardly worth while, with bland smiles and kind entreaties, to beg for that which was to be taken at any rate. The Ameers might smile back, and with professions of friendship accept the polite invitation to trample on one treaty and make another that

reduced them practically to bondage; yet in their dark hearts they cursed the bayonets that forced them to such hypocrisy. Havelock saw this, and predicted the result, which, years after, occurred. His doctrine was, if a thing is to be done, let it be done in a straightforward, manly, soldier-like manner.

As they were marching down the bank of the Indus, in the latter part of December, a little incident occurred quite illustrative of Havelock's character. One day he had been in the saddle a long time, under a bright sun, carrying orders to different portions of the army, and returned to head-quarters somewhat fatigued. Shortly after, he had two slight paroxysms of intermittent fever—the first attacks of the kind he had ever experienced during his long sojourn in India. In referring to it, he says: "There was nothing in surrounding localities to cause such an affliction, and I therefore attributed it, partly to rather prolonged exposure on one occasion to the rays of the sun, and partly to having, at the suggestion of friends, modified (since the army had taken the field) the habits which they deemed too austere for the fatigues of active service, and consented to drink a few glasses of wine daily, instead of restricting myself, as I had done for many months, to pure water. The fever was speedily checked; and on the disappearance of its symptoms, under skillful treatment, I resolved henceforth to legislate for myself in dietetics, and resuming my former system, abjured entirely the use of wine, as well as of all stronger potations. A single example

does not prove a rule; but my own experience, as well as that of a few others in the Bengal contingent, certainly goes to establish the fact that water-drinking is the best regimen for a soldier."

Although after this he was exposed to rain and sun, and made long and painful marches in a heated atmosphere, and endured cold and fatigue, his health remained firm and unshaken. He was a strong temperance man, yet he was entirely free from that bigotry and fanaticism that makes the drinking of a glass of wine a sin. He would drink wine as well as water if it could be proved beneficial. A man of fact in this, as well as in everything else, he abjured the use of all stimulants, because they were injurious to his health, and strove to drive them from the army because he knew they made soldiers worse, in every respect, instead of better.

At length, on the 21st of January, the army drew up opposite the famous fortress of Bukhur. "Here," says Havelock, "a spectacle awaited the troops which the young and enthusiastic might deem fully to repay them for all the fatigues of their previous marches. A noble river, of little less than one thousand yards in breadth, is the Indus at Goth Amil, but here, where it is impeded by the rocky island of Bukhur, it expands into a wide bay to embrace and pass the obstacle, the resistance of which to its waters seems only to add fury to their natural impetuosity. On either bank are here seen two large groves of date-trees, clothing, for a certain distance, the hills of limestone rock which stretch out like two huge arms, the one towards Cutch Gundava,

the other into the territories of Meer Roostum. Those wood-crowned heights, though not lofty, present a striking contrast to the level plain around them, green only with corn and tamarind bushes. The town of Roree is wholly built of sun-burnt bricks; but raised on limestone crags in the bend of the little gulf, it lays claim to a wild kind of beauty; whilst on the same bank, a magnificent pile of rocks, of the same formation, surmounted by the painted and glittering spires of a Zyarut Gah, and insulated when the river is swollen, arrests the admiration of the spectator. Thence his gaze is at length withdrawn to the fort of Bukhur, and the view into the expanded reach of the Indus below it. The landscape on the Indus, as viewed from our camp, was completed on our right by the heights of Sukhur, a ruinous, but once extensive town on the right bank, in which tottering mosque, minaret and Edgah, yet glittering with purple and gilding, tell of the faded magnificence of the Mohammedan rule."

Although the treaty, by which Bukhur was to be given up, and a bridge allowed to be thrown across the Indus, had been signed, Meer Roostum, the ruler of this province, still delayed acting upon it. He strove, in every way, to postpone the day of degradation. Besides, exciting news had come from lower down the river. The Bombay troops, under General Keane, as stated before, were on the way up the Indus in boats. Between the two armies, preventing a junction, lay Hyderabad, the Ameer of which had declared war, and took the field—it

was stated with 25,000 men. That he would be able to stop the troops coming up the river, unless they had assistance, seemed very probable; and Sir Willoughby Cotton was anxious to march to their relief. Meer Roostum knew this, and hoped he would be induced to go before the fortress was surrendered into his hands—trusting to the fortunes of war to postpone it indefinitely. But the general would not stir till he held this key of the river, and yet he could not delay his march. After exhausting every device and excuse for his procrastination, the Ameer, seeing that nothing could avert the painful humiliation, reluctantly gave the order for the garrison to evacuate the fortress.

The transfer of the fortress being made, the commander-in-chief could now turn his attention to the relief of the Bombay army, lying below Hyderabad, and on the 1st of February the heads of the columns of cavalry and infantry entered the date-trees that lined the river below Bukhur, and pressed rapidly on towards the magnificent prize of a city filled with ingots of gold, jewels, and millions of treasure.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the army, extending from the general down through all grades to the soldier, in view of the approaching conquest; each calculating his share of the hoards so long shut up in a mysterious round tower in the centre of the great fortress of the city. Shah Soojah was forgot for the time in these day and night dreams of the soldier. Even Havelock caught the contagion, and says:

“Hyderabad appeared to be our destined prey,

and its wealth our lawful prize—the fair requital of the labors of one force, and a noble and rightful compensation for the vexations endured by the other.”

By what system of ethics Havelock would prove that this city, whose prince was guilty of nothing but trying to preserve his territory from invasion, could be a lawful prize, it would be difficult to tell; while the “labors” of which he seems to think it to be a “fair requital” are the very deserving ones an invader always performs. The “vexations” for which he deems it a “*rightful compensation*,” are those which all robbers have to undergo. It must be remembered, however, that he was viewing the matter simply as a military man, who in war regards captured cities that resist, lawful prizes.

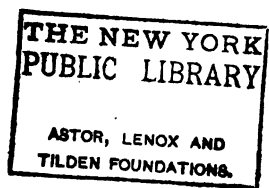
Those bright anticipations, however, were doomed to disappointment. The Ameer, seeing what a heavy force was advancing against him, prudently accepted the conditions offered by the envoy, Colonel Pottinger, and the army was ordered to return to Bukhur. “Its officers and men, with light purses and heavy hearts, turned their backs on Hyderabad, from which they had hoped never to recede until they had made its treasures their own.”

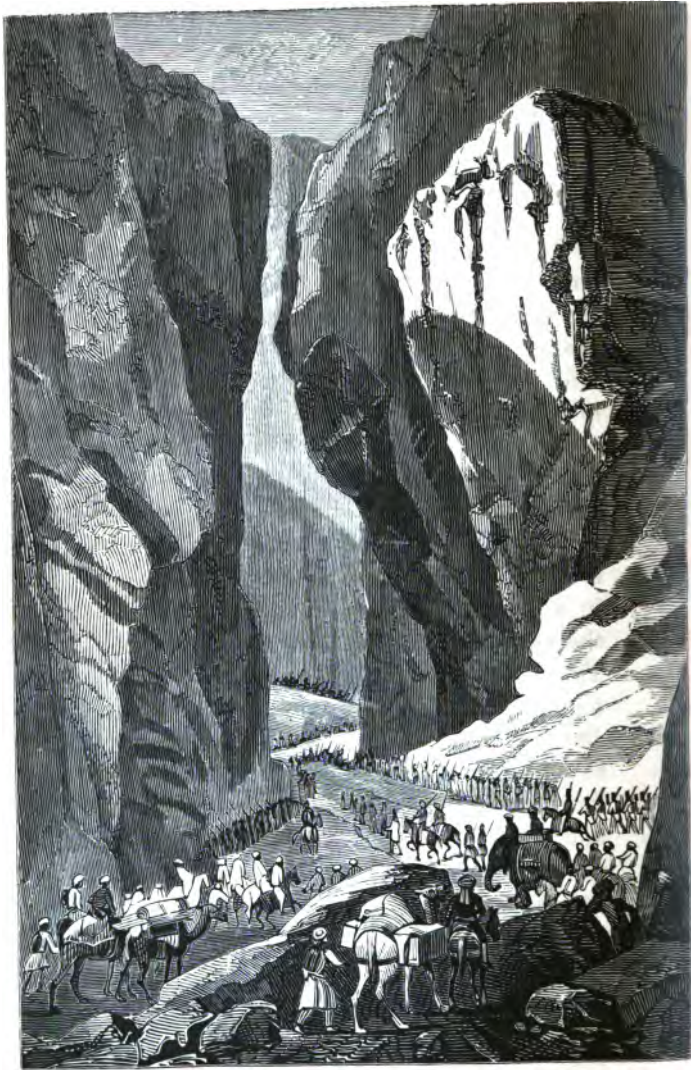
Shah Soojah having already passed the Indus, the Bengal army with its vast multitude of camp followers crossed over—horse artillery, camels, wagons, and cavalry in long procession,—and encamped on the farther side. Reaching the city of Shikapore in two marches, the army rested for two days. As the officers here examined their maps, and traced out the

route they were to take, they looked with dismay on the sandy deserts, and lofty mountains, and long and terrific defiles which were to be passed. From Shikapore to Dadur, which lies at the mouth of the great Bolan Pass, it is a hundred and forty-six miles. The difficulties of the march now commenced. Long stretches of arid and burning sand impregnated with salt, that "crackles under the feet of the horses as they traverse it," with no shrub or plant except a species of wild thorn, relieved occasionally by a strip of vegetation, told fearfully on camels, horses and men. The road was soon strewn with carcasses, teams, provisions, and presented the appearance of having been traversed by a fugitive army in swift and disastrous retreat, rather than by one advancing to victory.

"At length they came," says Havelock, "to an unbroken level of twenty-seven miles of sandy desert, in which there is not only neither well, spring, stream nor puddle, but not a tree, scarcely a bush, or herb, or blade of grass." Sir Willoughby Cotton, having seen his cavalry and horse artillery safe over this desolate tract, prepared to cross himself with his staff. At three o'clock in the morning on the third of March, Havelock was awakened by the shrill call of the bugle, and in a few moments the cavalcade, composed of Generals Cotton and Arnold and their staffs, and an escort of light cavalry, whose bugles rung merily in the clear morning air, struck out into a sharp gallop, and pushed forward into this barren desert. The moon shone brightly, revealing every object with the distinctness almost of daylight;

but soon the last shrub disappeared, and nothing could be seen but a flat surface of sand bounded by the horizon. Following the furrow made by the sappers, they swept rapidly forward, the ground "flying up in flakes" beneath the steady stroke of the horses' hoofs, the air growing colder as morning approached. Nothing occurred to vary the monotony and dreariness of the scene except now and then a group of camp followers, loitering behind the columns that had passed, would be roused by the horses from the dreary fire where they had assembled to bask, smoke and talk of their hardships, or little parties startled from their sound sleep on the sand, "dreaming perhaps of the villages and plenty they had left in Hindostan." At length a glimmering light was seen ahead surrounded by a group of men. Galloping up they found breakfast already prepared and spread on the ground. A relay of fresh horses for all the officers except Havelock stood saddled and bridled ready for their riders. A good breakfast by the light of the moon, and an hour's rest, and again they were bounding over the desert. Although Havelock's horse, like the others, had been hard pressed during the morning, still, being a splendid Arab charger, he struck out fleetly as the rest, and making the whole twenty-eight miles in four hours, was apparently as fresh as when he started. As day dawned a cold northwest wind swept by, and in the distance, dimly looming through the mists of the sea-like desert, rose the Brahoick chain of mountains, through which wound the dark and dreaded defile known as the Bolan Pass. The hot plains of Cutch





BOLAN PASS.

Gundava had next to be traversed, of which there is a profane national saying, which Havelock said might be translated :

“ Since Seebe, good Lord, fries poor mortals so well,
Why tak'st thou the trouble to fabricate hell ?”

By torchlight, by moonlight, through storm, heat, and cold, the weary army struggled on, and finally arrived at the mouth of the Bolan Pass, having made the one hundred and forty-six miles in sixteen days. No provision could be found here, and as but a month's supply remained on the beasts of burden the order was issued to push on. A day, however, was lost in pursuing and catching the doolie bearers of Havelock's regiment. These poor camp followers, struck with horror at the awful defile before them and looking upon it as the very gate of death, broke away in a body. At length they were brought back, and the next day, the 15th, the column was put in motion. The staff forded the Bolan stream by torchlight and soon after entered the mountain. This pass is nearly sixty miles long, shut in by stupendous cliffs or mountain heights—now widening into a sterile plain, covered with loose stones, three or four miles broad, and then closing savagely together till the high and cavernous walls of rock approach to within forty-five feet of each other. The path is flinty and rough, at first gradually and then rapidly ascending until it reaches an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The next morning was Sunday, but they were in the saddle by five o'clock, and Havelock jots down

"Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to us." The night before had been pleasant and warm, but now an ominous darkness veiled the sky—the wind moaned through the gorges while the weird light which the torches threw on crag and cliff made still more savage the aspect of the surrounding scenery. Backwards and forwards across the narrow stream—the water sometimes reaching to the saddle-girths—the little band kept steadily on. At length the rain came down in torrents, and as the light of the torches pierced the black strip of sky overhead, the huge drops could be seen dashing obliquely across the crags, showing that while all was still below, the blast was fiercely sweeping the heights above. General Cotton having accidentally left his cloak behind, his staff in courtesy refused to put on their overcoats, and drenched to the skin, urged their weary animals over the difficult path. The torrent began to swell, and was soon foaming nearly three feet deep through the gorge. An officer was therefore sent back to halt the head of the advancing column till daylight, lest in crossing the stream so often some disaster might occur. It was a dark and rainy day, and all the next night the clouds continued so empty themselves on the tents that had been pitched among the rocks of a mountain valley. The following morning by eight o'clock the rain had slackened, but the mountains on either side were concealed by curtains of rolling mist, the lower folds of which "depended into the plain, and above these vapors were seen clouds of the darkest hue." The fourth day they came to that part of the defile called the pass of Beebee Nanee, cele-

brated as the resort of banditti. The next morning early they passed it, and Havelock, who had a keen eye for the picturesque and was peculiarly impressible to natural scenery, paused on his horse to see his gallant 13th come out of it. "They halted," he says, "a few moments to close up the rear of their column after crossing the stream, and then advanced by bugle signal, which rung amidst the caverns and lofty peaks. They formed during their short pause of rest finely grouped figures in the mountain picture, and these soldiers, with their shoes off and trowsers tucked up to the knees, after fording, their bronzed countenances and drenched and faded uniforms, recalled those ideas of action which a long period of inactivity in cantonment had banished." It should be noted here that Havelock, in all these arduous, painful marches, managed to get time not only to make charts of everything important, but also to obtain landscape views of the most impressive scenery.

The next day was dark and lowering, and about eight o'clock at night a fierce thunderstorm burst through the mountain. The wind came roaring in such violent gusts through the gorge they had just left that Havelock, fearful for his tent, ordered all his domestics, eighteen in number, to steady it. But the tempest increasing in power, he saw their united strength could not long sustain it, and just as a terrific blast struck it, he leaped into the open air, when down came everything with a run, catching two of his servants under the ruins. When they mounted, before daylight, it was without the aid of torches, which could not be lighted in such a storm, and they

set forward in the gloom, the sound of the bugle scarcely heard in the roar of the blast which they had to face. Thus day after day they toiled on, pitching their tents at night beside the foaming torrent and underneath overhanging cliffs, until at length they came to the last defile near the head of the pass. This savage gash in the mountain, ten miles long, is not straight but winding, and so narrow that there is room only for the head of a single column. A few resolute men posted here could keep a host at bay, while from the perpendicular crags above, stones and loose rocks might easily be rolled down on the imprisoned troops below.

The thousands on thousands pouring through this narrow, dark defile—infantry, cavalry, horse artillery, siege trains, and endless troops of loaded camels—presented a new and strange spectacle to Havelock. Now and then the strains of cavalry bugles and the music of the bands, swelling and echoing along the cliffs and among the caverns of the mountains, enlivened the scene. But the camels, unaccustomed to such stony paths and rough ascents, gave way in great numbers, and their huge carcasses being rolled into the stream, tainted it so that the remaining troops which followed some days after, suffered for want of water.

Moving slowly forward, the commander and his escort ever and anon heard the heavy explosions as the engineers blasted the rocks that impeded the passage, until they came to the last and worst ascent of the whole route. As they approached this, they saw the narrow path before them so crowded with

the weary camels heavily laden, that, unwilling to impede their progress, they reined one side and took the slope in its original ruggedness. All dismounted and led their horses but Havelock. He, trusting to the spirit and sure-footedness of his splendid Arab, spurred him up the ascent. Once the horse came to his knees, but recovering himself, carried his rider safely to the top. Here he with the rest of the staff remained for three hours, superintending the ascent of the baggage. "It was a singular yet painful sight," he says, "to behold the heavy laden camels toiling up this rocky steep, crowded in double and triple line as their drivers pressed them on." Slipping at every step, they sunk under their burdens, some refusing to make another effort, reckless alike of the imprecations and blows of their drivers. At last the highest point of this extraordinary defile was won, and lo! before them stretched a plain nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the ocean, "black in its barrenness, and shut in on every side by mountains 5,000 feet high, bleak and solemn, on the top of the highest of which ran long streaks of snow. There was a majesty in the silence of the vast dead level as the mountains cast their shadows over the dark carpet of its withered herbage." The cold was severe; the thermometer falling to 34° by the time they got under canvas. A little before daylight on the 22d, they began to traverse this "unhappy desert," as it is called. It was bitterly cold, and as Havelock remarked, those who had been "grilled so long as he had in India," felt it keenly.

Two days after, they reached Quettah, in the valley

of Shawl, where head-quarters were fixed and where they were to wait for the arrival of Keane, the new commander-in-chief. While here, the troops suffered for want of provisions, which were now growing frightfully scarce. The apparently friendly chief on whom they had relied, proved false, and it was plain that an effort to starve the army to death was to be made. The rations of the soldiers and camp followers were at once cut down first from a pound to a half, then to a quarter of a pound of flour per day. The multitudes of camp followers felt this sacrifice more than the soldiers—they grew gloomy and sad with apprehension, and the curtains of a terrible fate seemed falling around the Bengal army. “The timorous,” says Havelock, “already heard the breakers of destruction ahead.”

At length, on Sunday, the 7th of March, the advancing columns were once more put in motion, and the army took up its route for Candahar, the western capital of the territory over which Shah Soojah was to assume the reins of government. As they wound down the slope, followed by long trains of baggage, they made a grand and warlike display, the bands playing merrily in the morning air. In regular order and perfect discipline the force was moved steadily on day by day, although provisions grew more and more scarce. The cavalry horses lay down beneath their riders and never rose again, 116 perished in a few days, while those which were still able to march grew thin and weak, and in a few more days would be wholly unfit for service. At length, on the 13th, they reached the narrow gorge

of the Kozuk. When Havelock's regiment arrived at the summit, they "piled their arms, stripped off their coats, and in the form of strong fatigue parties, commenced the work of dragging up the guns." Up this declivity and down into the valley beyond, a battery of six nine-pounders was carried by manual labor alone, while all night long the weary troops continued to defile over the mountain. It took two brigades the whole of next day to get two mortars and four battering guns across. These were followed by upwards of 200 carts laden with shot and shell. As they continued to advance, the want of water was added to that of food, and the pangs of hunger were increased by the agonies of thirst. Men and camels would lick the sand where water had been, and towards evening the suffering of the troops became so intense, that for awhile they threatened to break over all discipline. The next day, Sunday, was one of severe suffering; for officers and men were alike parching with thirst. The little water Havelock received for his share, he divided among the feeble of his regiment. The appalling spectacle of an army half famished and perishing with thirst, saddened him, and he says, "thousands felt this day that all the gifts of that God whose public praise and ordinances were forgotten in this Sabbath of unwilling penance, would have been worthless to man if in his anger he had withheld the often-despised blessing of water."

The next morning the exhausted soldiers recommenced their march, in a cold north wind—passed over the dry and sterile plain where they had encamped—climbed an opposing ascent, and toiled

wearily on to a vale ten miles in advance, where they expected to find water. Disappointed in this, it was resolved to push on another ten miles to the river Dooree. With the sun beating down into the narrow defile, around which the frowning crags closed, as if in hate, the panting troops pressed forward, searching eagerly on every side for signs of water. "Anxious looks were cast to every green mound in the arid waste, and its base searched by panting crowds in search of the limpid stream." The half-starved cavalry horses staggered as they marched along, again and again stopping or lying down with their riders in all the agonies of thirst—many never to rise up again, and leaving, says Havelock, "in the mountain passes, melancholy traces of this day's suffering and perseverance. British dragoons and native troopers were seen eagerly sharing with their chargers muddy and fetid water, drawn from puddles at the side of the road, the very sight of which would, in Hindostan, have equally sickened all to whom it was offered." Towards evening, they came in sight of the river Dooree, sparkling through the trees. In a moment all order was lost, and amid the shouting of men and the neighing of horses, the troops rushed confusedly forward and plunged into the stream. Unable to control themselves, some drank till they bloated and died. Such evidence of the power of endurance possessed by troops was carefully noted by Havelock.

At length, on the evening of the 25th, just as they had taken up their camping ground amid green

fields, they heard the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry in advance, and saw white columns of smoke rising over the trees, which announced that Shah Soojah was reëntering the chief city of western Afghanistan. The next day they reached Candahar, which had been surrendered without a blow, yielding to British gold. Havelock had no taste for conquests gained through bribery or the double dealing of so-called peace commissioners. One down-right hard encounter, he said, would outweigh "the results of months of intrigue and negotiation; and the clash of steel for a few short moments will ever gain for the British a greater advantage than all the gold in their coffers can purchase." In her conquests in Asia, he wished to see England

"Non cauponantes bellum sed belligerentes."

There spoke the soldier.

What mountain ranges, and plains, and desert tracts, had been traversed since Havelock set out between three and four months previous from Ferozepore. The carcasses of 20,000 camels and horses marked the line of march from the Indus to Candahar. But the wild, barren, inhospitable tract was now over, and the weary, broken down army was allowed to repose for two months, recruiting, and waiting for the crops to ripen, to furnish provisions in their march to Cabool. Havelock passed the time not on duty in examining the city and surrounding country, in praying and conversing with his old comrades of the 13th, and in forming temperance societies

among the troops. In the latter employment he was very active, for he was convinced that if spirits could be banished from the army its efficiency would be vastly increased.

There were grand shows and military displays and reviews before the army took up its march for Cabool, the capital of Affghanistan, 320 miles distant. Ninety miles this side of the city, however, and on the direct route, stood a formidable fortress, called Ghuznee, where Dost Mohammed had resolved to make a stand for his throne.

On the 27th of June, the army, in three columns, was put in motion; and day after day, over the plains, through the scattered villages of the Affghan tribes, it kept monotonously on. The 9th of July, the spirit rations of the British troops gave out, and Havelock unexpectedly found that his long wished-for experiment had got to be tried. He had some misgivings as to the immediate result, for to take away so powerful a stimulant at a time when the troops were suffering the want of a good vegetable diet, and wholesome pure water, and that, too, in the midst of a march of 300 miles, he felt would test the constitution sorely. But if time were given, he was convinced that, even under these unfavorable circumstances, his theory would be confirmed; and that in addition to their increased discipline, "the troops would enjoy an immunity from disease, which will delight those who are interested in their welfare." At length the grey walls and lofty citadel of Ghuznee, with its approaches guarded by horsemen, burst on the view. Wearied

by dragging his heavy siege guns so far, and being told by deserters that Ghuznee would not be defended, the commander-in-chief had left them at Candahar ; and now found himself without a battering train before a place of immense strength, and well garrisoned. Havelock condemned the neglect to bring forward the heavy guns, as a great military error, for to carry such works by escalade, he said, would involve a loss that the army could ill afford in its isolated state, in the heart of the enemy's country.

Sir Willoughby Cotton rode forward with his staff to reconnoitre, and as Havelock, with his comrades, was surveying the fortress through their telescopes, a sharp fire was opened on them. A full reconnoissance, however, was finally effected ; and the statement of a deserter that every gate was walled up except the one in the direction of Cabool, ascertained to be true. Keane, seeing how impregnable the place was to his light pieces, resolved to move round to the Cabool gate, and by blowing that in, effect an entrance. That evening, at four o'clock, the army took up its march—the cavalry moving to the right, and the infantry to the left—circling the fortress out of cannon shot. The latter were weary, and having several streams to cross, and a rugged ascent to make, did not reach their place of encampment till long after dark. All the baggage and camp followers got belated on the heights, and remained there through the night. The troops were therefore left without tents, attendants, or food—and hungry and weary, bivouacked on the cold ground .

till morning. Havelock sat out the chilly night without sleeping—"the dark and lagging hours" relieved only, he said, "by the explosion of cannon, as occasional shots were hurled towards the camp, or the flashing of lights at intervals from the citadel—answered by corresponding fires in the plains, showing that intelligible signals were passing between the garrison and their friends without."

At length the long wished-for and tardy dawn broke over the hills, and soon all was commotion. The first thing, of course, was to get down their tents, and baggage, and stores, which, in the broad daylight, they easily effected.*

Hyder Khan could not imagine what object the English had in thus getting between him and Cabool. But, towards evening, seeing the field-batteries planted on the heights, and the camel batteries in the plains below, he judged that an attempt would be made to carry the place by escalade, and had the ramparts well manned. After dark, the separate columns took up their respective positions, and the wind being high and boisterous, neither their tramp nor the roll of artillery wheels could be heard.

* Havelock relates the following ludicrous incident that occurred in his regiment in the morning: "A medical officer of the 13th, reproved a sick soldier for want of care of his health, on account of the manifest effect produced on his wasted frame by exposure to cold during the night. The man said in his defence, 'Why, sir, what could I do? The black fellows set down my litter in the dark, on the top of that mountain, and as I did not know how near the enemy might be, I was obliged to leap out, and take my arms, and stand sentry over myself the whole night.' A new species of outpost duty."

In the meantime, the engineers and the men detailed for that purpose, had crept to the gate with 900 pounds of powder in twelve bags, and placed them so that they could be fired on an instant's notice. About three o'clock in the morning, everything being ready, the English, in order to divert the attention of the besieged from the real point of attack, suddenly opened their fire. The heavy guns from that hitherto dark and silent fortress, replied with a terrific explosion. The round shot passed with a rushing sound through the air, the sharp rattle of musketry rang out in the darkness in every direction—the whole northern side became a sheet of flame from the hotly worked batteries, while blue lights appeared in rapid succession on the ramparts to reveal the movements the besieged could not comprehend, and enable them to see what was the nature of the mischief designed against them—and all was excitement, and tumult, and uproar around the devoted place. The besieged, hearing a bustle in the pauses of the gale near the entrance, displayed a large and brilliant blue light directly over the gate, to ascertain its origin, but just as the glare fell on the street below, the powder exploded, and down tumbled the ponderous gate, bringing with it, in wild ruin, the massive masonry, and huge, shivered beams that supported it. A black column of smoke mounted swiftly upward, followed by a sudden pause. The stormers were ignorant of what had happened, but the next moment, there rung out, loud and distinct over the thunder of the guns and roar of the blast, the bugle-call to advance. With a cheer, the forlorn hope,

under the gallant Dennie, rushed into the smoked and darkened opening, and, groping their way between the yet standing walls, fell furiously upon the enemy. Nothing could be seen distinctly, but there came out of the darkness the clang of weapons, as bayonet and sword-blade clashed against each other in the desperate fight. On through the gloom, and close and murderous fire of the enemy, that determined band steadily, but slowly, made its way. General Sale, who was to support them, immediately pressed forward, while his skirmishers swiftly closed to the sound of bugle. As he approached the gate, he met an engineer officer who was stunned and confused by being thrown down when the powder exploded, and asked him how matters were going on in advance. He replied that the gate was blown in, but the passage remained so choked up by the ruins, that the forlorn hope could not force an entrance. Knowing instantly that to press on, under such circumstances, was only to sacrifice his men uselessly, Sale paused, and ordered the retreat to be sounded. The loud, unwelcome blast was heard even above the roar of the combat and almost equally loud roar of the gale, and the gallant band halted in the very moment of victory; but, like all brave troops, ever reluctant to obey the call to retreat, they did not immediately fall back. A few minutes more of delay, and the victory would have been lost, and that living tide of valor rolled back mortified from the walls. But fortunately at that critical moment another engineer officer appeared, of whom Sale anxiously inquired after the stormers. "They

are through the gate," was the reply. Sale instantly ordered the bugle to sound the advance again, and with a shout from both within and without the walls, the column marched on. Dennie had fought his way through the darkness, until he saw the twinkling of a star, and a strip of blue sky over the sea of heads that blocked the streets, and then he knew they were in the place.

The delay, though short, brought mischief with it, for it left quite a space between the head of Sale's advancing column and the forlorn hope. Into this a large body of Affghans, scourged from the ramparts by Dennie's fire, dashed with the hope of escaping through the gateway. Finding themselves hemmed in, they fought with the ferocity of tigers. The struggle was terrific. "One of them," says Have-lock, "rushing over the fallen timber, brought down Brigadier Sale, by a cut in the face with his sharp sabre. The Affghan repeated the blow as his opponent was falling, but the pummel, not the edge of his sword, took effect this time, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together among the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his sabre. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aid-de-camp

to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *mêlée*, to approach the scene of conflict; the wounded leader recognized, and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Affghan, but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the brigadier for a moment got the uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him with his right a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Mohammedan once shouted 'Ue Ullah!'—'O God!' and never spoke or moved again." Sale, recovering his feet, directed the movement of his column calmly as if nothing had happened. Soon the loud shouts and steady firing that came from within the walls told that the British had established themselves there, and the reserve under Cotton rapidly closed up to the gate; but the entrance was so choked with the troops in advance, that it was compelled to halt, and present a target to the hidden marksmen on the ramparts, who poured in a galling fire. At length the entrance was cleared, and the column pressed in. The fierce combat and shouts, and the ghastly spectacle presented by the butchered soldiers in the gateway, had fired Havelock's blood, and it was with delight he heard the command to wheel to the left, and clear the ramparts, from which they had suffered so while under the walls. They were driving all before them, when a loud shout proclaimed that the citadel was won, and Havelock, with an exclamation of delight, saw that the first colors planted on its ramparts were those of

his own regiment. At this moment, amid the shouting, and firing, and wild tumult, the scene suddenly assumed a new character.

In the open space at the foot of the citadel were gathered groups of exhausted soldiers, leaning on their muskets for a moment's rest, and near them a large number of wounded, who had been collected there before being removed to a place of greater safety. Around the outer edge of this area, hundreds of Affghan horses, frightened by the fire and shouts of the troops, were wildly galloping as if no longer under the control of their riders. Suddenly, as if moved by a single impulse, the whole body wheeled, and dashed down on these detached parties. As they rushed fiercely on, they cut right and left with their keen-edged swords, a single blow of which was sufficient to finish the unhappy victim on whom it fell. Blinded by rage, they cut at the wounded and well alike, and even inflicted horrible gashes on their own frightened steeds. A wild volley was poured into them from the slopes of the citadel, but soon friend and foe were completely commingled, and it became a hand to hand fight. Two or three soldiers would get around one horseman, and hunt him like a dog till they killed him. The scene was one of fearful excitement. As Havelock rode down into this strange *mêlée*, he witnessed the effect of a sword-cut from one of these desperate men. As he was passing near a wounded soldier, that, covered with blood from his breast to his boots, lay in a swooning state in a litter, with one arm dangling over the side, he saw an Affghan dash by in a fierce gallop, making for

the gateway, who, without drawing rein or pausing in his flight, with one sweep of his keen blade, cut that drooping arm through bone and all, so that it barely hung by the flesh. The poor fellow arose, supporting it with the other hand, and staggered against the wall in speechless agony. A shower of balls followed this act of wanton cruelty, and the fierce rider, while yet at full speed, tumbled from his steed, pierced through and through. "The scene," says Havelock, "now excited feelings of horror mingled with compassion, as one by one the Affghans sunk under repeated wounds upon the ground, which was strewn with bleeding, mangled, and convulsed and heaving carcasses. Here were ghastly figures stiffly stretched in calm, but grim, repose; here the last breath was yielded up through clenched teeth in attitudes of despair and defiance, with hard struggle and muttered imprecations; there a faint "*Ue Uuah*," or "*buraee khooda*," addressed half in devotion to God, half in the way of entreaty to man, alone testified that the mangled sufferer yet lived. The clothes of some of the dead and dying near the entrance had caught fire, and in addition to the agony of their wounds, some were enduring the torture of being burnt by the slow fire of their thickly wadded vests, and singed and hardened coats of sheepskin."

This frightful scene being over, Havelock's column was ordered to sweep the narrow streets. As it did so, a scattering fire was kept up from the houses, killing and wounding several officers and men. Soon, however, the last shot was fired, and amid the loud and pro-

longed cheers of the troops, the commander-in-chief rode through the vanquished place. In two short hours the struggle was over, and this strong fortification, hitherto deemed by the Affghans impregnable, lay prostrate. Although the place was carried by storm, none were assailed after they ceased to resist, and no violence was offered to one of the women found in the ameer's extensive and beautiful harem.

In speaking of it to the praise of officers and men, Havelock says that in a great degree "the self-denial, mercy and generosity of the hour, may be attributed to the fact of the European soldiers having received no spirit since the 8th of July, and having found no liquor amongst the plunder of Ghuznee. No candid man of any military experience will deny that the character of the scene in the fortress and citadel would have been far different if individual soldiers had entered the town, primed with arrack, or if spirituous liquors had been discovered in the Affghan depots. Since then it has been proved that troops can make forced marches for forty miles and storm a fortress in seventy-five minutes without the aid of rum, behaving after success with a forbearance and humanity unparalleled in history, let it not henceforth be argued that distilled spirits are an indispensable portion of a soldier's rations." This was a triumphant vindication of his theory, for one such successful experiment was better than all argument. To British officers especially was the behavior of the troops after the storming of Ghuznee overwhelming proof that the absence of liquor humanizes and elevates the soldier.

The loss to the British in killed and wounded in the assault was only 187, while that of the enemy was nearly 700. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken, while 1,000 horses, 300 camels, mules, provisions, arms and armor, and various Asiatic accoutrements became the booty of the captors, and were delivered into the hands of the prize agents. The excitement of the victory, and the rehearsal of personal experiences for a time absorbed every one. These having passed by, Havelock, as was his custom, turned his attention to a close examination of the place. The ruins of old Ghuznee, the surrounding orchards bending under their loads of unripe fruit, the mausoleum of the "stern invader Mahmood," with its "famous gate of two leaves of sandal wood embossed with brass," by turns occupied him.

Dost Mohammed, ninety miles distant at the capital heard with dismay of the capture of his strongest fortress, and forthwith sent his brother to treat with the English, but his terms were not accepted; and on the 31st of July the victorious army took up its line of march for Cabool. Dost Mohammed's authority was found to have less influence over his troops than British gold and British bayonets, for after he had placed his artillery along the banks of the Cabool River, and began to make vigorous preparations for the defence of his capital, they commenced deserting him in great numbers. Finding that his army, and with it his throne, were gone, he took with him a small band of desperate men and fled. While Colonel Outram was dispatched in pursuit of him, the army drew its lengthened line along towards the city that now stood with

open gates to receive it. At length, on the 4th of August, it emerged from the last mountain pass into a beautiful valley, within one march of the place. The scene was enchanting—lofty crags completely hemmed in the quiet and secluded vale, through the middle of which wound the Cabool River, its cool waters sparkling in the light of the midday sun, while the green poplars that waved along its banks seemed to invite the weary, overheated soldier to their refreshing shades. Villages and mud forts sprinkled the plain in every direction, which was still more enlivened by the stirring strains of martial music, and the moving columns of infantry as they streamed out of the pass. Soon the white tents of 5,000 soldiers dotted the fields in every direction, and gaiety and rest took the place of the toilsome march. The next morning, at a quarter before two, the moon rose over the dark mountain tops, and a few minutes after, “a single cannon was heard, whose reverberations among the craggy eminences had not ceased when trumpets, bugle and drum, echoing among the rocks, summoned all slumberers to the labors of another march.” Havelock’s long life in camp had not deadened him to the poetry of such a scene, and ever and anon he dashes off one of those vivid pictures which reveal the nature of a true artist. The next day they came upon the deserted artillery of Dost Mohammed. Havelock surveying the military preparations which that prince had made and abandoned, traced out a plan by which they might have been overcome, but in the true spirit of a soldier, remarked, “but here he might at least have died with honor.” The 7th was

fixed for the final close of this stupendous farce, the grand entry of Shah Soojah into his recovered capital. At three o'clock the glittering cavalcade set out for the city, three miles distant. The king, accompanied by the commander-in-chief, envoy and minister in diplomatic costume, and generals and their staff, led the advance, mounted on a splendid white charger "decorated with equipments mounted in gold, a jewelled coronet of velvet precious stones scattered in profusion over the arms and breast of dark Ulh-halik, while his waist was encircled by a broad heavy belt of gold, sparkling with rubies and emeralds. But the Koh-i-noor was not there." In describing this pageant, Havelock indulges for the first time in a piece of quiet satire, doubly pungent from the language in which it is clothed. Moonshe Mohun Lall had been brought into Afghanistan to do the dirty work of British diplomatists, and seduce his countrymen into treason, and for nothing else; yet he, too, must bear a conspicuous part in this ridiculous spectacle. Havelock writes: "And let me not forget to record that Moonshe Mohun Lall, a traveller and an author, as well as his talented master, appeared on horseback on this occasion in a new upper garment, of very gay colors, and under a turban, and of very admirable fold and majestic dimensions, and was one of the gayest as well as the most sagacious and successful personages in the whole cortége." Havelock's manly, upright nature revolted at this public way of paying a man for his baseness, and he shows how keen he could thrust when he chose to strike. As the cavalcade ap-

proached the city, the whole rich valley lay spread out beneath them, the green orchards extending far as the eye could reach. The streets were crowded with spectators, forming literally a sea of heads; but as the restored monarch rode through them, not a single shout greeted him. Surrounded by an ominous silence, he took the route to his palace. This magnificent monarch that a nation 14,000 miles distant, had placed on his throne, "ran with childish eagerness," says Havelock, "from one small chamber to another of the well-remembered abode of royalty, deplored aloud the neglect and damage everywhere visible, and particularly lamented the removal of the panels of mirror from the *sheeshumuhul*."*

The army had not been long quartered around Cabool before the soldiers found their way to the places where rum was clandestinely sold, and in that city where intemperance had been punished by law by Dost Mohammed, whom they had just driven from his throne, scores of drunken Christians, as they professed themselves to be, were seen staggering along the streets. Havelock was mortified at the humiliating spectacle, and contrasting the elevated Christian-like conduct of the Affghan chief with that of the English commissariat, who immediately after their arrival entered into a contract for the supply of the troops with liquor, exclaimed, "How strange are the contradictions in human character and between the conduct of men and their professions.

* The name of apartments, the walls of which are covered with squares of mirror, conjoined by gold or silver frame-work.

It is to be feared that the Affghans, like other nations invaded by our armies, will soon be taught the difference between Britons drunk and Britons sober." He cautioned those whom he had induced to become temperate, against temptation, and persuaded others who by their forced abstinence had overcome the habit of drinking, not to put themselves under its baleful influence again. He now had time to talk and pray with his troops, and strengthen and encourage them. Some had fallen at Ghuznee, others had not yet recovered from their wounds. His frequent visits to these and the sick always lighted up their countenances with a smile. Though the strictest of disciplinarians, no officer ever more completely shared his soldiers' trials, and hardships, and sufferings than he.

During the two months Havelock remained here, he not only visited the surrounding country, saw and enjoyed all that was beautiful and delightful in the city, but he carefully investigated the whole campaign, studied the character of the people, the nature and value of their defences, and drew a plan for the future, which after events proved would have saved, if it had been adopted, England a fine army and her government in India chagrin and remorse. Cabool, though on a plain 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, rests at the foot of two mountain ranges. At the roots of these stands the fortress, while on an eminence still above and overlooking the city below, is the Bala Hissar or citadel. The relation of this to Cabool and of Cabool to Affghanistan made a marked impression on him. At length, in the middle of October, Sir John Keane, commander-in-chief, resigned the com-

mand of the troops to Sir Willoughby Cotton, and started for India. He had scarcely left, however, when news came that Major Ramsy, who had exercised the functions of commander-in-chief in Bengal, was preparing to leave Meerut. No successor having been yet appointed, and Sir Willoughby being the next in seniority, he resolved to return home to take his place. In a few hours, he with his escort of horse was soon on the track of Sir John Keane. All of Havelock's plans for the coming winter were thus suddenly broken up.

The morning of the 16th of October was cold and piercing, as Havelock rode from Cabool, and, while darkness still lay on the sleeping city, turned his face towards the Indus.

The army when it left the banks of this river the previous spring, kept nearly northwest and then north, or somewhat parallel with it. The commander-in-chief and Sir Willoughby Cotton returned by a different route. They struck directly east, passing through Jellalabad, the famous Khyber Pass, and Peshawer, moving nearly in right angles to the march from Candahar to Cabool. In this way they could reach the Indus in a little over a fortnight, though striking it much further up than where the army crossed it. As Havelock spurred through the Khoord Cabool Pass, crossing the stream that rolls down it, twenty-eight times, the water congealing upon his boots and the legs of his horse, he little thought how memorable it would soon become in the annals of British India. Nor when he examined the defences and position of

Jellalabad and wound through the dark defile of the Khyber Pass, did he dream how deeply and terribly his future fate was interwoven with them. He at length reached Serampore, and closed, as he thought, his campaign in Affghanistan. In doing so, he put on record his views of what the future course and policy of the government should be, which exhibit his remarkable military capacity, that accident or chance at last gave room and field for development. He discusses the comparative feasibility of the different lines of invasion—the objections to each, and the objects to be gained, and shows, throughout, that he possessed in a remarkable degree the power to carry out the maxim “that the practice of war consists in a wise selection from the midst of conflicting evils and difficulties.” He then points out the true line of policy, if England means to keep in peace and quietness, what she has gained by force of arms, and finally, traces clearly the only course by which the army can maintain itself in case of resistance. His views show a profound knowledge of the whole subject, and his language, when compared with what afterwards transpired, sounds like prophecy. After going over the whole ground, he says, “First, as all the convoys of supplies for troops in Affghanistan must traverse a part of the Sikh dominions, there must be no medium in the character of our relations with the Sikhs; they must either be *established on a footing of the closest intimacy and of undissembled confidence, or change at once into avowed hostilities.*”

Subsequent events proved the correctness of this

opinions. He says that Cabool must be held at all hazards, and that England should as soon think of surrendering Fort William as it. This is indispensable to the armed occupation of Affghanistan. But it cannot be done unless the army retains possession of the citadel. "*All depends*," he says, "*in a military point of view, on a firm hold of the Bala Hissar (citadel). It is the key of Cabool. The troops who hold it ought to suffer themselves to be dislodged but by a siege, and they must awe its populace with their mortars and howitzers.*" In the next chapter, this language will be remembered with a shudder, and one will exclaim, with a sigh of anguish, "why was not this counsel followed?"

CHAPTER IV.

HAVELOCK AT CABOOL.

Lord Elphinstone appointed Commander-in-chief—Havelock sent back to Cabool in charge of Detachments—Finds the Key of Cabool given up—Unwise Conduct of British Officers—Havelock instructs his Men—His Habits during the Winter and Summer—Sale ordered to force the Passes toward Jellalabad—Havelock joins him—Forcing the Khoord Cabool Pass—Returns to Cabool—Reads a Strange Prophecy in his Tent, among the Mulberry-trees—Resolves to rejoin Sale—Breaking out of the Insurrection—Folly of Lord Elphinstone—Murder of Burns—Spread of the Insurrection—Mortality of the Troops—Havelock's Policy Rejected—Akbar Khan—Humiliation of the British Army—Murder of the Convoy—Commencement of the Retreat.

AFTER Havelock left Cabool, the army, for a time, revelled in luxuries and comforts, and enjoyed, without stint, the shows, races, and pageants got up for their entertainment. "Amidst these scenes of festivity and amusement, the time passed pleasantly away, as it ever does, when it only treads on flowers," and the officers who were left behind, deeming the campaign at an end, scarce envied those who had returned to India.

In the meantime, Lord Elphinstone had been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Aff-

ghanistan—not because he knew anything about Indian warfare, nor on account of his having won, a quarter of a century before, a Waterloo medal—but because he had high connections and aristocratic influence, which overrode all questions of prudence or common sense.

While this doomed commander was making his way to the scene of his exploits, Havelock, having been placed in command of detachments destined for Cabool, marched by the way of the Ganges to Ferozepore, the starting point of the Bengal army the year before. He made use of the time at his command to instruct his men in religious truths, and persuaded many to abandon their evil habits. Soon after he accompanied General Elphinstone and his escort back to Cabool. “The Key to Cabool” he found abandoned, and the barracks given up to a *hundred and sixty of the king’s harem*. The troops were placed outside not of only the citadel, but the wall of the fortress, and in cantonments a mile in extent, surrounded by ramparts so low that a British officer backed a small pony to clamber over both ditch and wall. To render these still more insecure, they were commanded by heights and buildings on every side. To complete his astonishment, he found the entire provisions for the winter stowed in a small fort outside both cantonments and citadel. So profound was the dream of security, that although some parts of the kingdom were nearly the whole time in rebellion, and required constant attention, the officers recklessly wounded the feelings of the Ca-boolese and the chieftains who had attached them

selves to the court of Shah Soojah, by enticing away, in broad daylight, the members of their harems. This wrong and shame burned in their hearts, and while insurrection was showing its head in distant provinces, elements of wrath were gathering in the capital itself. For a whole year Havelock saw this great wrong, though often and bitterly complained of, go unredressed. But the higher swelled the tide of corruption and vice, the more faithfully did he devote his time to the spiritual welfare of the noble 13th. He read and prayed with them, as of old, and keeping aloof from the city, pitched his solitary tent in a grove of mulberry-trees, where nothing could interfere with his reflective and devotional habits. In the meantime, he had been appointed interpreter to Elphinstone.

While these events were transpiring, Dost Mohammed, who had been defeated on the Hindoo Kish, escaped from his traitorous captor, and reappeared in the field in Kohistan, between Cabool and Jellalabad. Sale was immediately dispatched against him with his brigade. Driven from his strongest positions, the daring chieftain at last, despairing of success, surrendered himself a prisoner.

This brought a season of peace, and through the winter, and spring, and summer Havelock maintained a regular system of instruction with his troops. While other officers were fanning the flames of hatred and rebellion by their immoral life, he pursued the even tenor of his way, enjoying "that peace which cometh from above." Too intellectual to be amused with trifles, too conscious of his

great responsibility to his maker to squander his time in mere amusements, he devoted this long interval to serious thought and reading, and in endeavoring to win the erring back from their sins. He did not wear a solemn aspect, nor affect monkish habits. He enjoyed with the rest the ludicrous amazement of the Caboolese, when they saw the English officers skimming on skates over the frozen waters of the Cabool River in the winter; and also the long and pleasant rides through the fertile valleys in the summer. He loved nature and mirth; still the strong intellectual bent of his character made him different from his associates, and gave him a natural superiority that all felt, though they might not understand it. He was one of the few men made to command, who seem more natural, more themselves, when under great responsibilities or intrusted with a difficult, dangerous task, than at any other time. Sale and Broadfoot were his intimate friends, and to these he spoke freely his opinion of the course the English were pursuing with the Affghan chiefs. With the close of the summer the evidences of deep-seated disaffection again began to appear, and soon the news came that the Ghilzees had arisen and blockaded the passes to Jellalabad. Sale was immediately sent out to force them, and stifle the insurrection in its infancy. Havelock saw with impatience his regiment march without him, for he had made those passes himself, examined them carefully, and knew every inch of ground. He had forded the turbulent stream of the famous Khoord Cabool Pass, when the water froze to his

steed and himself—had fixed in his mind every spot where a defence could be made, and how it should be surmounted, and he determined, if possible, to be present when his regiment entered this fearful defile. He therefore went to the commander-in-chief, and asked permission to join the brigade. His request was granted, and the next day he started on a swift gallop along the road the column had taken, the bearer of dispatches to Sale. The latter received him with the warmest expressions of delight, for he felt doubly strong with him by his side.

The succeeding day they entered the narrow defile, Sale leading the noble 13th. Soon the enemy opened a fierce fire on the head of the column, when Sale ordered a charge. Struck at the first onset by a ball, he was led out of the fight, and the gallant Dennie took his place. Under him the 13th cheered and made a rush, and drove the enemy from their position. But these wild mountaineers rallied as often as they were dispersed, and from heights almost perpendicular, poured down a scourging fire on the troops massed together in the gorge below.

For eight miles they toiled on through this horrible defile, fording the stream nearly thirty times, exposed the whole distance to the balls of the enemy. The wild encampment in this savage gorge, the rocks lined with dark mountaineers, shouting and pouring down their deadly fire, the desperate assault and weary march, made up a week that Havelock long remembered. His regiment bore the brunt of this prolonged conflict, and he himself was everywhere

present, encouraging the troops by his presence and his voice.

After the pass was cleared, Sale sent him back to Elphinstone with dispatches. Having delivered them, he repaired to his tent in the mulberry grove, and began to reflect on his own position and that of the army. The absence of Sale's brigade at a time when the whole heavens were gathering blackness above Cabool, and vague rumors, more fearful from their mystery, were whispered from mouth to mouth, seemed ominous. In view of this state of things, he began to question seriously whether it was not his duty to offer his services again to Sale. Uncertain what course to adopt, he took up his Bible that lay on the table, and opened it casually at the 39th chapter of Jeremiah, 16th and 19th verses, and read with profound emotions what seemed to him at the time the language of God directed to him. "Go and speak to Ebed-melech, the Ethiopian, saying, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil and not for good, and they shall be accomplished in that day before thee. But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord, and thou shalt not be given into the hands of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee, because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." By the time Havelock had finished reading these verses, his decision was taken—he resolved to leave that doomed city, and obtaining permission to join Sale, hastened at once to his camp.

Soon after, the whole brigade moved on to Tezeen, where it remained ten days, while Macgregor endeavored to patch up a peace with the chiefs.

It then extended its march to Gundamack, where it again halted. But the bright November sun that looked down on the quiet encampment in the valley of Gundamuck, flashed over a quite different scene at Cabool. The prophetic words that Havelock had read with such strange emotion in his tent among the mulberry trees was about to be fulfilled. The storm had burst and Cabool was ablaze with insurrection and reeling to the blows of an infuriated populace. Before dawn on the 2d of November, the conspirators were abroad, and ere the sun arose, Sir Alexander Burns, who was about to succeed McNaghten as British envoy at Cabool, was murdered, and he and his brother cut to pieces by Affghan knives, and the treasury of the Shah's paymaster sacked of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Maddened by excitement, the insurgents then rushed, shouting, into the houses, slashing wildly in their fury at every obstacle that crossed their path, and cutting down servants as well as soldiers on guard, and even children and women. Like the swelling tide of the sea, the clamor and confusion grew louder and louder in the devoted city, but not a step was taken to quell the mutiny. Two hundred resolute men could have restored order at this time, and from the commencement to the terrible close of the fearful tragedy, "Havelock and his saints" could have saved the army. But emboldened by the apathy of the troops, the excited crowd increased in numbers, and

swayed wildly through the streets, setting fire to buildings, gutting shops, and slaying all the inmates of officers' houses. The city was shaking from limit to limit with the terrific uproar, and rapine and violence ran riot through the streets, while 6,000 troops lay quietly in their cantonments within half an hour's march of the place. The only step taken during the whole day was made by the contemptible Shah Soojah himself, who sent out a small body of his Hindostanees, who of course were overwhelmed by the impetuous masses. Early in the morning, Elphinstone and the envoy, McNaghten, were informed of the insurrection, but the latter, although he was told that English officers, and women and children were being butchered, pretended to regard it as a small affair, and not worth attending to. Under the influence of some strange infatuation, both he and Elphinstone stood still and saw a mob of 100 swell to thousands without any show of interference. It is not necessary to go into details or explanations of the conduct of the envoy and commander-in-chief. One thing is plain, McNaghten stubbornly shut his eyes to the magnitude of the evil, while Lord Elphinstone exhibited the incapacity and irresolution of a child. "We must see," said he, "what the morning brings, and then think what can be done." So the next morning, before daybreak, the drums beat to arms, but not a movement was made till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then only *three companies* and *two* horse artillery guns were sent out. Of course this weak detachment could not penetrate a city surrounded and filled by such a vast and angry multi-

tude, and another night settled down on the quiet army looking off on Cabool ablaze with burning buildings, and from which arose the incessant and ever-increasing roar of the angry surge of popular fury. The next day, the commander-in-chief set about strengthening his cantonments, while McNaghten dispatched a swift messenger to Sale, directing him to retrace his steps at once to Cabool. In the meantime, the commissariat fort, which had been built outside the cantonments, and some 400 yards distant, and which contained all the stores for the support of the army, was threatened. The place was held by only eighty men, and though the salvation of the army depended on its preservation, Elphinstone did nothing but try to help this little garrison *evacuate it* in safety. Again and again appealed to to save the stores, he promised, then hesitated, and finally postponed all action; till driven to despair those eighty gallant defenders dug themselves out under the walls and escaped. From the walls of their cantonments the troops looked down on this ill-armed rabble carrying away their stores with feelings of rage. Even the feeble old Shah Soojah, as he saw the disgraceful proceeding from the citadel, exclaimed, "surely the English are mad." By noon, thousands who heard the news had gathered around the fort to get their part of the booty of "the English dogs," and loaded down with their plunder marched away, under the very noses of the English soldiers. The latter, enraged beyond all control, demanded to be led against the enemy. Elphinstone, alarmed at this state of feeling, resolved to retake the fort, and sent out fifty English

troops and two hundred Sepoys to do it. He watched their advance from the gateway, but they had not proceeded far, before, imagining the detachment in danger of being cut off, he recalled it. The Sepoys returned muttering curses against their imbecile commander. Of course, the boldness of the insurgents increased, and a large army sprung into existence right around the English cantonments. Had Havelock's views been adopted, and at the outset of the disturbance the army been marched into the citadel, and shelled the city, the insurrection would have disappeared as suddenly as it arose. Instead of doing this, it lay idle until Elphinstone, by the 6th, had become so paralyzed that he proposed to McNaghten to *make terms* with the insurgents.

McNaghten, however, would not listen to terms—he still looked anxiously toward Jellalabad, and every morning hoped to hear the thunder of Sale's guns; as he cleared his way through the cloud of Affghan warriors that environed the city. The humiliating details of all that followed would fill a volume, but having failed in courage, the English commanders tried bribes, and secretly offered large rewards for the heads of the chiefs. General Shelton, who occupied the citadel with his brigade, was recalled to assist Elphinstone, who, in addition to his incompetency, had received a severe fall from his horse. But the two commanders quarrelled—the latter complaining that proper respect was not paid to his authority—the former that vacillation and irresolution marked all the commander-in-chief's conduct. Shelton was brave as a lion, and again and again,

by his almost superhuman efforts, saved the weak detachments sent out under him to retake forts.

Occasionally there shot forth gleams of British valor, but an incompetent commander always makes inefficient soldiers, and troops that had heretofore looked with contempt on the enemy, now recoiled before their charge; and the British bayonet, so long the terror of the civilized world, became the derision of Affghan barbarians.

At length dispatches were received from Sale, stating that he could not advance to Cabool. This news cast a deeper shadow on the prospect of the garrison, and it was proposed at length to occupy the citadel. Divided opinions prevented this. Nearly three weeks of suffering and almost constant defeat had only proved the correctness of Havelock's opinion, yet the citadel was not occupied. There the troops could not be molested—from thence sallies might be easily made, and provisions obtained, and the army rest secure till spring, when relief would have been sent. But the same infatuation that led them at first to abandon it, still drove them on to destruction, and day by day the terrible truth forced itself with more certain painful conviction upon the leaders that capitulation was inevitable. The enemy at length occupied a height that overlooked the cantonments themselves, and the immediate safety of the garrison demanded their dislodgment; so on the 23d Shelton was sent out against them with only *one gun*. This, though served with fearful effect, soon became so heated as to be useless, and the Affghans closing in all sides round the devoted band, drove them

down the slope and took the gun. Shelton, "the one-armed veteran," stood amid the raining balls, and shouted to his men to charge, but (a sight rarely witnessed in British troops) not a bayonet fell into position. He seemed impervious to bullets, and though his officers rallied bravely to his support, nothing could arrest the panic-stricken troops, and they were chased like a herd of sheep back to their cantonments; and if the Affghans had followed up their success, they could have swept the cantonments also. But they contented themselves as they withdrew in mutilating the dead and wounded that lay scattered on every side, and rending the air with loud shouts of exultation and cries of derision. That night was one of gloom and despondency. The soldiers had lost all hope and heart, and the officers saw that their power over them was gone. The November shadows lay dark around those cantonments, but a darker future spread out before them. Again they turned their eyes to the citadel—it was not yet too late, but the prophetic words that Havelock had read in his tent must become fulfilled, and the demoralized army stumbled wildly on to destruction. Fighting was now over, and McNaghten turned to negotiate.

November was drawing to a close when a new actor, and one whose name was ever after to be linked with the tragic history of that army, appeared on the scene. This was Mohammed Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mohammed, whom the English held, together with the rest of his family, prisoners of war. He had a throne to regain, and his own and his father's wrongs

to redress. Tall, handsome, with large, dark, glowing eyes; frank, fearless—a joyous companion, yet terrible as a storm in battle, he was just the man for those wild chieftains to rally about.

The negotiations, however, did not prosper, for the Affghans demanded the entire surrender of the English army. This was too deep a degradation, and McNaghten again urged the general to make the attempt, even at this late hour, to reach the “Key of Cabool,” but the latter would not consent. Something, however, must be done, for starvation stared them in the face, so on the 10th of December McNaghten made a draft of a treaty, and met the Affghan chiefs in conference, in which it was agreed that the British troops should evacuate every part of Affghanistan, and the king they had marched so far to enthrone should vacate his seat; while on their part, they promised security to the army in its humiliating march back to India. But McNaghten could not yet abandon all hope of escaping this terrible alternative, and managed to procrastinate the day of retreat. At length, on the morning of the 18th of December, the heavens became overcast, and soon the snow began to fall. All day long the clouds shook down their fleecy showers, and at night the troops looked out with dismay on mountain and valley, gleaming white under the wintry stars—for they thought of the savage mountain gorges before them, the painful march, and the frosty bivouac. Although every day reminded him more and more of the stern rigors of winter, that would add inconceivably to the perils of a retreat, McNaghten acted like one who

had lost his head. Right in the face of a ratified treaty, he endeavored to bribe over first one chief, and then another, to turn traitors to their friends, and help him out of his difficulties. Presents were made, and golden rewards offered in vain. At length the young chief, Akbar Khan, sent him proposals, stipulating that for a certain sum of money he would go over to the English, and they might remain where they were till spring, and then withdraw as if of their own accord. Palpable as the trap was, the envoy stepped into it without a moment's hesitation, and appointing a meeting next day in order to carry out the conditions. Elphinstone and others warned him, but he would listen to no remonstrance; his case had become desperate, and he was willing to resort to desperate means to extricate himself. So on the morning of the 23d, accompanied by a few horsemen and his staff, he set out for the chieftain's camp. On his arrival, a short conversation was held on horseback, when they all dismounted, and some horsecloths being spread on the snow, McNaghten threw himself on the bank in a reclining position. Two of the staff, seated behind him, soon saw with alarm that the circle of wild Affghans was gradually narrowing around them, and remonstrated. The chiefs lashed out with their whips as if to keep them back, but Akbar said it was of no consequence, they were all in the secret. Suddenly a rush was made, when McNaghten's three companions were seized from behind, and lifted on horses and sped away. One slipped to the ground and was cut to pieces. Akbar

Khan threw himself on the envoy, who struggled so desperately that the fiery chieftain became enraged, and drawing a pistol, McNaghten's own gift, shot him through the body. "The look of wondering horror that sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying day." The next moment he was literally hacked to pieces by Affghan knives, and the bleeding fragments borne about the city as trophies. Six thousand British soldiers saw a British ambassador murdered in broad daylight on the open plain, his body cut in pieces and carried about in triumph, and yet no shout of vengeance rent the air, not a blade flashed in the sunlight, but the cannon slept dumb in their places, and the sword reposed in its scabbard. Where were Sale, and Havelock and Broadfoot and Dennie then? Would those gallant spirits have also become so demoralized? It is said the officers were not aware at the time of what had happened. Whether this be true or not, they knew it the next day.

The envoy was dead, but negotiations must go on, and Sir Eldred Pottinger was selected to fill the murdered man's place. Vainly striving to arouse Elphinstone to a sense of his obligations to guard the honor of his country, he was also compelled to enter into negotiations with the overbearing chiefs. In addition to the old terms, it was now stipulated that the coin in the public treasury should be given up to the chiefs; that all but six of the British guns should be left behind, and that General Sale, with his wife and daughter, and all others of rank who were married

and had daughters should remain as hostages until Dost Mohammed and his family arrived from Hindostan. All but the last was acceded to, and it seems strange that even this was carped at after they had submitted to the other terms. On their part, the chiefs promised provisions, and guaranteed the safety of the retreating force. Then came the painful ceremony of surrendering the guns. Cannon after cannon went over to the haughty, contemptuous enemy, while from every side came notes of warning that treachery was intended. But there was now no rallying power in the army, and on the 6th of January, 1842, it prepared to commence its retreat. For more than two months it had endured humiliations to which English troops had never before been subjected.

A breach was made in the wall of the cantonment, and the earth, as it was displaced, being thrown into the ditch, formed a bridge, over which the baggage passed into the open plain. The 6th of January dawned clear, and cold, and the flaming sun, as it rolled up the cloudless heavens, looked down on one of those glorious wintry landscapes seen only in mountainous countries. The keen cutting air was filled with frosty particles, which, as the sunbeams pierced them, seemed turned into sparkling mist, while, far as the eye could see, a white and glittering carpet lay spread out over the plain; and beyond, the mountains, robed in virgin white, rose solemn and stately into the heavens, their colossal proportions redoubled in the clear atmosphere. Nearer by ascended countless columns of smoke from

Cabool, as erect and steady as pillars of marble in the stirless air. But not one of those 16,000 saw the beauty and glory of this bright winter's morning—to them it wore the mantle of death. As they shrunk from the biting frost and turned towards the snow-covered plain, they thought of the long and fearful march before them, of the terrific Khoord Cabool Pass, and the horrors that there awaited them.

Shelton had advised Elphinstone to load the baggage the night before, so as to be ready to start when the moon rose, but the orders were not given, and it was half-past nine when the advance guard moved out of the fort and took up its line of march. The close array of the glittering helmets of the cavalry, the long, regular lines of bayonets, flashing in the sun, presented a stirring spectacle as they moved and swayed over the snowy plain. It seemed impossible that those steady troops had disgraced the colors which floated above them, and at that very moment, instead of showing the terrible front of battle, were the scoff and by-word of the undisciplined barbarians who gazed upon them. The Cabool River could be forded in several places in perfect safety, and as expedition was of vital importance to the English, it should have been done, and the army pushed on with the utmost rapidity to the Khoord Cabool Pass. But Elphinstone had ordered a temporary bridge* to be built of gun wagons, and that nothing should be wanting in the series of blunders, these had not been sent forward in time. Shelton hastened to

* The Affghans had destroyed the permanent bridge some time before.

Elphinstone and urged him to make more dispatch, but the commander-in-chief rebuked him for his haste, and quietly continued his breakfast. In the meantime the head of the long column had reached the river and halted, while the thousands behind kept pressing on in inextricable confusion. At length Colin McKenzie sped in a swift gallop to Elphinstone's quarters, to urge on the infatuated commander the necessity of greater dispatch. He found him sitting on horseback before the door, apparently totally bewildered. Pointing to the stream of people dammed up and stagnant, and to the cloud of fierce Affghans hovering like vultures around them, he besought him to give orders for the army to advance or turn and fight.

The rear guard, mounted on the walls of the cantonment, looked down on this scene of confusion with sad forebodings. All day long that immense throng was pouring out of the opening and spreading in lawless impetuosity over the plain. Camels, ponies and baggage, went floundering through the deep snow—the 12,000 camp followers pressing upon and throwing into disorder the troops; while, to increase still more the bewildering tumult, there arose from the arrested host at the bridge, shouts, and yells, and curses—the stern order of officers mingling in with the cries and oaths of camel drivers, and loud laments of the Hindostanees, and shrieks of children.

The river was at length bridged, and over it the wild host streamed; but, unaccustomed to such intense cold, and insufficiently protected, the Sepoys began to sink along the line of march, while ever and

anon a band of Affghan warriors would dash on the baggage, cutting down the helpless camp followers, then sweep away beyond the reach of the troops. The snow-covered plain soon became dotted with the black forms of men, women, and children, who had lain down to die. Through all that long wintry day, the motley multitude toiled on, and night had already come before the rear guard could leave the walls. As these filed away in the shadows of evening, a body of Affghan horse dashed with loud yells into their midst. A fierce conflict ensued, and when at length the barbarian horde was shaken off, fifty of that guard were found stretched on the trampled snow. They had scarcely renewed their toilsome march, when the torch was applied to all the buildings which the English officers had erected for their own or public use. As one after another blazed up in the darkness, the landscape for miles around became illumined, while the involving clouds of smoke, sheeted with flame, rolled up the starlit heavens, streaking it with a murky red, "like a stormy sunset, and flinging strange and fiery gleams along the snow-covered plain." The rear guard did not reach the camping ground till long after midnight, and yet only six miles had been accomplished. The night was even worse than the day. No tents were pitched, no fires lighted, no food provided. Supperless and freezing, the despairing multitude sunk on the snow where the night found them. There was no separate encampment for the troops, and the different regiments rested amid the confused mass of camp followers, and baggage, and animals of burden,

like the fragments of a wreck on a midnight sea. Low moans and lamentations loaded the wintry atmosphere, and many a brave form lay stretched on the snow, never to rise again. All through that terrible night Cabool was in an uproar, and the shouts and yells of hovering barbarians were incessantly borne to the drowsy ears of the suffering multitude. The hour of retribution had come; the laws of eternal justice were about to be vindicated, for the clock of destiny was tolling the last hour of the "army of the Indus." "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil and not for good, and they shall be accomplished in that before thee. But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord. . . . For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be a prey unto thee, because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." The first part of the strange language spoken in the "tent among the mulberry trees" has come to pass; shall the second also be fulfilled?

CHAPTER V.

HAVELOCK AT JELLALABAD.

Havelock, Sale's chief Reliance—Sent at Midnight by Officers to persuade Sale to attack a Fort—Succeeds—Retreat to Jellalabad—Havelock's Plan of Fortifying it—A Sortie—Successful Experiment of total Abstinence—Another Sortie—Vague Rumors of the Capitulation of the Army—News confirmed—The Brigade ordered to evacuate Jellalabad—It Refuses—Havelock's Views of the Order—Anxious watching of the Cabool Road—Approach of a single Horseman—Story of the Frightful Retreat—Massacre in the Khoord Cabool Pass—Women and Children delivered up to the Affghans—Army sinks in the Jugdulluck Pass—Retribution—Havelock prays with the Brigade—Council of War—Broadfoot and Havelock oppose the entire Council—An Earthquake shakes down the Defences—Advance of the Relieving Force—Havelock plans an Attack on the Affghan Camp—It is successful—Pollock arrives—Army advances to Cabool—Appearance of the Passes—Release of the Prisoners—Havelock plans the Battle of Istaliffe—Army returns to India—Grand Reception of the Illustrious Garrison at Ferozepore.

WHILE this night of humiliation and horrors was closing around the main army at Cabool, Sale's brigade was preparing to cover itself with unfading glory. In his refusal to obey the order of Elphinstone he was governed very much in his decision by Havelock, who had more influence over him than

any other officer in the army. It would be interesting to know how much the prophecy which the latter read at Cabool had to do in the formation of his judgment. An impression so profound as the one he received from it must necessarily have exerted an important influence on his decision.

It was well for Sale, and it might be added, for the British government, that Havelock was with that brigade. Sale was as brave and gallant an officer as ever led a column to battle, but he shrunk from responsibility. Give him a certain duty to perform, and to a quick eye, nerves like iron, he added a clear head and sound judgment. The smoke and thunder of battle seemed to steady him, but the moment he was called upon to devise general plans and decide between conflicting courses, he became vacillating and irresolute. In his present position his irresolution and hesitation were greatly augmented, because he had assumed a heavy responsibility in his refusal to obey orders and return to Cabool. Havelock, therefore, was just the man for him in these circumstances, for, as one qualified to know, said, "*an abler man and a finer soldier was not in the brigade!*" To this ability and those soldierly qualities which all conceded, he added a calm, quiet judgment, a decision that never wavered, and a will that nothing but death could break down. His rapid glance swept the whole field of difficulty, and his mind seemed almost by intuition to fix on the proper course to pursue. That being once settled, no after-doubt disturbed his equanimity or retarded his action. All might hesitate and waver about him, *he* remained

immovable. In this respect he was the direct opposite of Elphinstone. The latter received his impressions from the last man who conversed with him, while the former *left his* impressions on every one who approached him. This steadiness of character and inflexibility of purpose did not result from self-confidence or indifference to other people's views, but from the deepest convictions of his judgment, joined to indomitable courage. Cool and firm as a rock amid the tossing tides of battle, he was equally firm and unagitated in the hall of council. It is impossible to foretell what might have happened, had Havelock not been with that brigade; yet one thing seems clear, that but for him the conquests in Affghanistan would have been lost to the English. Not to mention all the important movements set on foot by his advice, the conduct of the council of war afterwards held in Jellalabad, forces the conviction that his firm decision prevented the brigade from attempting to retreat through the Khyber Pass back to India, which would have been the finishing act of humiliation and the crowning calamity of this disastrous campaign. Havelock was looked upon by the officers as the guiding spirit of the army. There was a striking illustration of this at the very outset. While the army was halting at Gundamuck, on the first of November, a chief having returned from Cabool began to garrison a fort which he owned, in the vicinity of Sale's camp. Large reinforcements were rapidly collecting there, and it would soon be too formidable to be attacked, while at the same time it would seriously threaten Sale's camp. Havelock, who had

narrowly watched these movements, informed Sale of them, and recommended him to attack the fort before it was completely garrisoned, and occupy it with his own troops. With that strict regard for rank and that military deference which characterized him, having acquainted his commander with the facts and given his opinion, he remained silent. A short time after, the same information was brought to MacGregor, the civil officer of the army. Happening to dine that day in the mess-tent of the sappers, with Broadfoot and Backhouse and Dawes, the latter two brave artillery officers, he communicated the news to them, when all agreed that the fort must be taken before the reinforcements should arrive. MacGregor left the table, and hastening to Sale's tent, urged him earnestly to order an assault to be made. The general, however, refused to give his consent; he had no men to spare for a hazardous attack, and the moral effect of a defeat would be ruinous. MacGregor argued and pleaded in vain, and disappointed and discouraged, returned to his friends and informed them of his failure. It was now midnight, and the question arose, what next could be done? Heavy reinforcements were on the march for that fortress, and the urgency of the case demanded immediate action. At length Broadfoot said their only hope lay in Havelock—that he had more influence with Sale than all the other officers put together, and if any one could cause him to change his determination it was he. After a lengthy discussion, it was determined that Broadfoot and Backhouse should go to Havelock at once and request him to persuade

Sale to reverse his decision. These officers accordingly went to his tent — aroused him from sleep, and told him their errand. To their surprise, they found that he was acquainted with all the facts, and had already vainly recommended Sale to attack the fort. Feeling how important it was that this matter should be immediately attended to, they besought him to go to Sale again. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning, but Havelock, moved by their earnest solicitations, arose and dressed himself, and repaired to the general's quarters. Sale, at first, was surprised at this unseasonable visit from Havelock, knowing that no trifling matter would bring him there at such an hour. The latter, being now backed by the civil officer, and some of the best military officers of the brigade, urged on Sale his former views as to the necessity of taking the fort. He met every objection of the general as it rose, and told him that defeat was not to be anticipated, while the moral effect on the enemy in seeing the army, through fear, allow an important fortress to be quietly garrisoned within two miles of their camp, would be as great as a defeat. Sale, at length, yielded to his urgent persuasion; and promised that the attempt should be made. Havelock returned to the officers, who were delighted at the result of the interview. They hoped the order would be immediately issued, and made preparations to have the troops ready to march by daybreak. But with Havelock's departure the general's vacillation returned, and he waited for another interview with the former, and it was not till sunset that the order was finally given. The attacking column advanced

cheerfully, but the enemy, not waiting its near approach, fled in every direction. Thus was this commanding place taken without firing a shot. It is strange how quick vacillation in a commander is noticed by troops, and how rapidly it demoralizes them. The English soldiers had already begun to feel desponding when this bloodless victory put them all in high spirits again, while from that hour on the officers felt that they had a powerful support in Havelock. It is impossible to say what the result would have been if that fort had been allowed to become strongly garrisoned, because no one can foretell half the casualties that will occur when troops on one side are confident and daring and on the other dispirited and desponding.

In the meantime a council of war was called as to the final course the brigade should take, in which it was determined to fall back on Jellalabad; and on the 11th of November the camp was broken up and the march commenced. It was not yet broad daylight when the troops were put in motion, but the fierce mountain tribes were already astir, and could be seen galloping along the steep hill-sides, and gathering on their summits. Soon they came rushing down with loud cries on the rear guard, in order to carry off the baggage. Though repulsed, they constantly returned to the charge, and thus for miles tormented the army, till at length the gallant Dennie dealt them such a staggering blow that they retired in dismay. Placing his cavalry in ambush, he advanced with his infantry to repel an attack, and then, as if alarmed, retreated rapidly past his cavalry into an open plain

farther on. The triumphant enemy rushed with loud and defiant shouts after them, but the moment they passed the ambushade, and were fairly in the open space beyond, there pealed forth the loud and thrilling notes of the bugle sounding the charge, and the next moment the plain shook under the steady gallop of the avenging squadrons. Paralyzed by this sudden apparition, and hemmed in between two foes, the affrighted wretches lost all heart, and were hewn down without mercy. The sword literally drank blood that day, and it is said that the horsemen grew weary with incessant striking. The brigade was not harrassed after this, and the next day marched into Jellalabad. As the head of the column entered the city, the inhabitants, taken entirely by surprise, fled in dismay. But scarcely were the regiments in their quarters, when the town was surrounded by an infuriated multitude, who, with frantic gestures and still more frantic yells, threatened death to the English if they did not leave the place. Guards were posted at all the gates, and the men stood to arms, being allowed to rest only by companies with their officers beside them. Sale then summoned his chief officers to a council of war, and it was discussed whether an attempt should be made to fortify the whole place or only the citadel. Sale thought it would be impossible to defend the entire city with his small force, for the walls extended nearly a mile and a half in circumference, and were in a most dilapidated condition. In some places they had tumbled into the ditch, filling it up so completely that the people passing and repassing into the

country had made roads over them. In one place they were levelled for a quarter of a mile, with the exception of a single gateway, and the garrison in that section was just as much exposed as if in the open plain. Added to this, ruined forts, old mosques, tombs, gardens, etc., not more than thirty or forty yards distant from the walls, surrounded it on every side, from which a murderous fire could be kept up on the garrison while repairing the works. But Havelock was clearly of the opinion that the moral effect of cooping themselves up in a citadel would be bad, for it would indicate a fear of the enemy. Dennie, and Broadfoot, and others held the same views, and so it was resolved to fortify Jellalabad. Broadfoot, commander of the corps of sappers, was appointed garrison engineer, and immediately made the tour of the city. The ruined buildings outside the walls were strongly garrisoned by the enemy, who, at any time they chose, could enter and make a street fight of it. This, however, they neglected to do, and Broadfoot went to work with his accustomed energy in collecting materials with which to commence operations. But the enemy were assembling in great numbers, and it was evident that unless some heavy blow was struck then, the workmen would be continually molested. So on the 16th, three days after they had entered the city, Sale ordered Colonel Monteith to take a detachment of men and attack them. Before marching out, however, this gallant officer ascended to the top of a flat-roofed house, and surveyed the surrounding country. Far away he could count the castles of the chieftains

dotting the hill-sides, while nearer by in the plains he saw large bodies of Affghans occupying the gardens and inclosures, and scattered about on the mountain slopes, numbering in all some 5,000 men. Having satisfied himself on what point the attack should be made, he descended and put himself at the head of his column. As it emerged into the open plain the Affghans saw it, and immediately signal guns were fired, bugles sounded the rally, and from all sides the excited foe came rushing together. As soon as Monteith came within range he opened on them with his artillery, and still advancing, ordered a charge, which scattered the barbarous hordes in every direction. Then came the turn of the cavalry. The bugles rang out, and the excited squadrons swept by. The panic-stricken enemy no longer offered resistance, but fleeing hither and thither were hewn down remorselessly by the horsemen.

Havelock stood beside Sale on the ramparts, and watched the whole movement of the detachment, the attack, the rout, the victory.

This severe chastisement stopped farther annoyance from the enemy, and the garrison worked without interruption. Ditches were cleaned out, ramparts rebuilt, guns mounted, and Jellalabad became a beehive of industry; and the men, although put on half rations, and receiving no grog, performed their allotted tasks with the utmost cheerfulness. There were no spirits to be had in Jellalabad; yet the European soldiers, having always been accustomed to it, seemed now, while worked to their utmost capacity, and on only half rations, to need it more

than ever. But to the surprise of all except Havelock, they performed their full day's work without exhaustion, were cheerful, and improved so much in discipline and orderly conduct, that the whole garrison soon equalled Havelock's model 13th. Havelock was delighted with the result of the experiment. Here again, and in different circumstances, his favorite theory was completely vindicated. Everything seemed to combine to test the question whether ardent spirits were not in every respect detrimental to the soldier. The first experiment was tried on the troops in the midst of a most painful march under a burning sun and through a desolate country, where farinaceous and other wholesome food could not be obtained. The second, in a desperate assault on a fortified place, in which it was evident that spirits were not needed to give resolution and courage; while the conduct of the troops in the moment of victory showed the humanizing effect of total abstinence. Last of all, it had now been tried, not on men in the exciting march and desperate assault, but in the dull routine of daily and exhausting toil, and while confined to half rations. In each and every instance the experiment had been successful; and in this last, after a long trial, it was not only proved that the soldier could do without grog, and that he became more orderly and effective, but actually grew *more cheerful and contented*. Experiment had therefore removed every possible objection to Havelock's proposed reform.

Matters went thus quietly on through the month; but a large body of Affghans having at length col-

lected around the fort, Sale sent Dennie out on the 1st of December to attack them. He was completely successful, and again the industrious little garrison plied the spade and shovel, and the mud walls continued to rise around them. But while they were thus inclosing themselves within safe defences, Sale and Havelock had long and sad interviews over the rumors that from time to time came from Cabool. Vague reports reached them of the condition of the army; and finally, one that it had capitulated—but this they could not credit. It seemed impossible that 5,000 British soldiers had surrendered to those half-disciplined mountaineers. At length, however, the painful news was confirmed by a letter received on the 2d of January from Sir Eldred Pottinger, announcing the astounding fact, and that the army was about to retire on Jellalabad. Sale's cheek blanched when he heard this, for his wife and daughter were with that army, and he could well imagine what those passes, which he found so terrific in summer, must be in mid-winter, not to mention the known treachery of the Affghan chiefs. He had a long and confidential interview with Havelock, and they and the officers discussed together the probable fate of the army in its attempt to pass those defiles. Dennie unhesitatingly declared that it would be totally destroyed, and but one man be spared, and he only to bear the terrible tidings to the garrison of Jellalabad. Sorrow and gloom fell on that devoted band, still they toiled at their fortifications, looking anxiously along the Cabool road to see the heads of the advancing columns. On the 8th another

letter was received from Pottinger, stating that their position was daily becoming more perilous, and that it was not impossible they would have to fight their way through the mountains to Jellalabad. The next day some horsemen were seen approaching along the Cabool road, and when challenged at the gate, said they had a letter addressed to Captain MacGregor. On opening it, MacGregor found it to contain an order for the brigade to evacuate Jellalabad, and take up its march for India. On no other terms would the Affghans treat at Cabool, and Elphinstone and Pottinger were compelled to sign the reluctant instructions. Sale immediately called a council of war, and laid the letter before it. Those brave men decided unanimously that the order ought not to be obeyed. Havelock's view of the matter can be obtained from Sale's dispatch to Sir Jasper Nicholls, commander-in-chief in India—for it must be remembered that Havelock wrote all General Sale's dispatches during the siege of Jellalabad. In it he says: "As regards my own line of conduct in this difficult crisis, I am of opinion, in the absence of instructions from India, that I am at liberty to choose between the alternative of being bound or not by the convention which was forced from our envoy and military commander with the knives at their throats, according as I see one course or the other to be most conducive to British interests. It does not absolutely impose any obligation on my force, which is no party to it, and under the consideration of its having been extorted by force unless it should be ratified by the governor-general in council. If,

therefore, I see a prospect of being reinforced from Peshawur, within the period for which my provisions and ammunition will last, I propose to hold this place until I receive orders to the contrary. If, however, any untoward incidents should preclude the prospect of Brigadier Wild's crossing the Khyber, I should esteem it wiser and better to retire upon Peshawur with the *debris* of the force of Cabool on its reaching me than to remain here; but in no event would I retire unsupported by other troops to Peshawur, unless absolutely compelled to do so by the failure of food and ammunition." This dispatch is written in the clear, nervous style so characteristic of Havelock.

Days of suffering suspense followed. Eyes were constantly strained along the Cabool road to catch the first sight of the coming army, or of swift riders bringing tidings of its fate.

The workmen on the ramparts, with their arms and accoutrements piled beside them, would ever and anon turn their eyes in the same direction, and a sentry was stationed where he could look along the road to report the first appearance of any one approaching. Sale, whose wife and daughter were sharing the fate of the army, was kept in a state of the most painful suspense. Again and again he would mount the ramparts and gaze long and anxiously in the direction of Cabool. In the savage, snow-covered mountain which bounded his western vision, he knew that his wife and child were engulfed, for the army was to march on the 5th or 6th; hence it had been a week on the road, without even a rumor of its fate reaching Jellalabad.

Why do we hear nothing at all? he often inquired of himself and Havelock. The latter gave him such comfort as he could, but he remembered the prophecy he had read in his tent under the mulberry trees, and it now came back with all its original power and solemnity. At length, on the 13th, the sentry saw a single horseman coming along the Cabool road. The word passed like lightning to the commander, and through the garrison, and the next moment the ramparts were lined with officers "looking out with throbbing hearts through unsteady telescopes, or with straining eyes tracing the road."* The traveller was a white-faced man, mounted on a miserable, exhausted pony that seemed scarcely able to stand, while the rider, equally exhausted or wounded, lay clinging to his neck. Slowly, painfully, that solitary horseman "came reeling, tottering on. A shudder ran through the garrison. That solitary horseman looked like the messenger of death."

"Did I not say so? here comes the messenger," exclaimed Dennie. For a moment the profoundest silence rested on the ramparts lined with officers. It soon, however, became evident that both man and horse would give out before they reached the fort, and Sale ordered a body of cavalry to ride quickly to his rescue. Scarcely had the bugle sounded before the excited horsemen sprung through the gateway, and striking their spurs home, went at a headlong gallop along the road. The officers clustered around the entrance as the troopers brought

* Dr. Kaye.

in the exhausted and wounded man. As soon as he could speak, he said in feeble tones, "that he was Dr. Brydon, and he believed the sole survivor of an army of 16,000 men." Sale, and Havelock, and Broadfoot, and MacGregor, and Dennie gazed for a moment on each other in stern silence, while over many a face there crept the hue of death, for wives, and daughters, brothers, fathers, or friends of some or all of them were in that army. The whole garrison was struck dumb with terror and astonishment. When Dr. Brydon was sufficiently recovered to speak, he gave imperfectly the outlines of the following story of the retreat, which rivalled in horrors Napoleon's fearful retreat from Moscow :

The morning dawned gloomily on the dispirited, distracted army after its first night's encampment in the snow, and it arose from its frozen bed a wild, ungovernable multitude. The baggage and camp followers, obeying no orders, floundered on ahead, for the Affghans were already pressing on the rear. The rear guard bore up manfully against their fierce onsets, but encumbered by the crowd of camp followers, it threatened every moment to be swept away with the rest. In the meantime a chief, named Zemaun Khan, who had always been truthful, kind and forbearing, sent a letter to Pottinger, requesting him to arrest the army, and he would furnish provisions and a force to scatter the marauders that troubled it. Pottinger showed the letter to Elphinstone, who seeing the gorge ahead darkened by the warlike hordes, and the exhausted condition of the Sepoys, ordered a halt. The fiery and fearless

Shelton hurried to him, and urged him to advance at once before the Khoord Cabool defile became impassable. Once beyond it, and he thought they would be safe. But Elphinstone, still spell-bound to the scene of his disgrace, refused to stir. He gazed gloomily on the gathering storm, yet seemed powerless to move one step to escape its fury; and there at the mouth of this fatal gorge the disordered host again halted, and without food or fire lay down in the snow. During the afternoon Pottinger observed a column of horsemen 600 strong, advancing on a gallop across the snowy plain. On sending a flag of truce to meet it, he learned that its chief was Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mohammed, and the murderer of McNaghten. An interview followed, in which the chief spoke in a friendly manner, and promised to furnish both provisions and protection, but hostages he said must be given that Sale would evacuate Jellalabad. Before a reply could be sent, night came on, and the general, against the earnest remonstrance of Shelton, determined to remain where he was till morning. Still lingering till the thread of treachery was complete, he passed another night of horrors and suffering. The heavens were serene, the stars shone bright above, but the wintry night never looked down on a sadder sight than that benumbed and freezing host as it lay a dark and stirless mass in the snow, and under the blacker shadow of that gloomy defile. Here some miserable Sepoys were attempting to keep up a little heat by holding their hands over their burning accoutrements, and there a group of officers handling the

hot ashes of a pistol-case to prevent their fingers from stiffening with frost, but the vast proportion flung themselves with the recklessness of despair along their bed of snow.

The retreating army had made but ten miles in two days, but its mournful path was piled with stiffened forms, that the bugle call would never rouse again.

Before the army marched, Akbar Khan demanded four hostages, as security that Sale should evacuate Jellalabad, and named Shelton as one. But this indomitable soldier bluntly refused to deliver himself up, and determined to attempt to cut his way through all opposition with such brave hearts as would stand by him; at all events he preferred, he said, an honorable death to indignity. At length three were agreed upon—Major Pottinger, Captains Lawrence and Colin Mackenzie. The order was then given to advance, and the doomed host poured tumultuously forward towards the Khoord Cabool Pass. This defile, as stated before, is five miles long, and a mere deep gash cleaving the mountain nearly to its base, through which now tumbled a fierce mountain torrent, fringed with ice. Between it and the cliffs a narrow shelf furnished a rocky path, cut in twain twenty-eight times by this turbulent stream. Its cavernous portal opened like the descent to Hades, and to render the scene still more appalling, a blinding snow-storm set in, darkening the atmosphere, as if to foreshadow the doom that awaited the army. As the head of the advancing column became swallowed up in this gloomy gorge, the turbulent multi-

tude crowded after, more like a herd of excited cattle pressing through a narrow passage-way than a disciplined host. Suddenly shouts and yells burst from the hill-sides, and then came the deadly volleys of the ungovernable Ghilzyes. Defying alike the order of Akbar Khan, and that of their own chieftains, they continued to rain death on the helpless, confused mass below. Scarcely a show of resistance was offered, and over the dead and dying, over the abandoned baggage and animals, this, but so recently victorious army of Bengal rushed on, impelled only by fear, and thinking only of escape. Young and frail children calling after their lost mothers through the storm, delicate women, some on the verge of childbirth, some with infants at the breast, struggled along on horseback amid the distracted, shrieking multitude. Here Lieutenant Stuart, the husband of Sale's daughter, received a mortal wound, but was still borne on, with his wife riding by his side. Here, too, the mother was struck by a bullet, but like a true soldier's wife bore up uncomplainingly, and refused to dismount. Oh! it was a scene of terror and of woe inconceivable, indescribable. The horrible tumult that struggled up from that narrow abyss was like the confused cry that might arise from a thousand wrecks sinking together in a storm.

At length this living torrent debouched at the further end, but 3,000 remained behind to bleach along the foot of the cliffs, or be rolled down by the mountain stream. Bleeding, and hungry, and famine-struck, the army again lay down in the snow, only to repeat the horrors of the nights already passed.

Next morning Akbar Khan dispatched a messenger to Elphinstone, requesting delay, and promising to send provisions and protect the march. Held back by his frightful destiny, the general ordered a halt. The indignant remonstrances of Shelton, and of every superior officer—the declaration that it would insure the total destruction of the entire column, was of no avail, and the army again bivouacked in the snow. To make the day and the encampment still more dismal and distressing, another heavy snow-storm set in, wrapping the uncovered host in one vast winding-sheet, while the cold, biting north wind, sweeping down from the snow-clad summits of the mountains, pierced to the very bones. There were only four tents left, of which the general had one, the ladies two, and the sick one. There were about fifty women and children in all, who, thinly clad, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, lay crouched together, without fire, in two tents. To write, if possible, the records of this fearful day, in still more ineffaceable lines on the hearts of Lady Sale and her daughter, the husband of the latter expired in her arms amid great suffering. But all the horrors of the past and present, and gloomy prospects of the future, were nothing to these frail sufferers compared to the appalling intelligence which they received in the afternoon, that they had been surrendered into the hands of the son of Dost Mohammed, to become his guests, his prisoners, or his victims, as circumstances might decide. The result proved that it was a wise measure, for if they had gone on it would have been to inevitable destruction; but to what a depth of degra-

dation has British valor fallen, when it is compelled to surrender English mothers, wives and children to the tender mercies of barbarians? Where was Havelock and his glorious 13th then, who had scaled the almost inaccessible heights of that same fearful pass only a short time before, and, mile after mile, cleared a terrible path for the army by the bayonet? It was true that Akbar Khan's father and family were in the hands of the English to deter him from violence, but if news had been received of Dost Mohammed's escape, or had Akbar Khan fallen in combat, who could guarantee the safety of these helpless women from death or perhaps from even a worse fate? It was a bitter humiliation to that army to surrender its guns at Cabool, and deep and loud murmurings arose at the disgrace; but now disgrace and terror had extinguished the last spark of heroism, and the women were surrendered with less feeling than the cannon. Some had husbands with them, and these were allowed to share their captivity—a solace it is true, but affording no protection.

The shattered host was now on a high plateau, and before descending into the plain beyond, had to traverse a narrow gorge. On the 10th of January they started for this defile, but frostbitten and benumbed, most of them were unable to hold a musket or pull a trigger. "Hope seems to have died in every breast, the wildness of terror was exhibited in every countenance."* At the entrance of this gorge stood arrayed a large body of Affghan marksmen,

* Vid. Eyre.

who opened their fire as the exhausted column approached. The Sepoys, driven to utter despair and frenzy, threw down their arms and fled. Taking advantage of the consternation and confusion that followed, the Affghans rushed down with their long knives, and slaughtered the men as if they were but sheep in the shambles. The little baggage that had been preserved from the general ruin, and the public treasures were captured, while "the dead and dying choked up the defile."

The army had now dwindled to four hundred and fifty soldiers, and these were held together only by the indomitable courage of Shelton. With this mere handful of brave men he once more illustrated British valor, and shed a few last gleams of light on the disastrous retreat. Of sixteen thousand that had left Cabool scarce four thousand remained; nearly all of these being camp followers, they only crippled and overwhelmed the gallant little band, that was determined to cut its way to Jellalabad or perish in the attempt. "Nobly and heroically," said Shelton, "these fine fellows stood by me." Aye "nobly and heroically" would they all have stood by a competent leader. Akbar Khan sent a message to these, demanding their surrender, but Shelton indignantly spurned the dishonorable proposal. This lion-hearted man had never learned the word surrender, and spiking his last gun, "pushed on, sword in hand, through the crowd of camp followers, bands of Affghans, and the snowy wilderness." But enfeebled by starvation, encumbered with such a lawless crowd, and encircled with clouds of Affghans, every step was fraught with

the deadliest peril. Hoping "to shake off, under cover of night, the curse of camp followers, which had sat on them with such destructive tenacity from the first," they started at ten o'clock. It was a clear, frosty night, when this famished, benumbed, but still undaunted little band stole quietly away and took up their line of march. But their movements were detected, and in an instant the camp was in a tumult, and the frightened hordes crowded after. They had not gone far when the enemy became apprised of their flight, and followed in pursuit. Coming up with the dark moving mass, they poured in a destructive volley, and fell on with their long knives.

The unresisting, frightened multitude made a rush forward, overwhelming and almost trampling under foot the small band of soldiers. But, reforming them, Shelton fell with such fury on his pursuers, that they recoiled in dismay, and stealing round to the front, again charged the crowd of camp followers. The panic-stricken wretches immediately surged back to the rear, and thus backward and forward they ebbed and flowed over those who alone could save them, governed only by fear and urged on by the terror of despair. The wintry morning dawned clear and bright, and the unclouded sun rose gloriously over the snow-covered mountains, but its light beamed no joy to those fugitives, for it revealed all the surrounding heights crowned with their merciless foes. They were still ten miles from Jugdulluck. Sending on the crowd, Shelton with his few braves boldly faced the overwhelming numbers that now gathered darkly around him. He gave volley for volley, and

when the enemy finally pressed too close and insultingly upon him, charged them with such ferocity that they broke and fled. They, however, still continued to hover on his flank and rear, and with their deadly jezails rapidly thinned the ranks of his Spartan band.

He was compelled to fight the whole ten miles, and that little column could be tracked by its blood on the snow. At length, weary, hungry and benumbed, they reached Jugdulluck. Of all that noble army only this handful remained, and for them there appeared no relief. Taking shelter behind some ruined walls, they sat down to rest, and panting with thirst, scooped up the snow and ate it. Three bullocks having been found among the camp followers, they were killed and distributed to the famished soldiers, who, seizing the bleeding flesh in their hands, tore it with their teeth like dogs, and devoured it still reeking with the warmth of life. They then lay down in the snow to snatch a brief repose, but had scarcely composed themselves, when volley after volley was poured into their midst. A handful rallied, and with the paymaster at their head, charged so resolutely that the barbarians turned and fled. All that night and the next day they halted there, exposed to the bullets of the enemy. Akbar Khan, who had followed on, now sent a message to Elphinstone, Shelton, and Captain Johnson, inviting them to hold a conference with him. They accepted his invitation, and were received with kindness and urbanity. Tea and food were placed before them, of which they partook gladly, and then

sat down before a blazing fire and conversed. The Affghan chief promised to send food and water to the famishing troops, but insisted that the three officers should remain as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. Elphinstone remonstrated against his detention, saying that to separate from his few remaining soldiers would appear dishonorable. Gallant and noble of heart, though he had committed a fatal blunder, he wished to share with them its worst results. But the chief would not permit them to return, neither did he send food or water to the army. He promised, however, to protect and save the miserable remnant of the force, but the chiefs of the surrounding region came flocking in with their followers, and heedless of his remonstrances, determined to have their share of the slaughter. Bribes and threats were alike disregarded. The love of money yielded to the thirst for blood. At length, however, large promises of pay having been made, Akbar Khan said he had conciliated the chiefs, and the column would be allowed to march to Jellalabad undisturbed. But at the very moment these offers of protection were being uttered, the enemy began to close in upon the disheartened band. There was clearly no hope in remaining where they were, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the 12th, Brigadier Anquetel, on whom the command now devolved, gave the order to march. No sooner had they set out than the Affghans fell on the camp followers, and with their long knives slaughtered the helpless wretches without mercy. As soon as they could shake themselves clear, however, the soldiers turned and bayoneted

the miscreants. They then resumed their march, and soon came to Jugdulluck Pass. The cliffs here seem rent apart, and their perpendicular sides inclose the narrow ascending path like a lofty wall. The snow lay white and gleaming on the earth, and the stars shone bright above, but all was dark and silent in that gloomy gorge. Like some huge serpent winding its way into a cavern, the long column disappeared in the defile, and struggled onward and upward. It was a fearful night march, and there seemed something ominous in the death-like silence that brooded over the abyss. But as hour after hour passed by, and naught was heard save the clatter of the horses' hoofs over the rocky ground as the officers spurred them forward, and the muffled tread of the men, all took courage, and at last, to their great relief, gained the summit. But scarcely had they reached it, when, to their utter consternation and despair, they saw a dark barricade stretching directly across the path, behind which stood crowds of Affghans awaiting their approach. With a wild cry the camp followers fell back on the soldiers. These, however, closed sternly up, and moved straight on the gleaming barricade. The next moment that dark gorge blazed with fire, and rang with groans, and shrieks, and shouts, and yells of savage triumph. From above, before, and behind, the fire of the overwhelming enemy was incessant and deadly. Packed in a dense mass, unable to retreat or advance, the remnant of the British army sunk where it stood, and disappeared forever. Officers and soldiers, and camp followers lay mingled

together in a confused heap, but the bloody blades of those brave officers told that they had not died unavenged. A few strong, desperate men, twenty officers and forty-five soldiers, cut their way through all obstacles, and continued their flight toward Gundamuck, where they arrived at daybreak. The sun never rose on more weary, desperate men. As they stood there in the wintry morning, nearly all of them bleeding from their wounds, they saw the country alive with the inhabitants who gathered with threatening aspects around them, and demanded their arms. These they refused to give up, when the crowd rushed upon them, and a hand to hand fight commenced. Though they stood one against a hundred, and were worn out with fatigue and incessant fighting, they for a while cleared a terrible path for themselves through the multitude. But, one by one, they fell under the long knives of the rabble, till nearly all were murdered and the rest taken prisoners. A few, however, had kept on without halting, but these fell one after another until only six reached Futtehabad. They were now but sixteen miles from Jellalabad, and hope began to dawn on them. As they approached the place, some peasants came out of their houses and offered them bread to eat. Famished, and worn, and weary, they stopped a moment to satisfy the pangs of hunger. But while they tarried, some armed inhabitants of the town came out and attacked them. Two were at once cut down. The other four put spurs to their horses and attempted to escape, but were pursued, and three of them overtaken and slain. Dr. Brydon

alone of that army of 16,000 men reached Jellalabad. Such were the awful tidings the sole survivor bore to that brave garrison. Havelock might well now close the Book of Jeremiah, for the prophecy was accomplished.

It was a wild and fearful tale, and a solemnity like that which fills the house of the dead, rested on the hearts of those brave men. Scarce one but had brothers, or relatives, or friends, in that slaughtered army. They might well, too, be serious over their own prospects. Shut up in that far distant country; surrounded by hostile tribes who had become emboldened by success, and were burning with hate—with fearful mountain passes before and behind—perhaps a similar fate awaited them.

The English government had committed a dreadful crime in thus trampling on its own solemn treaties, and invading a peaceful territory, and conquering its cities, and slaughtering its unoffending inhabitants, for no higher motive than the lust of power, and terrible was the penalty it paid. Says one distinguished English historian, in speaking of this catastrophe, in this "the reader recognizes the one great truth that the wisdom of our statesmen is but foolishness, and the might of our armies but weakness, when the curse of God is sitting heavily upon an unholy cause. 'For the Lord God of recompense shall requite.' " Says Aliron, in speaking of it, "Overwhelming from its magnitude—heart-rending from its suffering—awful from its completeness—the Affghanistan disaster is one of the most memorable events of modern times. Rivalling the first crusade in the entire de-

struction with which it was attended, the Moscow campaign, in the terrible features by which it was distinguished, it will long rivet the attention of man. Without doubt, it must be regarded by those who contemplate national events as regulated by an overruling Providence, as a signal sample of retributive justice—or the punishment of a nation for the glaring and unpardonable crime of its rulers.” “Conceived in injustice, it was cradled in error, and executed in incapacity.”

One is curious to know what such an evident exhibition of God's anger against an unrighteous cause had on the religious feelings of Havelock. Here he was, a devout man, teaching righteousness—yet a prominent actor in one of the most unjust and wicked expeditions ever set on foot, and which sent more souls to their last account, than a hundred such as he could save. How he could win honors and promotion by helping to carry out a scheme so cursed of God, or enjoy them when won, may seem strange to the Christian reader. But it must be remembered that if it be conceded that it is necessary for nations to have armies, the more good men in them the better. A regiment of Christian soldiers, however, who should assume to condemn the orders of government, and refuse to march wherever ordered, would be guilty of mutiny, and the officers shot. But this is not all; the man fighting in the ranks in a wicked war, is doing no more than the subject *out* of the ranks. He that works, and he that pays for it, are on precisely the same footing. If Government enters in an unjust war, her subjects must both engage in it, and pay for

it, or be counted rebels; and it makes no difference in what particular form one works, so that he help it to succeed. The tax payer and the soldier are equally responsible. Government has nothing to do with a man's private belief, nor has it a right to require him to commit a personal wrong; but in making war, levying troops and imposing taxes, it exercises its legitimate power, and for its misuse must alone be held responsible. Governments, though liable to do wrong, must be supported, otherwise there will be no government and anarchy succeed. There is, therefore, nothing derogatory to the Christian in the profession of arms—the great question is, can he brave its temptations, and not only lead a godly life himself, but teach others to follow his example? This Havelock did, and thus established a great fact, the results of which will hereafter be felt wherever Protestant troops are found.

Although the total annihilation of the army cast a gloom over the garrison of Jellalabad, the men were kept at work upon the fortifications, and by the middle of the month, a rampart six feet high crowned the walls that encircled the place. It was a time to be solemn and thoughtful, for the piles of unburied dead that lay between them and Cabool had turned the place into one of mourning. Havelock suggested to Sale the propriety of assembling the entire garrison to offer up thanks to Almighty God, who had enabled them to complete the works necessary for their defence. The latter assented, and ordered the brigade to be called together. When they were assembled in their ranks, Havelock advanced, and with head un-

covered, said "Let us pray;" and that voice, so steady and strong in battle, sent up its thanksgiving and petition to the throne of grace. The scoffer was silent, and the proudest soldier reverent; for God, had shown how powerless was human effort when His anger had been provoked. Cut off from all apparent help, they felt their dependence on Him. What a strange spectacle in a British army, and how singular that such a course should not subject an officer to derision. Havelock, however, maintained the high respect and love of officers and men, for the soldiers saw that his religion was not linked to pusillanimity or weakness of character. There was not a more intrepid man in the whole British army. He was strong and fearless both in and out of battle, and had all those qualities in perfection which a soldier loves. It is a curious fact related of Havelock, that throughout his life, whenever he came under a heavy fire, his stern gravity unbent, and he became chatty and cheerful. The whistling of bullets, the crash of cannon, and the movements of the columns seemed to exhilarate him, and his strong heroic heart beat time to the music of battle. It bent to nothing but the Lord of Hosts, but at his feet it lay humble and penitent as a child.

During all his stay at Cabool and at Jellalabâd, it was his custom to devote two hours every morning to reading the Scriptures, prayer, and religious meditation. If any movements were to be made that would interfere with this arrangement of his time, he arose two hours earlier than usual. His accustomed rest he could forego, but not these daily communions with Heaven. A man who thus seri-

ously devotes two hours at the commencement of each day's duties to self-examination, calm thought and earnest supplication for help from on high, must move with a serene conscience and an unfaltering trust amid temptations and perils, that would prove too strong for most men. He sees what is hid from others—faith carries him beyond the ever shifting tumultuous events of this life to serener scenes, and the anchor of his hope is not cast in the troubled waves of time, but dropped in the still waters of the boundless hereafter. There is a sublimity about Havelock's religion, for it is a great momentous fact ever present with him—nay, like the atmosphere, surrounding his every movement. In the quiet of his tent, among the mulberry-trees, and amid the thunder and carnage of contending hosts, he feels equally in God's presence, and leans without wavering and doubting on the arm of Infinite love. To such a man death is not the gloomy portal leading to dreaded mystery, but the gateway to happiness and glories unspeakable.

The situation of the garrison at Jellalabad now became exceedingly painful and critical. In addition to the gloomy reflection that the army in front was no more, there came the disheartening news that General Wild, in endeavoring to force the Khyber Pass in the rear and relieve them, had been shamefully beaten and compelled to retire. The passes on both sides were now completely blocked up by the enemy. It therefore became a grave question what course ought to be pursued, whether to hold Jellalabad until further news from the governor-general should be received, to negotiate for a safe retreat to

the Indus, or to force the Khyber Pass and fight their way to the frontier. In the meantime, Shah Soojah wrote to MacGregor that he wanted nothing more of the army except to see it out of the country. Under these circumstances, Sale thought it was best to negotiate for a safe retreat, but being decidedly opposed by Havelock, he resolved to call a council of war, and on the 26th of January it met in his quarters. MacGregor opened the session by reading Shah Soojah's letter. He then stated that Sale, as well as himself, thought there was little hope of help from government, and as the king wished them to leave the country it was their best course to do so. He then read the letter he and the general had written to the king and the terms on which they proposed to evacuate Jellalabad. A stormy, disorderly debate followed. All was confusion and excitement—officers interrupted each other—and it was evident that passion and not reason would control their action. Havelock, who was present only as member of the staff, looked quietly, silently on; for having previously urged every argument in his power in vain, he now patiently waited the result. He had made his bosom friend, Broadfoot, acquainted with the proposition that would be offered and of his ineffectual attempt to persuade Sale against it. These two men, so warmly attached to each other, were alike in courage, truthfulness, and high sense of honor, but totally unlike in temperament. Havelock was grave, almost to sternness, never losing for a moment the perfect balance of his feelings or his thoughts, while Broadfoot was impetuous as a

storm. His straightforwardness and generosity won Havelock's heart, while the latter's unerring judgment and self-possession had given him almost unlimited influence over his friend.

Broadfoot took the paper containing the proposed terms of capitulation, and with an expression of scorn and contempt, dashed it on the ground. He denied that the Government had abandoned them—spurned the idea of surrender—declared it unworthy of British soldiers and said they had far better fall sword in hand than trust to their treacherous enemies. Opposition only roused him the more, and he became violent and extravagant. Finding, however, that the majority were in favor of the proposition offered by MacGregor, he, in order to obtain delay, moved an adjournment, which was carried, and the discussion transferred to knots of officers in their quarters. Broadfoot felt that he had weakened his cause by his violence; Havelock frankly told him so, and regretted it the more as such vast consequences hung on the action of the council. The former reproached himself for his intemperance, and at his friend's suggestion drew up his views on paper. He then submitted them to Havelock, who passed them in review before his cool, correct judgment, and, with the earnest request that his friend would hold his eager feelings in check, handed him back the paper. The council met next day, and Broadfoot, fortified by his previous resolution and Havelock's suggestion fought nobly against the proposed humiliation. MacGregor on the one hand representing the commander, and Broadfoot on the other, backed by Havelock, occu-

pied most of the time. When, in reply to the question of Broadfoot, "where was the security that they should not be sacrificed in their retreat through the Khyber Pass, as the main army had been in the Khoord Cabool?" Sale answered, "that if the treaty was violated he would kill the hostages." Broadfoot exclaimed: "Kill the hostages, would you! when for every Affghan hostage slain, they could massacre two women." Sale thought of his wife and daughter prisoners in the enemy's camp, and was silent. The thrust told. Thus step by step, he battled manfully against his commander, and when he came to the last point which had been urged by MacGregor, viz., that, being abandoned by the Indian Government, they had a right to look out for themselves, he said even if it were so, that a higher duty rested on them than the one they held to the governor-general of India. The honor of the country at home was committed to their care, and to this no British soldier had any right to prove recreant. When Broadfoot had ceased, Havelock broke silence, and taking the same high platform of principle and of patriotism, declared these views, in his judgment, to be unassailable and to have his unqualified indorsement. His clear, calm, tones and grave aspect, combined with the great confidence all had in his ability and judgment shook the council; but the letter, altered only in not demanding hostages, was finally voted through. After the vote, Broadfoot remarked, that he hoped they would be satisfied with the figure they would cut if news of the approach of relief should arrive just as they were marching out of Jellalabad a humbled army. The

blunt Dennie declared that under such circumstances he would not go. "You will be made to go," replied Broadfoot, grimly.

The letter was sent, and the Shah replied that if the proposals were sincere, they should affix their seals to them. The council was again called together, and Macgregor urged the members to affix their seals. Broadfoot remonstrated, saying that as their proposals had not been accepted, the whole subject was open again; he, therefore, moved a reconsideration of the original proposition. He then offered the draft of a letter to the council, in which he proposed to refer the whole matter to the governor-general. A warm and vehement debate followed, and the council adjourned in a storm. After an hour's cooling, they came together again. In the meantime, however, the personal appeals and arguments of Broadfoot and Havelock had brought over Dennie and Captain Abbot, while Colonel Monteith proposed a new letter to the Shah, which left the matter still open, and pledged the garrison to nothing. This was finally accepted. The two friends had secured both advocates and time, and Sale and Macgregor saw that the tide was turning against them. Great was the joy of Havelock and Broadfoot when the very next day after the letter was sent, a messenger arrived in camp, stating that an army was marching to their relief. No one talked any longer of capitulation, but set to work strengthening their defences, for Akbar Khan, having left the slaughtered army in the gorges of the mountains, was now gathering his forces around Jellalabad. From the ramparts the "white English tents" that sheltered them

could be seen and seemed to utter a taunt that Havelock burned to resent. The garrison felt secure behind their works if supplies could only be obtained, for they had worked so energetically under Broadfoot's direction, that, as Havelock said, in writing Sale's dispatch: "The place was secure against the attacks of any Asiatic army not provided with siege artillery." The labor of three months, however, was to disappear in a few moments. Havelock, after giving an able report on the state of the works, adds: "But it pleased Providence, on the 19th of February, to remove in an instant, this ground of confidence. A tremendous earthquake shook down all our parapets, built up with so much labor; injured several of our bastions; cast to the ground all our guard-houses; demolished a third of the town; made a considerable breach in the rampart of a curtain in the Peshawur face, and reduced the Cabool gate to a shapeless mass of ruins. It savors of romance, but it is a sober fact that the city was thrown into alarm within the space of a little more than one month, by the repetitions of full one hundred shocks of this terrific phenomenon of nature." This earthquake occurred a little before noon. There was not a cloud on the heavens, and scarce a breath of air stirring. The blue sky bent peacefully over the snow-clad summits of the distant mountains, while the plain below, dotted with the white tents of the foe, lay peacefully sleeping in the sunlight. "No cloud came muffling up the sun,"—no ominous hush fell on nature—no premonitory tremor—but suddenly there broke on the startled garrison a heavy rumbling sound, as if ten thousand carriages were driven

furiously over subterranean arches. The wild and unearthly roar and clatter was followed by a long, swift, undulation like an under-sweeping billow. As suddenly the earth grew still again. All by this time had rushed into the open air, and stood gazing up and around in the wildest consternation. The next moment the uproar recommenced with tenfold violence—the earthquake was on the march, and before its terrible power the massive walls and buildings waved to and fro, like reeds in a tempest; then came a deafening crash, as if the framework of the earth had given way. The ground heaved and tossed like a broken sea, bringing down ramparts and gates, and lofty walls, in one common ruin. A cloud of dust rolled upwards, blotting out the sun, and enveloping the shuddering troops in impenetrable gloom. When it had cleared away, they saw the defences which they had toiled so faithfully upon during the long winter, a mass of ruins. The whole surrounding valley was filled with dust, and the neighboring mountains exhibited huge fissures, while loosened cliffs went thundering down their sides. It was the most terrific earthquake ever known in the country.

The uncovered garrison, as they looked on their ruined defences, expected every hour to see the Affghans storming over them. But the indomitable Broadfoot no sooner perceived the shock to be over, than he told off the whole garrison into working parties. The men fell to with a will; and so rapidly did the ruins assume a formidable appearance again that the Affghans declared that English witchcraft had

been used, to preserve Jellalabad alone, of all the surrounding places.

Although Akbar Khan did not seem inclined to risk an open encounter with the garrison, he succeeded in investing it so closely that both men and animals began to suffer for want of provisions, and the appeals of Macgregor and Sale to the relieving force to advance became urgent and constant. Pollock, who commanded it, still halted at Peshawur. His heart responded to the calls from Jellalabad, but there lay between him and his companions in arms the formidable Khyber Pass, swarming with foes, and he could not risk his army in its rugged defiles until augmented by reinforcements. At length, on the 29th of March, the long-expected dragoons and horse artillery reached him, and he immediately prepared to enter the pass. On the 4th of April, he encamped at its entrance, and the next morning before daylight put his columns in motion. The soldiers had been roused up noiselessly and pushed on in dead silence. When they reached the mouth of the dark defile, instead of entering it they began to climb up the rugged sides of the mountain. When the daylight broadened in the east, the enemy saw to their consternation the English soldiers already swarming the mountain sides, and rapidly gaining the rear of their batteries, which were planted in the mouth of the pass. Fearful of being cooped up between the troops, and the barrier they had themselves erected, they gradually retreated, though suffering severely from the fire of the British. Pollock's course was now open, and he pushed on to Jellalabad.

In the meantime the beleaguered garrison became so straitened for want of provisions that the soldiers were put on half rations. On the 1st, however, a sortie was made, by which five hundred sheep and goats were captured, and driven, with loud shouts, into the fort. The next day Sale distributed this welcome supply, but the 25th regiment, composed of Sepoys, refused to accept their share, and sent a deputation to the commander, stating that animal food was not so necessary to them as Europeans, and begged that the gallant 13th might have their portion. On the 5th—the day that Pollock won the pass—spies from Akbar Khan's camp reported that the former had been beaten back with great slaughter, and so the next morning the chieftain's artillery thundered forth a royal salute in honor of the victory. Another report came in that Cabool was in a state of revolution, and Akbar Khan was about to march thither. Havelock, with others, thought they had borne the insults of those barbarians long enough, and if they ever designed to strike a blow at the taunting murderers of their companions in arms, the time had come. Havelock told Sale so, and proposed that an immediate attack should be made on the Affghan camp. The latter, with his usual disinclination to assume responsibility, objected—the enemy was 6,000 strong, while but 1,000 could be spared from the garrison to make the attack. Havelock deemed a thousand quite sufficient, and pressed his views with so much earnestness, that Sale consented to call a council of war, and submit the matter to it. When it met, a majority of the members fell in with Have-

lock's views. Still Sale hesitated, and but for his great confidence in Havelock's consummate judgment and military ability, it is probable he never would have consented. Had the latter objected, the attack would not have been made. Sale rarely acted in opposition to Havelock's views, and the instance in which he recently had, was not calculated to make him wish to do so again. The calm, determined resolution and personal influence of the latter had just saved him and his army from disgrace, if not from annihilation, for the opposition of the gallant but impetuous Broadfoot would have been overcome at the outset but for Havelock. Sale remembered this, and did not feel inclined so soon to act in conflict with one who had saved him from committing a fatal error, and gave his consent. Havelock then laid down the plan of attack, which was accepted by the council.

The Affghan army so far outnumbered the force which could be brought against it, that Havelock thought the troops should be kept compact, and the blow dealt be sudden and heavy. The Cabool River, which flowed in the rear of the enemy's camp, was now swollen and turbid, and Havelock proposed that an overwhelming attack should be made directly upon the camp itself, and the disordered host driven into the stream. This was carrying out Napoleon's favorite tactics in the Italian campaign, when his force was so disproportionate to the enemy. His plan being agreed upon, Sale directed three columns of infantry to be formed, of which Dennie was to command the centre, composed of the 13th, Monteith the left, and Havelock the right. At daylight

next morning the columns moved out of the western gate, and took up their line of march. Akbar Khan saw the coming storm, and drew up his army in front of the camp. It was an imposing array, and as the early sunlight glittered on the long lines of bayonets and flashing swords of the horsemen, as they stood massed together ready for the charge, Sale might well doubt the expediency of the movement.

As the columns approached the enemy, Sale changed the mode of attack, and committed what well-nigh proved a fatal error. Instead of adhering to Havelock's simple plan, he ordered Dennie to make off to the right, and attack a fort in which the enemy was observed to be in strong force. No sooner did Akbar Khan see a third of the attacking army thus withdrawn, than he ordered his cavalry to charge. The bugles rang out, and the heavy squadrons came down on Havelock's body of infantry like a whirlwind. Havelock quietly awaited the coming shock, and with his brave little band met it as the rock meets the wave. His demeanor was calm as ever, but his eagle eye, always so keen and piercing, now flashed with redoubled brilliancy. He felt in a great measure responsible for this attack, and yet his quick glance saw in the movement of Dennie irretrievable ruin; for he knew that with his 360 men alone, he could make no head against the blazing batteries, while such an overwhelming mass of cavalry was constantly thundering on his flank; and galloping up to Sale, he said, in a manner and voice that spoke more than language can utter, that if Dennie was not instantly recalled the day was lost. Sale immedi-

ately dispatched an aid-de-camp to recall Dennie, but the order was not received till that gallant officer had paid with his life for his commander's error. Riding steadily at the head of his column, he had but just entered the outer wall when a ball passed through his sword belt, and he bent forward on his horse. Two orderlies led him out of the fight toward Jellalabad, but he never lived to reach the town, and died with the thunder of cannon sounding in his ears.

As soon as his column returned, the whole force, in accordance with Havelock's plan, moved straight on the enemy's camp. The artillery dashed forward on a gallop, the infantry pressed rapidly after, and although again and again the heavy squadrons of horse came down on Havelock to resist his advance, nothing could stop the now thoroughly aroused troops. Through the raining balls, over the batteries they kept on their terrible way, and trampling down the crowding battalions, overthrowing their horse, and finally storming the camp itself, rolled their enemies into the river, or sent them in wild flight over the fields. They then set the camp on fire, and amid the shouts of the victors, and shrieks and cries of the dying, the flames spread, wrapping tent after tent till the whole field was in a blaze. In the spaces between, the dead lay in heaps, while horses and horsemen went rolling down the turbulent river. The battle was over by seven o'clock. The victory was complete, and the troops marched back to quarters playing triumphant strains. Morning had at length broke over this gallant garrison. For five

months they had been shut up in Jellalabad, watching with brave hearts the steadily increasing dangers that environed them, and now they had not only inflicted a terrible chastisement on their insulting foes, but heard at the same time that the column of relief was at their doors. The band of Havelock's regiment was sent out to meet the force, and as they came in sight struck up a joyful welcome. They then played the well known tune, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming," and thus led the delighted troops to the walls of the place. The ramparts were manned, and as the head of the column, with streaming colors, came up, the cannon thundered out their welcome, and cheer after cheer went up from the brave garrison. As they passed the colors, they in turn gave three ringing British cheers, and the band of each regiment played a lively air, and unbounded delight reigned on every side. The cloud that had so long hung over their heads had suddenly disappeared, and the sunshine of victory and of deliverance filled all the sky.

Soon after this, Havelock was appointed interpreter to Pollock, in accordance with Sale's request, made in the following postscript to a letter written a fortnight before:

"P. S.—Understanding from the third part of the letter from the Adjutant-General, that the authority of Major-General Elphinstone has ceased, I venture to mention to you that Captain Havelock, 13th Light Infantry, was appointed in general orders Persian Interpreter to the Major-General, so long as he com-

manded in Affghanistan. He was, by his permission, however, attached to me from the period of my force leaving Cabool, and I have received from him very valuable assistance in every way throughout our operations, as I have already intimated in my public dispatches. I trust you will pardon my undertaking to say, that if you would be pleased to reappoint him to the same situation under yourself, I feel persuaded that his local experience would render him most useful to you. In the meantime I have nominated him Persian Interpreter to myself, subject to confirmation, as I cannot, *under present circumstances, dispense with his services.*"

Sale might well admit this, for it is no disparagement to others to assert, that but for his advice, influence and unbending decision of character, the garrison would have surrendered Jellalabad, and attempted to retreat to India. It barely avoided this disgrace as it was.

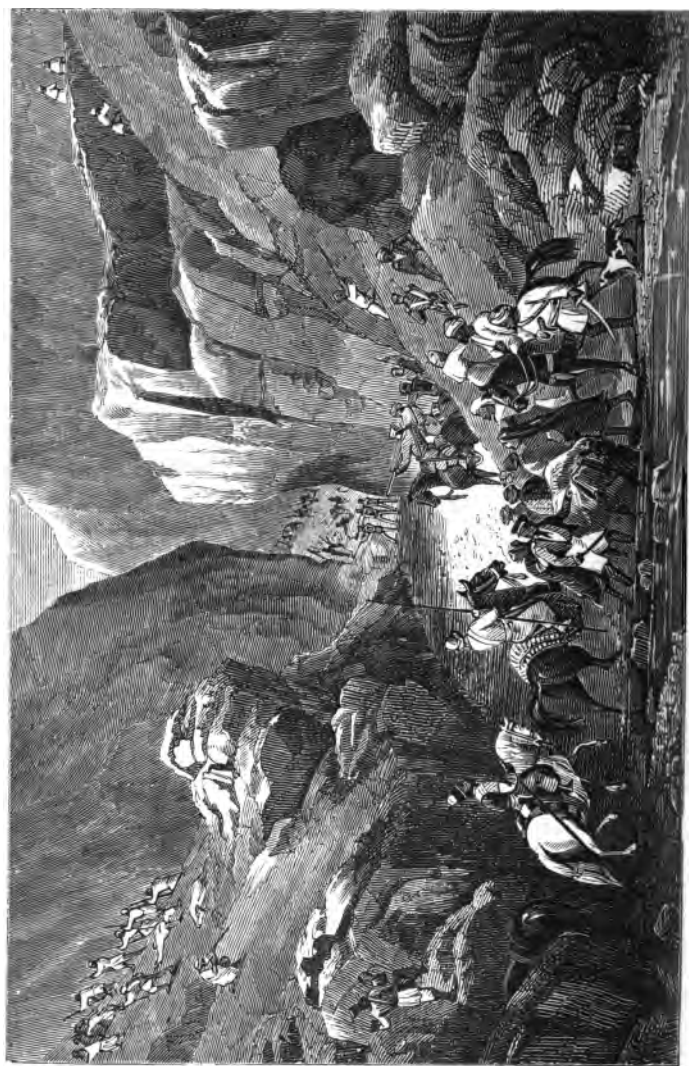
Pollock, who now assumed the command, was anxious to march forward to Cabool, but the Government, disheartened by the recent disasters, resolved to withdraw its army from Affghanistan. He, however, declared that he had no carriage animals to effect this in safety, and could not obtain them before fall. After much vacillating on the part of the governor-general, it was finally settled that the army should remain at Jellalabad for the present.

In the meantime, tidings were received from the prisoners. They had endured hardships and privations, and suffered much, but had not been assailed

by any violence. Lord Elphinstone gradually sank away, and in April died. Akbar Khan sent his body to Sale; but through some error of one of the mountain tribes, it was stopped on the way, taken out of the chest in which it was placed and stoned. It, however, eventually reached Jellalabad, and was buried with military honors, in the corner of the fort, beside the brave Dennie. Generous and brave, it was better that he should die thus, rather than live to hear the recriminations of his countrymen, and bear the disgrace of his government.

Negotiations were constantly going on for the release of the prisoners; but Akbar Khan would listen to no proposals that did not include the withdrawal of the army. Under the governor-general's strange and contradictory orders, which might be construed in any way, Pollock was for a while undecided, but finally resolved to take advantage of their ambiguity, and march on the capital the moment he could hear from General Nott, who had held Candahar, 320 miles the other side of Cabool, that he would advance on the city in conjunction with him. At length the welcome news came that he would, and on the 20th of August, Pollock put his columns in motion, with Havelock as deputy assistant adjutant-general.

At the Jugdulluck pass, the Affghans made a stand, and crowned all the heights. It was here that the last terrible slaughter of the army took place, and the bones of those who fell, lay in heaps on every side. These wild warriors had raised a large barrier composed of bushes, stones, and skulls, and bones of



KHOOED CABOOL PASS.

men piled together. The British troops could not advance a foot without coming on the frightful testimonials of that massacre. This nerved them with tenfold energy, and up apparently inaccessible heights, regardless of number or difficulties, they charged with shouts of vengeance. The Affghans, who had seen a whole army butchered there, were amazed at this new energy of their enemies. They fought bravely, as if it could not last long, but were at length completely routed, and fled along the mountain paths, seeking their distant homes for safety. At Tezeen, before entering the Khoord Cabool pass, Akbar Khan gathered his forces for a last struggle; but though his troops fought well, nothing could resist the impetuosity of the British soldiers. Over batteries, over heights, through clouds of cavalry, they pushed on with the bayonet, scattering everything before them. Sale, with Havelock by his side, rode at the head of the gallant 13th, and stormed position after position, with a fury that nothing could withstand. Havelock, with his usual good fortune, escaped being hit, but the former was struck down by a ball, though the wound proved not to be serious. Pollock then pushed on through Khoord Cabool Pass, which presented to the enraged soldiers the appearance of a vast charnel house. The bones of their companions in arms strewed the way. Thousands of skeletons, more or less entire, whitened the path the whole distance, wringing from the avenging troops deep curses and threats of retribution. At length, on the 15th of September, Cabool rose once more in view, and the victorious army encamped on the race-course of the city. The

prisoners who had previously been brought to Cabool, were hurried away on the approach of the British, and were already traversing the rugged paths of the Indian Caucasus, toiling over the barren wastes and steep acclivities of the Hindoo Koosh. Soon as Pollock arrived at Cabool, he dispatched his military secretary with 600 horse on the route they had taken, but fearing this force might be insufficient, he soon after sent Sale with his brigade in pursuit. Havelock accompanied him, filled with vague fears for the fate of the women and children. For nine days the prisoners had been marched through the mountains, and finally lodged in dirty forts. While lingering here, news came of Akbar Khan's total defeat at Tezeen, and soon after an order arrived to have the prisoners conveyed to Kooloom, where hopeless captivity would await them. But Saleb Mahomed, who commanded the escort, was not proof against British gold, and being sounded by Captain Johnson, one of the prisoners, finally agreed to take them back to Cabool for 20,000 rupees down, and a guaranty of a life pension of 1,000 rupees a month. The compact was signed and sealed, and on the 16th of September they set out for Pollock's camp. Travelling all that day, they lay down, mother and infant, in the clear moonlight at night, with light hearts. They were aroused from their pleasant dreams of friends and home, by the arrival of a messenger, with the cheerful tidings that Sir Richmond Shakespear, with 600 horse, was close at hand. Hunger, and fatigue were both forgotten; and with beating hearts, and eyes overflowing with

thankfulness, they hurried on. At 3 o'clock that afternoon, as they were approaching a mountain pass, they saw a cloud of dust arising from its summit, and a little after some horsemen rode into view. In a few minutes they caught sight of the column of cavalry as it came winding down the gorge, and soon there were eager questionings, and fervent thanksgivings from that captive band. That night they slept safely encompassed by those 600 horse. As soon as daylight streaked the east, they mounted and pushed on. The way was rough and stony, but light hearts smoothed down its ruggedness, and their sleep at night was sweet. This and the next day they pressed forward with great rapidity, and on the 20th, just as the sun was stooping behind the western mountains, they saw a cloud of dust rising over the hills. In a little while the head of Sale's column emerged into view. As soon as this brave commander caught sight of the returning cavalry, he dashed away, and in a few minutes his wife and daughter were weeping on his neck. Friends and relatives lay clasped in each other's arms, and the touching spectacle moved every heart. Eyes that a hundred times had looked unmoved on death, now overflowed with tears, and many an old soldier had to turn away to conceal his emotion. The gallant 13th, as it came up, with one accord saluted the wife and daughter of their beloved commander; loud cheers rang out; a royal salute was fired; and joy and gladness reigned throughout the camp.

Their arrival in Cabool filled the whole army with the wildest excitement. Did not that touching scene

rise up before Havelock when so many years after he was hewing his way with such desperate valor towards Lucknow, and did it not nerve his arm to the almost superhuman effort he put forth, and gird that strong soul with still more dauntless resolution when beset by tens of thousands of his foes.

Soon after, Pollock, hearing that a chieftain in the Kohistan had taken up arms, dispatched a force under General McCaskill to subdue him. Havelock was sent with him to aid him by his counsel. McCaskill relied almost entirely on Havelock, and acting under his advice, made a rapid march upon Istaliff, where the Affghans had collected their treasures and women. Situated on a spur of the mountain, and rising terrace above terrace, it presented a picturesque appearance, and had been selected as a safe retreat from the English. Arriving before the town at night, it was decided to attack it on the left early in the morning. A report of a reconnoitering party brought in that evening, however, caused a change of plan, and it was resolved to make the assault on the right. In the morning the troops were put in motion, and the Affghans mistaking this change of position for a backward movement, opened their fire upon the column. The force continuing its march, the enemy grew bolder, and finally came down in great numbers upon the covering party, consisting of Broadfoot's sappers. A fierce hand to hand conflict ensued. But Broadfoot hurled his dauntless little band with such fury upon them that they halted, and then slowly retreated up the slope towards the town. Broadfoot pushed after; but Havelock, whose quick

eye nothing escaped on the battle-field, saw that his brave friend was putting too large an interval between himself and the main body, and would soon be overwhelmed by numbers, and galloping up to McCaskill, told him that Broadfoot must be immediately supported. Two companies were at once dispatched to his assistance. The order was hardly given, when, with a loud cheer, they dashed on a fierce run across the space that divided them from Broadfoot's sappers, and rushed into the fight. Nothing could now resist the advance, and the Affghans, in despair, turned to save their women and treasures. As the troops pressed with loud shouts into the town, they saw the hillside beyond covered with animals and baggage, and between them long lines of women, veiled in white, fleeing in affright from the place.

On the 7th of October, the force returned in triumph to Cabool. Preparations were now set on foot to return to India, but before commencing the march, it was deemed necessary to leave some mark of English vengeance on Cabool, and it was finally resolved to destroy the Bazaar where the mutilated remains of the British envoy had been exhibited. The task of destruction was assigned to Abbott, and he commenced it on the 9th in earnest. The dull, heavy explosions rising from the city, carried dismay into the hearts of the inhabitants, while the two camps without the walls, thinking that the place was given up to plunder, rushed through the gates and began to sack the houses. Rapine and violence run riot, and it was only with the utmost exertions that any part of the city was saved. The avenging army had left its

mark on the devoted city, if ruined houses and desolated hearths, and the mutilated bodies of friends as well as foes constituted one. The army now took up its march for Jellalabad. Remaining here a few days, to destroy the fortifications, it pushed on to Peshawur, on its way to Ferozepore. Here Lord Ellenborough, the new governor-general, with an immense "army of reserve," was making grand preparations to receive the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad, as he had entitled it. The "army of reserve" was encamped on a vast plain, presenting a gay and imposing appearance—princes, chiefs and ministers of state were assembled there, while English ladies from the surrounding stations, and wives of retiring officers, came up to grace the approaching festival. Triumphal arches were erected, and the names of the officers and the battles they had won, were framed in garlands. Gay pavilions, decorated with streamers and glittering in gold, dotted the field, and all that wealth and taste could devise was gathered together to enhance the display. Two hundred and fifty elephants, gorgeously painted and tricked out in the gayest caparisons of the East, were drawn up in two lines to form an avenue through which the "illustrious garrison" could pass. On the 17th of December, Sale crossed the Sutlej on a temporary bridge that had been made, and with the gallant 13th leading the column, marched through this street of elephants. Havelock rode by his side, and as they approached the army drawn up to receive them, the artillery thundered forth its salute—the band struck up "See the conquering hero comes,"

while each regiment waved its standard as the column passed on. Four years before, Havelock had witnessed on those very plains a similar exhibition as the Bengal army was about to take up its march for Afghanistan. These few were all that were left of that proud army, but in the joy and excitement of the occasion, who thought of the thousands that lay unburied in the gorges of the desolate mountains? The display was kept up night and day. There were grand parades and magnificent entertainments in gigantic tents, the whole being wound up with the manoeuvring of forty thousand men and a hundred cannon on the great plain. Sale and Havelock and Broadfoot, were the chief heroes in all the festivities, and could not but feel in this hour of triumph that there was "glory in war."

Havelock was promoted to the rank of major for his services, and received the cross of Companion of the Bath.

Thus ended a war commenced in crime, marked by terrible retribution, and ending in nothing of advantage to the government that began it.

CHAPTER VI.

Havelock accompanies his Family to Simla—Is appointed Persian Interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough—Battle of Maharajpore—Broadfoot and Havelock—Campaign of the Sutlej—Battle of Moodkhee—Havelock has two Horses shot under him—Is poisoned—Sale killed—Battle of Ferozepore—Battle of Aliwal—Battle of Sobraon—Havelock's Horse shot under him—Fearful Slaughter—Havelock's Bethel Tent—Accused of baptizing the Soldiers.

THE grand reception of the "illustrious garrison" at Ferozepore closed the year of 1842. Early in the next, the army was broken up, and the 13th repaired to the hill stations of Kussowlee to recruit. In the meantime Havelock's family, which had visited England during his long absence in Affghanistan, returned to India, and he obtained leave of absence to accompany them to Simla, a place situated in the extreme northern part of Hindoostan, at the foot of the Himmalaya Mountains. This station, although nearly under the parallel of 30° north latitude, enjoys, by its elevation, being over 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, a cool and salubrious climate. On this account it is the great resort of British invalids, in India, and in fact, has become quite an English town, where everything of European manufacture can be procured. While recovering his health and strength in this invigorating atmosphere, Havelock

received the appointment of Persian interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough, who had recently arrived to supersede the old commander-in-chief; and joined him at Cawnpore. At this time great disturbance arose in the Mahratta territory, which rests north and east on Delhi and Oude. The British resident there, finding all his efforts to restore order unavailing, left, and the defaulting minister, Khasjee, usurped the power, and assumed a hostile attitude towards the British, who had threatened to invade the territory, and quell the anarchy reigning at the capital. The army called "the army of exercise," was assembled at this time at Agra, where Havelock, with the commander-in-chief, joined it. Six weeks later, the governor-general himself rode into camp. His arrival alarmed the Mahrattas, and they sent envoys to learn on what terms war could be prevented. All efforts at settlement, however, were rejected—the surrender even of the person of the usurper failed to give satisfaction. The governor-general and commander-in-chief chose to suspect there was treachery at the bottom of all these efforts to effect a reconciliation, and never halted the army until it entered the territory of the Mahrattas. The Mahratta government was entirely independent, and the company had no more right to interfere in its domestic concerns, though they sadly needed the interference of some strong power, than it had in those of China. But Wellington's doctrine that the interests of the British government constituted the paramount power in India, and everything that interfered with them must be put down by military force, had been fully

adopted, and under this general self-constituted authority, England was determined to investigate and settle all matters to suit herself.

The army, never halting to negotiate, kept steadily on, and on the 29th of December came upon the enemy drawn up at Maharajpore and Punnia. The British force of all arms was 14,000 strong, with 40 guns. The Mahratta infantry alone equalled this number, while they had in addition 3,000 cavalry and 100 guns. It is evident that both Lord Gough and the governor-general thought their imposing force would overawe these half wild warriors, and no serious engagement would follow, for the ladies of the family of the commander-in-chief were with the army when it came in sight of the enemy's intrenchments. The position chosen by the latter was well selected, it being a succession of heights with deep ravines and gullies in front. The dark batteries crowning every commanding point, the long lines of infantry and those 3,000 horsemen ready for the onset, presented a formidable appearance. On the other hand, the steady advance of the disciplined hosts of the British, with their colors flying and bands playing, was imposing in the extreme, and the columns, as they moved one after another to their appointed positions, showed in their bearing the confidence of strength and the assurance of victory. The heavy guns were immediately advanced, and the battle opened. The thunder of those 140 cannon arrayed in front of the opposing masses shook the surrounding heights, and soon wrapped the fields in a cloud of smoke.

For a while this battle of artillery raged with terrific violence, but the superior weight of the enemy's metal, and the skill and discipline they exhibited, soon convinced the general that if he would silence those death-dealing batteries he must put forth the terrible strength of the British bayonet, and the order to advance was given. This was received with loud cheers, and the whole line advanced. Havelock was directed to lead the 56th Sepoys, and riding to their front, he moved with drawn sword straight on the formidable batteries.

The Mahrattas, however, never flinched, and as the unfaltering ranks approached within closer range mowed them down with grape. But closing up the rents made by every discharge, treading over the dead and dying that cumbered the ground, the steady battalions kept sternly on, and at the word charged with a cheer, and with one wild wave surged over the entrenchments. Even then the enemy refused to fly, and standing back from their pieces, received the shock of the bayonet sword in hand. But borne back by the overpowering masses, they were driven with horrible slaughter down the heights. Nobly and bravely struggling to rally, they at last threw away their matchlocks, and took refuge in the village of Maharajpore, which they attempted to defend by the sword. From this, however, they were driven, and with great loss fled to Gwalior, leaving over half their guns in possession of the victors. Nothing could be more gallant than the way Havelock led his regiment of Sepoys into action, or the steadiness with which he held them under the wither-

ing fire to which they were exposed. It is a little singular that this same regiment formed a part of the first body of mutineers he attacked at Futtehpore on his way to Cawnpore.

No wonder they there shrunk from a charge of bayonet made under his eye. They had seen him fight, and knew with what strength and unconquerable resolution he pressed his foes. A regiment that dared not flinch under the heaviest fire while his eagle eye was upon them, would not be inclined to meet him in close conflict.

The loss of the British in killed and wounded was about a thousand, that of the Mahrattas three times as great. Those heights presented a frightful spectacle, for they ran blood, while shattered gun-carriages, disembowelled horses and men, and scattered limbs covered them from base to summit.

This ended the campaign, the troops entered Gwalior, and a treaty was formed, which practically put the destinies of this kingdom in the hands of the British.

Hostilities being concluded, the commander-in-chief took a tour of observation through the adjacent country, accompanied by Havelock, and finally proceeded to Simla, where the latter joined his family. In the next year Havelock was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel by brevet. There being rumors of hostile intentions on the part of the Sikhs, the commander-in-chief made a tour into the disaffected provinces, accompanied by Havelock.

The 13th Light Infantry, in which the latter served so long as an officer, had been refilled almost entirely

by new men, and he now became detached from it, and was joined to the 53d regiment.

The next year he returned to Simla, where Broadfoot, who the year before had been appointed governor-general's agent, on the northwestern frontier, visited him. The two old friends enjoyed many pleasant interviews together, and brought back many stirring reminiscences of the past. The ground-work of their characters was the same, although their manner was so different. Both were men of strong minds, sound judgment, and great practical common sense. Both were straightforward and truthful, and the very soul of honor. Both possessed indomitable energy and firmness, and hearts to which the sensation of fear was unknown. In both, the love of country was a passion, and life was held light as air when the honor of England was at stake. Havelock's gravity of demeanor, which so many construed into coldness of character, unbent to the frankness of Broadfoot's congenial nature, and it was beautiful to witness the affection of these two antique heroes. The many trying and perilous scenes they had passed through together, and in all cases with one mind and heart, served to knit still closer the bonds of attachment. Two nobler and braver men England never had in India.

This pleasant little episode in the lives of these two soldiers, however, was of short duration, for the mutterings of a rising storm in the Sikh states now became too loud and threatening to be disregarded, and Broadfoot hastened off to his post to keep watch of the increasing disaffection.

CAMPAIGN OF THE SUTLEJ.

Havelock said, at the close of the first campaign in Affghanistan : "There must be no medium in the character of our relations with the Sikhs ; they must either be established on a footing of the closest intimacy and undissembled confidence, or changed at once into avowed hostility." With that practical sagacity which distinguished him, he foresaw that the treaties which had been forced from the Ameers of Scinde, by the presence of a large army, would be disregarded, when that army was withdrawn ; and that those savage and warlike chiefs must be treated as friends and equals, or crushed as foes. Ellenborough thought differently, and availed himself of his large force to obtain concessions which a wise man would never have asked. .

Havelock, with his almost infallible judgment, laid down a policy which after events pronounced wise and statesmanlike in every respect. In some instances he predicted what would happen if certain courses were not pursued, and his prophecy never failed of fulfillment. Swayed by no theory, he made facts the basis of all his views.

What he had foreseen very soon arrived. After the withdrawal of the army, the Sikhs became restive and hostile, and the lapse of time only made it more evident that as relations of intimacy and friendship were not to be established, the Sikhs would force the English to take Havelock's other alternative—an *attitude of open hostility*.

Sir Henry Hardinge, when he succeeded Lord Ellenborough in the administration of affairs, found a very bitter state of feeling existing throughout the Scinde, towards English rule and English officers. The court at Lahore also exhibited the wildest anarchy, and the most debasing debauchery. It was evident that a storm was gathering on the Sikh frontier, and at length a report reached the governor-general that an army was assembling with the intention of making an irruption into British territory. Though not inclined to believe the rumor, he nevertheless began secretly to concentrate a large force in the neighborhood of Ferozepore. It is useless to mention all the motives attributed to the Sikhs for this movement. The desire to retaliate for wrongs received is a sufficient explanation, and whatever other minor causes may have operated, this lay at the foundation. It must be confessed, however, that Sir Henry Hardinge exhibited extraordinary forbearance in coming to open hostilities—in fact, he did not believe half the reports that reached him, of the hostile intention of the Sikhs.

His incredulity, however, was most effectually dissipated on the 13th of December, by the startling announcement that nearly 50,000 troops, with an immense artillery train, were already across the Sutlej, and threatening the force that he had concentrated at Ferozepore. Affairs at once assumed a most serious aspect. The commander-in-chief had been slowly moving up the Umballa division for three days, but this was not strong enough to cope with the whole Sikh force, and he immediately

ordered the whole garrison of Loodianah, 5,000 in number, with 21 guns, to abandon the place, and join the advancing army. The troops were now hurried forward with a rapidity that taxed the soldiers' power of endurance severely, for they marched upwards of 20 miles a day for seven days in succession. Of course, to achieve 150 miles in so short a space of time, and carry along the immense train of artillery, provisions, camp equipage, etc., required the most unremitting effort. Hence, but little cooking or sleeping was done on the route, and for the last 24 hours, not a drop of water allayed the pangs of thirst. At length, on the 18th December, they reached Moodkhee, some 20 miles from Ferozepore. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and a halt was ordered, when the exhausted, overtasked troops flung themselves on the ground, thankful for a respite to their toils. Some were reclining on the plain, others were engaged cooking food, and all looking forward to an evening and night of repose, when suddenly the hurried beat of drums to arms, and shrill blast of the bugle, brought every weary soldier to his feet.

BATTLE OF MOODKHEE.

The enemy, 40,000 strong, with 40 guns, were close upon them. Hunger and thirst and toil were immediately forgotten, and all was excitement and commotion. The cavalry and horse artillery went rattling forward to occupy the ground, the infantry closed rapidly up to their support, and after advancing a couple of miles, came upon the enemy,

drawn up in order of battle. The field they had selected on which to measure their strength for the first time with the British, was a vast sand plain covered with patches of low jungle or thicket. Behind these, and wherever a sandy hillock furnished protection, they had planted their batteries, and as soon as the British came within range, opened a tremendous fire. The English artillery replied, and under cover of its line of flame, the infantry completed its formation, and moved to its positions. In the meanwhile, the cavalry came down like a whirlwind on the enemy's left, drove it back, and wheeling short around, swept along the whole rear of both the army and batteries, and drove their cavalry from the field. This sudden apparition of a cloud of horse in their rear, so paralyzed the Sikhs that, for a time, they ceased to work their guns. A similar, though not so entirely successful a movement, was made on the right. It was now getting dark, and Gough resolved to order forward the infantry, and finish the combat. The enemy knew at once that the final struggle had come, and as the advancing lines approached, opened a withering fire. For a while the ceaseless roll of musketry from those immense forces, drowned even the roar of cannon, and lit up the desert plain with spots of flame, and long dazzling lines of light. An English regiment having shown signs of faltering, Havelock was ordered to lead it on, and riding to its head, took it steadily forward into the fire. In a few minutes his horse sunk beneath him. Quickly mounting another, he still kept on amid the raining

balls, when his second charger, with a sudden plunge, fell to rise no more. A third horse was led up to him, and he vaulted into the saddle as cool and unconcerned as he would have done on parade. Seeing him still unhurt, the soldiers cheered. The lines of flame on the English side kept advancing and that of the enemy receding, and whenever the latter made a determined stand, the flash of muskets was followed by a rush of the bayonet. Soon the whole field was covered with the fugitives as they flitted like shadows through the dim starlight, made still more obscure by the clouds of dust that rolled over the plain.

The victory was won, and the thunder of battle gave way to the confused sound of the army going to its bivouac, which in turn subsided into the silence of night, broken only by the groans of the wounded and dying. These lay everywhere, in the jungle, covering the open spaces and around dismounted guns, showing what awful havoc had been made in the dense and crowded masses of the enemy.

Although Havelock escaped the balls of the enemy, the latter had reached him in another way, by which they inflicted on him years of suffering. After the battle, weary and parched with thirst, he went to a well, and dismounting took a long draught of water. He then offered some to his noble steed, but he, more sagacious than his master, smelt death in the tempting liquid, and with rare self-control refused to touch it. The Sikhs had poisoned the well, and in partaking of the water Havelock planted the seeds of after

disease which served long to remind him of this day's hard fight.

The gallant Sale, always in front when danger thickened, fell mortally wounded by a grape shot. Havelock had often rode through fire and death by his side, and again and again seen him fall while bravely leading his troops into action, but they had now fought their last battle together. Under his leadership Havelock had first faced the enemy more than twenty years before, and in the long marches, perilous assaults, and fierce battles that filled up the interval since that time, he had ever found him a fast friend, a chivalrous soldier, and a kind commander. That towering form which first won his youthful admiration as he followed him in the desperate charge in Burmah, was now laid low, while he remained to pass through scenes of which he then little dreamed.

The next day the enemy retired to their intrenchments at Ferozeshah, four miles distant, while Gough sent to General Littler commanding at Ferozepore, and to relieve whom he had made these extraordinary efforts, to form a junction with him. The latter, however, had not waited to be invested in the town, but marching out; had taken up a strong position within full sight of the Sikh camp, where sixty thousand troops were supposed to be assembled, defended by one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, some of them sixty pounders.

The army remained at Moodkhee for two days to rest and prepare for the more desperate struggle before it.

BATTLE OF FEROZEPORE.

On the morning of the 21st, the order to advance was given, and in a short time the army came in sight of the enemy's intrenchments. These were in the form of a parallelogram, about a mile long and half a mile wide. The shorter ends of this parallelogram faced two streams—one of the larger sides looked towards the town of Ferozepore, and the other to the open country, which, like the battle-field of Moodkhee, was a large plain, covered with sand hillocks and low jungles. On this side General Gough determined to approach. While moving slowly around, out of cannon-shot, he caught sight of a cloud of dust in the distance, which heralded the approach of Littler's columns, and soon they appeared in view, marching swiftly forward with streaming banners. The gleaming lines, as they stretched away over the plain, and the monotonous roll of their heavy artillery-train as it trundled along, were welcome sights and sounds, for he knew that he would need every gun and every soldier before the formidable intrenchment in front of him could be carried.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, and as soon as a junction was formed, the whole force moved rapidly forward—saluted as they advanced with the heavy guns of the enemy. The former immediately pushed forward their artillery, and in a few minutes that sandy plain shook and trembled under the heavy explosions. The batteries of

the Sikhs, being many of them commanded by French engineers, were worked with great rapidity and fatal precision. The heavy shot ploughed up the field in every direction, and went tearing through the thickets, scattering the branches like a sudden whirlwind through the air. The British artillery, being so much lighter, could not silence, although it checked this overwhelming fire. Slowly but steadily it kept advancing, till just before sunset, it got within two hundred and fifty yards. The commander-in-chief looked anxious as he saw the declining sun, and determined to make his final appeal to the bayonet. The order to advance passed along the lines, when the artillery suddenly ceased, and the infantry dashed through the openings of the guns direct on the trenches. The 29th Queens, as they swept past the batteries, wore a cheerful smile on their countenances, as if going to a banquet instead of to death. The artillerists, proud of this fine regiment, and rendered enthusiastic by their gallant bearing, spontaneously took off their caps and cheered them as they charged by. The next moment came the crash of artillery, and they were suddenly lost in the smoke that covered the field. In the same manner the infantry along the whole line advanced on the dark and ominous batteries that confronted them. The Sikhs, seeing that the British were about to put forth their final effort, redoubled their fire. Round shot and shell and grape were rained into the ranks. Yet the living stepped into the places of the fallen, and closing steadily up, and taking the loads of those sixty-two pounders into their bosoms, swept on with

the irresistible strength of the in-rolling tide of the sea. But this crushing fire, and fortress bristling with bayonets, were not all they had to encounter. On every side hovered clouds of Sikh cavalry, watching their opportunity to dash in and carry confusion into the ranks. Whenever the nature of the ground, or the eagerness of the men to advance, broke the compact array, these wild horsemen would suddenly sweep down like a hurricane, compelling the charging troops to halt and face this new danger. Sometimes the infantry, while in the midst of the tempest of shot and shell, which the men nobly struggled to breast, would be forced to form into squares to resist a charge of cavalry, and then, before they could deploy again, the iron storm would sweep through their close formations. The men fell by platoons, but nothing could arrest that determined advance, and the intrenchments were at length reached, when the conflict became close and the havoc fearful. Those in command of the batteries now lost sight of the infantry in the smoke and dust that covered them, but they could still tell how the battle was going on from the steady roll of musketry, passing from left to right, with the precision of volley firing on parade, and from the gradual slackening of the Sikh artillery which soon ceased altogether. The next moment there arose from the sulphurous canopy a loud huzza. But while the cheer was still ringing over the field, there came a shock and roar as of an earthquake. A mine had exploded right under the feet of the assailants, hurling them mangled and torn into the air. The moment's ominous silence that followed, was

broken by the crash and roar of artillery from batteries erected by the enemy in rear, while everywhere the earth trembled under exploding mines. The gallant Broadfoot, spurring his horse forward, made a desperate leap into the intrenchments. The good steed fell, carrying his intrepid rider with him. Before Broadfoot could extricate himself from his struggling animal, three Sikhs rushed upon him and buried their bayonets in his breast.

Night came on in the midst of this wild turmoil, for the sun wrapped in the cloud of battle had gone down unperceived. For a while the deadly conflict was kept up in the gloom, and that inclosure flamed and roared like a volcano, but at length the increasing darkness put a stop to the slaughter, and the troops lay down in their ranks to wait for morning. The English, notwithstanding the desperate efforts they had put forth, were able to carry only a portion of the positions and part of the batteries. Without food or water, cold, hungry and thirsty they sunk upon the cold ground amid their fallen comrades. The dead lay thick as autumn leaves, while the night air was burdened with the shrieks and groans that rose from every part of the field. On this ghastly spectacle the silvery moon looked down from her serene pathway amid the stars. By her peaceful rays the Sikhs at midnight advanced one of their heavy guns, and brought it to bear on the English troops. The latter were snatching a short repose, when their slumber was suddenly broken by the missiles of death falling in their midst. The fire was so well directed, that two regiments had to be called out to capture the

piece. But all night long, whenever the moonlight revealed the position of their enemy, the Sikhs played upon them with artillery, and gun after gun had to be taken at the point of the bayonet. But, with the exception of these few short nocturnal conflicts, the army lay quiet, though suffering terribly from cold and thirst. Soldiers with their pockets full of rupees, would offer all for one drink of water. Amid such sights and sounds, stretched on the cold ground beside his steed, Havelock passed this long night of horror.

At length the long looked for morning broke, and the pealing bugle and rolling drum roused up the two armies to recommence the work of death. In a few minutes the field was alive with the moving columns, and shook to the thunder of cannon. The English artillery was ordered forward, and swept on at a gallop till within close range, when "Left about, unlimber for action, front, load, fire," passed in quick succession from battery to battery. But the Sikhs had got their range to a nicety, and hurled such a tempest of iron from their heavy pieces, that the lighter guns of the British were threatened with total destruction. Two were dismounted before they had fairly got into position, while tumbrils were blown up at every discharge. In the midst of this desolating fire, Havelock sat on a splendid charger close by a battery with a glass in his hand, watching the effect of its shot. He was in the most exposed spot on the field, and the balls flew like hailstones around him, but he sat as coolly as on parade, saying, in his usual calm voice, "A little lower, K—, a little lower, B—."

It seemed a miracle that he escaped being hit. Finding that this artillery practice was against him, the commander-in-chief placed himself at the head of the right wing, while Sir Henry Hardinge took command of the left, and the whole line advanced. Like a resistless flood, it swept steadily on through the village, bearing everything down in its passage. Then changing front, it kept on till the entire camp was cleared of the enemy. This being accomplished, the line halted, and received the two leaders as they rode slowly down the front, saluting them with the captured standards, and cheering till the field shook with acclamations. Though the intrenchments were won, the Sikhs did not abandon the contest, but in two hours returned with reinforcements 30,000 strong, supported by a large field of artillery. They were again defeated, but in a short time reappeared with fresh artillery. Being driven back the second time, they abandoned the struggle, and retired slowly and unmolested towards the Sutlej.

The British were victorious, but the long list of dead and wounded showed at what a sacrifice they had achieved success. Nearly 2,500 had fallen in those few hours, while the loss of the enemy was never known. The body of Broadfoot could not at first be found, and as Havelock passed over the field in search of it, his eye rested on one of the most appalling spectacles that war presents. The dead were everywhere—in groups, single and across each other, they covered the entire field. Some wore the stern frown of battle, others, by their contorted features, showed in what agony the spirit had fled.

Bodies torn literally to shreds by the heavy shot, legs and arms and heads lying by themselves, and "garments, rolled in blood," met the eye whichever way it would turn. The wreck amid which this mass of humanity lay, made the scene, if possible, still more desolate and mournful, for scattered around were dead and dying horses, broken gun-carriages, and dismounted cannon and muskets, and swords and drums. Brilliant uniforms were strewn thick over this scene of desolation. •

Havelock, who had named one of his sons after Broadfoot, in token of the love he bore him, felt his death deeply. With Sale and him he had fought in the mountains of Afghanistan, and withstood the siege of Jellalabad, and now they had both fallen while he, who had been so near death, had escaped without a wound.

For nearly a month the two armies remained stationary—the Sikhs occupied in rearing the fortifications at Sobraon, the English in preparing to cross the Sutlej, and carry the war into the heart of the enemy's territory.

The commander-in-chief at length being informed that the enemy was threatening Loodianah, dispatched Major-General Sir Harry Smith with two brigades to repel him. General Smith moved on the 18th of January, and ten days after fought the

BATTLE OF ALIWAL.

The army encamped on the night of the 27th within six miles of the enemy. The next morning at daylight Smith put his columns in motion, and while they were passing the village of Poorein, ascended

to the tops of the houses, and from thence got a distant view of the enemy occupying a ridge, on which stood the village of Aliwal. The day was clear and beautiful, and the plain open, so that the eye could sweep at a single glance the intervening space over which the army was advancing. The swords and bayonets glittering in the sunbeams, formed long, dazzling lines of light, and undulating above the columns moving forward in order of battle with flying colors, presented an animated spectacle, and one which would delight the eye but for the carnage of which it was the precursor. About ten o'clock they came in presence of the imposing masses of the Sikhs, whose formidable guns, shotted and in position, awaited their approach. When the British had got within four hundred yards, puff after puff of smoke streamed forth along the ridge, and before the roar reached the English line of battle, balls were dropping amid the ranks. The order was then given for the artillery to advance. The drivers whipped the horses into a gallop, and kept on till within three hundred yards, when "left about, fire!" arrested each gun, and they unlimbered and opened. For three-quarters of an hour the cannonade was incessant. All this time the infantry lay flat on their faces; but at length the welcome order to advance was given.

The village of Aliwal was carried, and the enemy, though fighting fiercely, was steadily pressed back. Over the thunder of cannon the clear bugle then sounded the charge, and the cavalry dashed on the dark masses before them, scattering confusion through the ranks. With his left and centre borne back,

the enemy continued to hold his right, which was well protected by a village. Havelock's regiment was ordered to carry this at the point of the bayonet. With sloping arms and rapid tread, they pressed close behind their intrepid leader, and charging into the streets with a cheer, drove everything before them, and pushing on, followed the enemy to the banks of the river. Hemmed in and broken, they here became a disordered mass, on which the British guns played with frightful effect. Crowding into the boats, and throwing themselves into the fords, they endeavored in vain to escape the scourging fire of the English artillery. At length the remnants of the affrighted army reached the opposite bank, and disappeared in the distance. The camp baggage, stores, ammunition, were all left behind, together with fifty-six guns.

One more conflict was to end this perhaps most brilliant campaign of the British in India. Sobraon, further down the river, and in the Company's territory, had been strongly fortified, and was now held by 30,000 Sikhs, and defended by seventy pieces of cannon, while a strong reserve occupied the opposite bank. On the 10th of February, the commander-in-chief took up his position before these formidable intrenchments. He intended to open the cannonade at daybreak, but a heavy mist lay upon the river and adjacent banks, obscuring objects to such an extent that he resolved to wait till the sun dissipated it. At length it lifted and rolled slowly away down the river, revealing those dark works bristling with cannon. The order was then given, and the battle com

menced. Thunder answered thunder on the banks of the shuddering stream; and the whole valley shook under the reverberations of one hundred and twenty cannon exploding on each other. For nearly three hours this awful cannonade was kept up, strewing the earth with wreck and ruin. At length it became evident to the commander-in-chief that he could not silence the fire of seventy pieces, protected by earthworks, with his comparatively light artillery, and that, as usual, the bayonet must finish the business. Havelock's regiment was in the brigade that led the advance, but he himself acted as staff officer to the general. The struggle for the intrenchments was desperate and sanguinary. When driven back with the bayonet, the Sikhs would again rush forward, sword in hand, to regain their positions, and fought with savage ferocity over their guns. At one time, indeed, it seemed doubtful whether the works could be carried at all. Even after the cavalry had entered within and swept down on the batteries, those who defended them fought like demons. While galloping through this deadly fire, Havelock again had one of his narrow escapes. A round shot struck his horse, and passing through the saddle cloth, hurled both horse and rider to the earth. At first it was thought that he was killed, but he rose and mounted another as if nothing unusual had happened. At length the Sikhs gave way, and rushed for the river. Then followed a scene that baffles description. Over the bridge and into the river, now swollen by recent rains, the turbulent multitude crowded by thousands. The channel was

packed from bank to bank with the frightened wretches, and right into this struggling mass the horse artillery poured an incessant, deadly fire. The water turned crimson in the morning light, and it was enough to move a heart of stone, to witness the horrible carnage of this now helpless multitude. Screams, and cries, and shouts, and yells responded to the roar of cannon, that kept hurling its loads of death into the sinking host without cessation. Hundreds rolled over and sunk without an effort; others struggled frantically with the waves, and turned their despairing eyes on their foes, ere they disappeared forever. The strong trod down the weak, and wild with fear, they crowded so fiercely on each other, that hundreds were forced under and drowned, whom the shot had spared. The stream became choked with the dead, and the morning sun never looked down on a sadder scene than the banks of that river presented.

The carnage of this last great battle may be imagined from the fact that the British loss was 2,400, while that of the enemy was more than three times as great; so that, at least ten or twelve thousand fell in little over three hours. Death trod the banks of the Sutlej with rapid footsteps this pleasant morning, and left behind him a spectacle that reminded one of the memorable sentiment uttered by the Duke of Wellington with reference to Waterloo: "Oh! surely, next to the regret of *losing* such a battle, is the grief of having *gained* it. The most dreadful thing next to a battle *lost* is a battle *won*." Sixty-seven cannon, 200 camel swivels, standards and

munitions of war, were the trophies of this victory. Havelock was everywhere under fire during the day, and received the official notice of the commander-in-chief.

This battle ended the campaign, for the British troops entered the capital and dictated their own terms of peace. When the army broke up, Havelock accompanied the commander-in-chief to Simla, where he soon after received the appointment of deputy adjutant-general to the queen's troops at Bombay. On his way thither to enter on his new duties, he stopped at Serampore to visit his wife's aged mother. He never saw her again, for in a few months she died, at the advanced age of eighty. Reaching Calcutta, he embarked with the governor of Bombay, and proceeded to Madras and Ceylon, and from thence to Bombay.

The three years that Havelock had now been with Sir Hugh Gough, had developed to the latter more and more his great ability. He and Lord Hardinge regarded his opinions with the greatest deference. Gough was a true soldier, and properly appreciated the qualities which Havelock possessed, and remained his true friend to the last.

When touring with Gough through India, Havelock was accustomed to carry a bethel tent with him, in which to hold Service on the Sabbath. His practice of assembling the troops for worship had been his custom for so long a time, that little notice was taken of it. But at length his apparent assumption of priestly office horrified some of the officers, and they went to the commander-in-chief

with the serious complaint that Havelock had been baptizing some of the soldiers. "Well," replied the veteran, "give my compliments to Colonel Havelock, and tell him I wish he would baptize the whole army." He had seen him in camp, and witnessed his conduct on the field of battle, and wished for no better officer, and asked for no more intrepid troops than those he led into action.*

* It will doubtless occur to some that Havelock was assuming extraordinary authority, in organizing churches and performing the rite of baptism; but it must be remembered that the Baptists, like all those denominations regarded by the English church, dissenters, consider all power to rest in the members of a church, and not in the priesthood. Without discussion the question theologically, or quoting the authority of such distinguished divines of the Baptist denomination in this country, as Dr. Wayland and Williams, the following quotation from Andrew Fuller's works will be more than sufficient evidence that Havelock's conduct was in perfect harmony with the views of the church to which he belonged:

"A little Baptist church, lately formed at New Byth, Aberdeenshire, chose one of their members to be their pastor; and on March 26, 1808, they set him apart to that office by prayer. Some of the members, however, were not satisfied as to the validity of his ordination, seeing there were no pastors from other churches, present to join in it. A few of them had communed together at the Lord's table; but the rest stood aloof merely on this account. They sent a deputation to me to request my judgment on the subject. I told them that if there had been any other pastors of churches within their reach, it would have been proper to request their concurrence and assistance. But as things were, I could not see how they could have acted otherwise than they had done. And as to my now ordaining him, I could do no such thing, partly because it would imply that I thought him not as yet their pastor, which was not true, and partly because it would convey an idea of my having to impart to another minister some power or authority of which I had no conception. My advice was that they should all be satisfied with what they had done."—Rev. Andrew Fuller's Works, H. G. Bohn's edition (London), page 850.

CHAPTER VII.

Havelock's Illness—Death of his Brother William—Havelock's Religious Practice and Views on Sectarianism—Returns to England to recruit his Health—Visits Germany—Leaves his Wife and three Children at Bonn and returns to India—His domestic Qualities as exhibited in his Letters to his Family—Arrives in Bombay—Reviews at Poonah—Personal Appearance of Havelock—Is appointed Quartermaster-General—Repairs to Simla—Visits the Chapel at Serampore—Is appointed Adjutant-General—Letter to his Wife—Accompanies General Anson to Delhi—Receives a Telegraphic Dispatch from Lord Elphinstone, offering him the Command of a Division in the War against Persia.

HAVELOCK remained at Bombay through the year 1847, except when his increasing ill health forced him to seek change of air. In the meantime Sir Willoughby Cotton succeeded Sir T. M'Mahon as local commander-in-chief, and Havelock joined him at Poonah, a town lying to the south, and inland about a hundred miles from Bombay. But his liver-complaint returning, he made a tour through the interior of the country, and then returned to Bombay. The next year he was strongly recommended to visit England for his health, but he concluded to postpone it for a while. Hoping it might be equally efficacious, he made another tour through the Deccan.

Some time after he was appointed military secretary to the new commander-in-chief. In the meantime, the hollow peace made with the Sikhs was broken by the latter and hostilities recommenced. In the first encounter at Rammughur, his brother, Col. William Havelock, was killed, while gallantly charging at the head of his dragoons. In announcing this sad event to his sister in England, he says their brother did not fall "until his regiment sustained a heavy loss, and he had conquered the admiration and sympathy of every brave man that can look with delight on acts of kindred spirit with his own. . . . His body has never been found, for no one has been able to approach the spot whilst the Sikhs yet remain in position." The next year Havelock's regiment was ordered into the field, and he proceeded to join it; but when he reached Indore, about three hundred and eighty miles from Bombay, he received a dispatch requesting him to return. His health still remaining feeble, he made a third tour through the Deccan, but the usual beneficial results did not follow. He was taken sick, and, for a time, it was doubtful if he ever would recover. But his good constitution that had never been impaired by excesses, finally triumphed, though he was left an invalid. Unable to attend to his duties, he took the advice of his physician—obtained leave of absence on a sick certificate, and on the 3d of October set sail for England.

During the three years he remained at Bombay and in its vicinity, he associated much with the Christians in the place. There was a church in the city, of the Presbyterians of the Free Church of Scot-

land, with the members of which he delighted to worship. He took a part in their prayer-meetings, and his hand and purse were both open to assist them in carrying out their various plans for the education and religious instruction of the natives. Havelock was wholly destitute of that narrow sectarian prejudice which impairs the excellence of so many even true Christians. He communed with all evangelical denominations, and regarded creeds as of small consequence compared with true piety. Once in a meeting at Bombay, this question of denomination being referred to, he explained fully and freely his views. Though he "should part," he said, "with his Baptist principles only with his life, he was willing cordially to fraternize with every Christian who held by the Head, and was serving the Redeemer in sincerity and truth. And here he would protest against its being alleged, as adversaries would insinuate, that when men of various denominations met, as this evening, in a feeling of brotherhood, they could only do this, by paring down to the smallest portion, the mass of his religion; on the contrary, he conceived that all brought with them their faith in all its strength and vitality. They left, indeed, he thought, at the door of the place of assembly the husks and shell of their creed, but brought into the midst of their brethren the precious kernel. They laid aside, for a moment, at the threshold, the canons, and articles, and formularies of their section of Christianity; but carried along with them, up to the table at which he was speaking, the very essence and quintessence of their religion." This broad and Catholic spirit character

ized him through life, for he loved true piety far better than good creeds.

Havelock reached England on the 6th of November. He had left his native land twenty-seven years before, an ardent, ambitious youth of twenty-eight, and now returned with his head whitened with nearly three-score years. What changes had passed in that long interval. While the sword of war had cut down his comrades in India, disease had been equally busy with his friends at home. But the hills and shores remained unchanged, and well-remembered spots brought back the memory of the past.

After seeking medical advice at London, he removed with his family to Plymouth, where his sister resided. The meeting of the two was tender in the extreme, and their subsequent interviews were full of pleasant recollections of home, and of childhood. The winter he remained here flew rapidly by. In March he was presented to the Queen by the Duke of Wellington, and dined with Lord Hardinge—was a guest at the dinner given by the United Service Club to Lord Gough, as well as at the fete got up in his honor, by the East India Company.

In the latter part of the month he went to Southampton, to receive the returning widow and family of his deceased brother. In June he commenced a series of visits to his old schoolmates and friends of his boyhood, some of whom had become judges and theologians, and men of renown, while he had been toiling in his profession under the burning sun of India.

Having been advised to try the medicinal waters

of Germany, he went, in September, with his family to Ems. Here his health improved so rapidly that he began to turn his thoughts once more to India; and now came, perhaps, the greatest struggle of his life. He and his wife had both concluded that their little daughter and one boy should remain in Europe to be educated. But they were too young to be left alone, and the mother must stay with them, and he return alone to the field of his labors. He accordingly took a house at Bonn, where he remained with them till the next autumn, steadily improving in health. He then made a flying visit to England, to bid farewell to his friends. Returning in October, he spent but a short time with his family before he departed for India. Having gathered for the last time his little family about him, and commended them with tremulous tones to the God in whom he trusted, and kissing them a final adieu, he, on the 27th of October, stepped aboard the steamer, and turned away, little thinking he should never see those dear faces again.

Havelock was a devoted husband and father, for he loved with all the fervor of his strong character. His letters which he sent back almost daily during his progress to Trieste, reveal the intensity of his affections. How beautiful and simple is the letter he wrote to his wife the next night after his departure :

“FRANKFORT, *October 29.*

“I arrived here this evening, and hope to get on to Leipsic to-morrow, but have really lost all desire to see anything or inquire about anything, for I have no one to whom I can communicate my feelings

of pleasure or pain. I ought not to write thus, however, as it will grieve you. I have commenced this journey under God's guidance and not an effort on my part shall be spared to do something for you and my little ones. If you knew what I have endured since I parted with you, I fear it would give you pain—but my God will support me. Remember I am not the only one who sinks thus when separated from those dearest to him. Read the account of the great Marlborough under such circumstances. But I have Jesus Christ to trust to, and his presence to comfort me. Yet in this mortal state we do feel keenly. Pray for me.

"H. H."

Two days after he wrote the following letter, which reveals the strong emotion which slept under his calm exterior :

"LEIPSIG, Oct. 30, 1861.

"I purpose going to see the battle-field (of the Völker-schlacht, as the Germans call it) to-morrow, so I will commence another letter to you in the solitude of my chamber. Oh! how ardently I desired to turn back and rejoin you at Bonn, as I lay in my bed at Frankfort. It was a totally sleepless night, a thing, as you know, most unusual with me. I sat up meditating and writing until near eleven, and when called at six had not once closed my eyes; not even dozed or slumbered for a moment. The bitterness of parting, my position after so many years, which renders it unavoidable, and, I fear, not a few doubts about the worldly future, passed in rapid succession through my brain, which, without being in the least fevered, was so wrought upon that I never slept a single second. But I did indeed find sweet relief in the thought of meeting you in that better kingdom, for all earthly meetings are uncertain, and only terminate in longer or shorter separations. Join with me in prayer, that we, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, may be held worthy to partake in his resurrection, and be together with Him and our children in his glory. I know not what lies before me, but I *do* feel that we are both in the path of sacred duty. Let us do his will and leave the event to God. Perhaps he may be merciful to us and grant that we may soon meet again, though we see not how.

"H. H."

He can sleep on the cold earth or in the reeking

swamps, or on the battle-field, amid the dead and dying, but here he cannot sleep from the sense of desolation that oppresses him as he thinks of the absence of his wife and little ones. Havelock sitting grave and unmoved amid the carnage of battle, and Havelock turning all night on his restless couch, thinking of his family, seem two different persons; but the stern warrior was at the same time the most tender husband and loving father.

At Vienna, before departing for Trieste, he wrote his wife a final adieu. After speaking of some pictures he had seen in the capital he closes by saying: "But tell my girls I have now done with pictures, and begin to wish I had left Europe without seeing any, for I fear such sights may unfit me for the stern duties which lie before me. Let them turn their hearts and minds to the great business of salvation, and learn to be practical persons, building their hopes of earthly satisfaction only on a sense of duty faithfully discharged, and their expectations of eternal blessedness on the merits of the Saviour." . • . . .

"Now—though the word tears my heartstrings—adieu! God may grant us a happy meeting sooner than we expect; but if never on earth, in the presence of Jesus I trust we shall meet."

Havelock arrived in Bombay in December, and for the next five years led a peaceful, quiet life. His religious habits remained the same, and the missionaries in and near Bombay had occasion long to remember his consistent life, his marked piety and his generous aid, both in influence and

practical benevolence. His correspondence with those at Bonn during this time was constant, and breathes the same spirit of devotion to God, and love to his family. The two following letters are selected out of many, not only to illustrate his character as a father, but to show the relations that subsisted between him and his children. The first, to his little boy, is well worthy of preservation :

“MY DEAR GEORGE :

“This is your birthday, and here I sit in the sight of the house in which you were born, five years ago, to write you a letter. My office is gone down to Poonah, and I have nothing to do but think of you ; but your brother J. is very busy in the next room, reading Mahratta with his pundit. However, he says that he too will scroll a note for you as soon as his daily studies are over. I daresay H. is remembering you, too ; but he, you know, is a long way off from us now, in the Punjaub.

“Now, though a little boy, you ought to have wisdom enough, when you get these lines, to call to mind how very good God was to you on this day, in preserving the life of your dear mamma, who was so sick that no one thought she could recover. At that time, too, I was in very poor health ; but am now so much better, by God’s mercy, that I have not had any suffering to complain of since I returned to India ; indeed, since I saw you last, when I got on board of my steamer at Bonn, to go up to Mainz, on my way to India. They tell me that now-a-days it is the fashion for little boys like you to do no work until they are seven years old. So, if you are spared, you have two more years of holiday ; but then you must begin to labor in earnest. And I will tell you what you will have to learn ; the first thing is to love God, and to understand his law, and obey it, and to believe in and love Jesus Christ, since he was sent into the world to do good to all people who will believe in him. Then, as it is likely you will be brought up to be a soldier in India, you will have to be taught to ride very well, and a little Latin, and a great deal of mathematics, which are not very easy ; and arithmetic, and English history, and French and German, and Hindostanee, and drawing, and

fortification. Now, you will say this is a great deal—quite a burden, and a cart-load of learning. But if you are, from the first, very industrious, and never let any day, but the Sabbath, pass over without four hours' diligent study, at least, you will soon find that the mountain of learning before you is cut down into a very little hill indeed.

"Now, you must ask your mamma to read this letter to you, and explain to you all the words which you do not understand; and you must keep it, and read it over every birthday until you are twenty-one years old; and, year after year, you will be astonished at the little which you knew when you first received the letter, and how clearly you can comprehend that which then appeared difficult and strange to you. Moreover, you must on this day always read (that is as soon as you have learnt to read) the 46th Psalm and the 3d chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, and though, at first, you may not comprehend most of them, yet, at the last, their meaning will be plain to you, and by the teaching of God's holy word, you will learn much good from them. Love always

"Your affectionate papa,

"HENRY HAYLOCK."

As a companion-piece to the above, take the following to his little daughter:

"MY DEAR LITTLE N—— :

"I am almost an idle man to-day, so you shall at length have the benefit of my empty-handedness. I have been much pleased with all that you have written me since my return to India, and still more with the intelligence that your mamma has conveyed to me of your progress in your studies, and most of all with the account I have had of your attention to the lessons in divine wisdom, given you by Mr. G. You can never be sufficiently thankful for all the pains that good man has bestowed on you, nor half grateful enough to Almighty God, for having put it in his heart thus to labor for the good of your soul, and the souls of others; and for having brought him to Bonn, as the scene of his Christian exertions. I pray daily that you may profit in heavenly things, and learn to regard Jesus Christ as personally your friend and benefactor; to come to him for all that you need; to feel assured that all your sins are laid on him; and that

he will willingly and abundantly bestow on you, if you ask it diligently and in faith, the Holy Spirit, which he is commissioned to obtain for sinful human creatures. . . . This place is charming, but, how much more lovely must Germany now be, with its budding spring blossoms, its orchards, its lilacs, laburnums, and chestnut-trees! Be thankful for all its beauties which no one would more delight to share than

Your affectionate papa,

"H. H."

Even at this period there seems occasionally to pass before him foreshadowings of his coming fate, and dim fears that he has looked for the last time on the wife of his bosom and on his young babes. In this state of mind, he writes from Poonah: "When I think of you all, I feel it to be my great comfort that I am here in the path of duty. If it seem good to our great Taskmaster, I should like, after having fulfilled my duty, to see you all again; but if, in his wisdom, it should be ordered otherwise, I beseech you, let there not be one hard thought of God amongst you. It has pleased Him in his inscrutable goodness to call me to be one of his people, and if he summons me hence, it can only be in the terms of his covenant, to one of his everlasting mansions. There I shall see *you* with whom I have struggled on more than twenty years through life's troubles."

At Poonah, Havelock acted as deputy adjutant-general to the Queen's troops, and he continued in the routine of duties attached to that office until 1853, when he received the appointment of quartermaster-general. The parade-ground at this place was a broad, open and beautiful plain, and twice a week during the monsoon, the commander-in-chief, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, son of William IV., held a

review upon it of the *corps d'armée*. A few hours before sunset, he rode on the field, attended by a brilliant staff, and escorted by a squadron of cavalry. The vast plain on these occasions became the theatre of a magnificent display. The regularity and precision with which all the evolutions were performed, could not but excite the admiration of the soldier, while to the unpractised eye, the field alive with the marching columns, now seemingly involved in confusion, and now unrolling gracefully into line to receive the commander-in-chief, presented a most picturesque appearance. The great variety of colors, that broke with their bright contrasts the long, even array, gave a still more animated aspect to the scene. The grey dress of the lancers was relieved by the crimson overalls of the hussars—the tartan of the Highlander blent in with the bright scarlet of the sappers and the blue and gold of the horse artillery—the green of the native rifles, was set off by the white jackets of the Europeans, while over all fell the mellow light of an India sunset.

At a given signal, the commander-in-chief and his escort put spurs to their horses. As the brilliant cortège sweeps down the glittering lines, there is one rider at the right of the commander-in-chief, in undress staff uniform, that none but a keen observer would at all notice. He is a small spare man, only five feet six or seven inches in height, distinguished from the showy group by the extreme plainness of his dress and somewhat ungracefulness as a horseman. His countenance is grave and cold and stern, and he looks with apparent apathy on the gay pageant before him. But on

closer observation, there is something in the eagle eye that arrests the attention and awakens interest. It is not fierce and fiery, but clear as light, and strangely intense in its expression. Although nothing escapes its glance, it seems looking beyond the present, as if the owner was pondering on something far away. Insignificant, as he at first sight seems to be, that plain slight figure is eagerly watched by every officer, for one and all are accustomed to his severity of drill, and know that the smallest error will be detected and remembered. Some with whom he has often prayed smile as he passes—some inwardly curse him for his Roman integrity, and others dread him for the rigor of his discipline; but the commander by whose side he is riding, martinet though he is, knows his worth, and defers to his opinion more than to that of all the other officers who surround him. That man is Havelock, and notwithstanding his quiet unostentatious appearance, he is silently, by his superior knowledge and judgment, exerting a wider influence than any one in England dreams of. Now that he is no more, those best qualified to judge, go back to the various wars in which both European and native troops showed themselves so efficient, and discover that the astonishing victories gained in so many fields, were owing to Havelock's training. In the progress of the Crimean war, the London Times instituted a comparison between the British army proper and the levies from India, in which the latter were shown to be far better troops. It seemed strange at the time that such a statement should be true, but it now turns out that the hero of

Lucknow had the reorganizing and drill of the Indian army, and made both native and European soldiers the admiration of the world. The veterans who won such trophies in India knew to whom they were indebted for their success, and it is due to them, one and all, to say that if their wishes had been consulted, Havelock would long before have had that rank which he never lived to enjoy.

In 1854, Havelock received the appointment of quartermaster-general, and three weeks after, May 30th, proceeded up the Ganges, arriving at Simla in sixteen days. He stopped at Serampore over night, and early next morning went over the scenes of former days. He visited the chapel where he had so often worshipped, and taking up the Bible from before the pulpit, read two chapters and prayed alone. From Simla he proceeded to Peshawur, where he stayed most of the winter. In the spring he returned to Simla. The next winter, through Lord Hardinge's influence, who knew and appreciated his value, he received the appointment of adjutant-general.

The following letter exhibits the quiet vein of pleasantry that underlaid all Havelock's gravity, as well as the depth of affection he cherished for his wife :

" HEAD QUARTERS CAMP, GUGRAON, Feb. 9, 1855.

" Notwithstanding the reproach under which I live of being non-observant of notable days, I have not forgotten that, twenty-six years ago, not having been able to muster moral courage enough to run away against the tide in an Indian canoe, I consented to give 'hostages to fortune,' and braved the worse danger and difficulties

of domestic life. I have not repented—that I will seriously assert and maintain. On the contrary, my submission to the ‘yoke’ has been the source of nearly all the satisfaction and happiness which retrospect presents to me on the chequered map of my sixty years’ existence. So, madam, all hail! best of mothers, and not worst of wives, accept my congratulations, and give me credit for the sincerity and the warmth of affection which urges me this day to pray for your temporal and eternal blessedness, and points to you as the foundation of my own best recollections and hopes.”

In the following month, General Anson, who had been appointed commander-in-chief, arrived in Calcutta, and Havelock repaired thither to join him. He remained here in the discharge of his duties till fall, when he accompanied the commander-in-chief on a tour of inspection up the Ganges, and proceeded to Delhi. At Agra, in January, he received a telegraph dispatch from Lord Elphinstone, offering him, at Outram’s request, command of a division in the war against Persia. He accepted it at once, and immediately set out for Bombay.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVELOCK'S PERSIAN CAMPAIGN.

Arrives at Bushire—Attack on Fort Mohammerah—Description of the Scene—Havelock ordered back to India—Is shipwrecked—Gathers Passengers and Crew around him, to return Thanks for their Deliverance—Arrives at Madras, and hears of the Death of General Anson—Proceeds to Calcutta—Appointed Brigadier, and sent forward to Allahabad.

IN 1851 a difficulty arose between England and Persia on the same question that originated the first war in Affghanistan, namely, the threatened occupation of Herat. But the extension of the western boundary of her India possessions had taken away the excuse England then gave for her interference in that quarter, viz. : fear of the invasion of Russia. It is true the Russians had pushed forward their boundaries, and undoubtedly wished to extend them further, but how the present movement of Persia against Herat could tend to the accomplishment of that desire, it would be difficult to determine. Still the governor-general thought he saw the finger of Russia in the affair, and acted accordingly.

The truth is, the fear that seized England at the

projected invasion of Napoleon and Russia had taken such deep hold that no change of circumstances could eradicate it. It had become chronic.

In reply to the remonstrance of England, Persia declared that she had a right to restore tranquillity on her frontiers, and "establish regularity in Herat," and would do so. She was as good as her word.

A few months after, however, she acceded to the British demands, and the difficulties seemed about to be settled, when the Shah objected to the appointment of a man named Meeza Hashem Khan, as first Persian Secretary to the British Mission at Teheran. This person was offensive to the Persian monarch, and he declined to receive him, giving as his reason, however, that he had never formerly discharged him from his own service. The British minister then gave notice that he would appoint him British agent at Shiraz. The Persian minister replied that if the latter attempted to go he would be seized and detained, and as a preliminary step ordered his wife to be taken charge of. The British minister met this new move with the threat that if the lady was not released by the next Monday noon he would haul down the British flag, and he did so. Then came court scandal about the motives that prompted the British minister to take such extraordinary interest in this lady. The Persian prime-minister openly declared that it was because she was his mistress. Thus the rupture that began with the protection of the frontier, finally dwindled down to the protection of the wife of a man who used to be the king's page. *She* now became the *basis* of future negotiations—the first article in

the new bill of conditions. The Persian minister at first haughtily refused "to enter on a discussion regarding such a delicate subject as ladies connected with the royal harem," and thought it disgraceful that the English flag should be struck for a woman. The whole history of this dispute between the Persian court and the English embassy is both ludicrous and disgraceful. The government at home seemed finally to wake up to the worse than childish aspect affairs were assuming, and removed the negotiations to Constantinople. The Persian court sent a minister thither with full powers to settle all questions in dispute between the two governments. Lord Stratford de Radcliffe was directed to communicate with him, and on the 17th of October, 1856, negotiations were opened between the two ministers. The governor-general of India, however, did not apparently wish an amicable adjustment of difficulties, and on the 1st of November, issued three proclamations declaring war against Persia. At the very time this news reached Constantinople the Persian ambassador had conceded the most important points demanded by Lord Stratford de Radcliffe. Of course he at once declared all his engagements void, and immediately left for home.

It is needless to state here that England would never have acted in this manner towards a nation able to defend itself.

Major-General Outram was appointed to the chief command of the expedition against Persia, and asked that Havelock might be joined with him in the command of one division. The ships carrying the army

of invasion, put to sea Jan. 14th, and on the 3d ult. reached Bushire, lying at the head of the Persian Gulf, a little east of the mouth of the Euphrates. Immediately on the arrival of the troops, preparations were made to march on the intrenched camp of Brasjoon, about fifty miles distant. The movement was entirely successful, the camp was taken, and the Persian army routed. Outram then returned to Bushire, where he remained till March.

Mohammerah was selected as the next point of attack. This was a strongly fortified place situated on the banks of the Euphrates about a third of the way up from its mouth to the junction of the Tigris. The troops were thereupon reëmbarked, and on the morning of the 8th, made the mouth of the river. Here they lay quietly at anchor, cooped up in the vessels until the 23d. On the 14th however, General Havelock arrived in the Berenice. He was at Agra, as stated in the previous chapter, when the dispatch from Lord Elphinstone reached him. Preparations had been made to have his wife and a part of his family come to India during the year, but this cherished plan had now to be abandoned. In announcing the fact to his wife, he bears this noble testimony to her virtues as a mother: "You have done your duty nobly to your children, as ever, so especially since I left you for India, in October, 1851. This I fully acknowledge on earth, and God's righteous verdict will corroborate it in heaven. But you must postpone all plans of coming out to India." "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Havelock, who had now passed his threescore years, felt this to be an arduous undertaking; "but" said he, "I go in faith in Him who has led me so long, and guided me."

He crossed the country from Agra to Bombay, where he was to take ship for Bushire. His son and namesake accompanied the quartermaster-general's department.

He embarked on the night of the 26th of February, and the next morning the battery on the Apollo Bunder, fired him a salute, "the first expense of the kind," he adds, half sarcastically, "to which I ever put the British government." When he arrived in Bushire, he was received with great cordiality by General Outram, "who" said he, "is as kind as he is brave, skillful and enterprising." In writing home, he remarks, "I have good troops and cannon under my command, but my trust is in the Lord Jesus, my tried and merciful friend, to Him all power is intrusted in heaven and on earth, Him I daily seek for, as I see him without shadow of doubting." Here is the old Puritan Ireton over again, who prayed and trusted in God, but looked well to his Ironsides and their equipments. He was delayed here for some time by adverse winds; but at length, on the 24th of March, the forces were all assembled at the mouth of the river. The anchors were then heaved, and the fleet proceeded slowly up the Euphrates, to the place of rendezvous, three miles below the fortifications which were to be attacked. The day after the arrival was passed in putting horses, guns and men in the vessels of lightest draught. The

shores on either side were lined with date-trees, through openings of which groups of curious spectators occasionally stole, to gaze on the wonderful apparition of such a fleet cooped up in that narrow stream. The channel at this place was not a mile wide, yet here amid the date-trees that almost overhung their decks, were the flag ship *Semiramis* and four steam frigates—in all seven vessels of war, some mounting sixty-four pounders, together with the steamer *Berenice*, carrying Havelock, and several transports and small steamers filled with troops. The force they were to operate against was estimated to number 10,000 to 13,000 men intrenched in solid earth-works, twenty-five feet high, and eighteen feet thick, and defended by forty cannon. After consulting together, Outram and Havelock decided on the following plan: The vessels of war should first move up opposite the batteries and taking position within musket shot, silence their heaviest guns. The transports were then to steam past and effect a landing above, from whence they could assail the fortress in the rear.

Just at evening several hundred of the enemy were seen throwing up an embankment on the shore, evidently to cover some guns they were dragging towards the river. A half dozen shells soon sent these hurrying off in every direction. After dark, some daring engineer officers took a canoe, and rowed up to within 300 yards of the batteries, and there, right under the nose of the enemy, and fronting his most powerful battery, moored a raft, behind a low island, with four mortars upon it. On that raft the adventurous artillerymen remained all night without the possibility of

a retreat, and exposed to certain death should the enemy become aware of their presence. At daybreak these mortars opened their fire—the first shell falling right into the centre of the opposing work, killing and wounding eleven men, who unsuspecting of danger were devoutly engaged in their morning prayers. As the first shot broke the silence of the early dawn the vessels of war steamed up towards the batteries with two sloops in tow, which were to be cast off when in position. The *Semiramis* led the squadron, and as fast as her guns began to bear, she opened her fire. In a few minutes all were in their appointed places, and the cannonade commenced.

The morning was bright and beautiful, with just enough breeze to clear away the smoke and prevent it from settling around and concealing the combatants; and as the sun rose over the date-trees and flooded the smooth yet swiftly flowing stream with his beams, he looked down on one of the most stirring and exciting scenes that war exhibits. The water flashed back his light till it glowed like molten silver, contrasting strangely with the dark walls of living green that hemmed it in. Ensigns fluttering from every mast-head, gave to the ships the appearance of a gala day, while the smoke writhing and twisting up and away, assumed in the morning sunbeams the most weird, fantastic shapes. Below, however, all was stern, thunderous and terrible. That vast array of cannon packed in so small a space, and exploding on each other within almost pistol shot, presented a scene of mingled terror and sublimity. The dark muzzles of the batteries on shore would protrude through the

smoke for an instant and then be lost in a blaze of fire, while the crash that followed would be answered by the deafening uproar of the British sixty-four pounders, and the sharp rattle of musketry. In the intervals rang out strains of martial music, and ever and anon came the crash of falling date trees, as cut in two by the sixty-four pound shot, they fell with a shock that made the shores tremble. Over the rolling smoke arose the hissing shells, and dropped with a dull heavy sound into the earthworks on the bank. For three hours it thundered there on the Euphrates with a power and strength apparently sufficient to heave shores and all from their strong foundations. At length the Persian fire began to slacken, when the signal was given for the infantry to move up. Havelock in the *Berenice* led the fleet. This vessel presented an extraordinary appearance, for, with the exception of her paddle-boxes and bulwarks, she was completely crammed with troops. There was scarcely room for them to stand, and thus crowded like cattle in a pen they were to pass through the fire of the enemy's batteries. Her progress was watched with intense interest, for it seemed impossible to run that gauntlet without immense loss of life. Lieut. Chatty, her commander, afraid to trust the perilous undertaking of steering her to any one else, took the helm himself. As the steamer moved steadily up, and came within range of the guns, Havelock mounted to the paddle-box and shouted to his men to lie down. It was impossible fully to obey the order, as there was not room, and those who attempted it, lay shingled one upon another. He took this exposed position in

order to have the whole force, and the entire vessel under his eye. As the steamer made her way through the fire which had now reopened with redoubled fury, the shot whistled like hail around his head, cutting the rigging on every side; yet he stood apparently emotionless as a column of iron. Several shot also struck the hull, yet strange to relate not a man was killed. Even officers, accustomed to see hair-breadth escapes, called it providential. A single round shot traversing that living mass would have made fearful havoc. As vessel after vessel came up and passed, the blue jackets at the batteries leaped on their guns and gave cheer after cheer to the troops, which was heard—even above the roar of the combat—in the Persian lines.

Arriving at the point of debarkation, Havelock sent a detachment on shore to clear the bank of skirmishers. The troops then began to land, and by two o'clock all were safely disembarked except the horse artillery and a troop of dragoons. The tide rising had overflowed the low ground and filled the creeks so that these could not be got off. It was resolved not to wait for them, and the orders were given to advance. Havelock, expecting a severe opposition, told the 78th Highlanders that he would give them a field day, which welcome announcement they received with a cheer.

The works on the land side were so formidable that if they had been held by firm, resolute troops, they could not have been carried; but the Persians, dismayed at the steadily advancing battalions, and the field artillery sweeping up on a trot,

broke and fled, blowing up their magazine as they retreated. The tents were all left standing, while arms, accoutrements, carpets, saddles, and camp furniture of every description, lay scattered around, attesting the precipitancy of the flight. Havelock immediately started in pursuit; but the Persians proving too nimble of foot, he abandoned the chase to a few Scinde horse, and ordered the bugle to sound a halt. The troops bivouacked in line of battle, where they stood, and stacking arms, lay down on the ground without any protection. The night being cold, both officers and men suffered severely. The next day, ascertaining that the enemy was beyond reach, Havelock marched back to Mohammerah, where he and his son took possession of one of the Persian tents, and lived together "jolly," he writes to his wife, "as the two parsons you and I met in the railway carriage."

To the regret and disgust of all the troops, cessation of hostilities followed; and in a short time it was proclaimed that the war was over.

Havelock's division was now ordered back to India; and in the middle of May he broke up his camp, and embarked on board the *Berenice*. With him were half of the Highland regiment—the *Ocean Monarch*, which was taken in tow, carrying the other half. Sweltering under a burning sun, they steamed slowly down the gulf, and on the 22d entered the bold, picturesque, but deserted and ruin-crowned harbor of Muscat. Having coaled up, they set sail for Bombay, where they arrived on the 29th. Scarcely had the steamer swung to her moorings,

when the stunning news of the sudden and fearful uprising in India, was told to Havelock. The troops were immediately sent round to Calcutta without disembarking. He himself wished to join General Anson, then marching on Delhi, but ascertaining that the route through India was unsafe without a strong escort, which could not at that time be spared from Bombay, he, with his staff and several officers, embarked on board the Erin, for Point-de-Galle in Ceylon, in order to intercept the Bengal steamer on her way from Suez to Calcutta. Along the rocky coast of Malabar, and over a quiet sea, they passed day after day in safety, and on the 5th made the northern end of Ceylon. It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, and every one expected to be in port next morning. The moon rose bright and tranquil, and the steamer went dancing along at the rate of eleven knots an hour. Later in the evening, however, the wind began to freshen—the sea became turbulent, and a misty haze fell over the water, preventing the look-out from seeing far ahead. At midnight a heavy thunder-storm broke over the vessel. Havelock, awakened by the rain driving into the port of his cabin, rose and shut it. Before he had fallen asleep again, he felt a shock as if the vessel had struck. Another followed, which made it certain. Still, confiding so entirely in the good management of the company, and skill of the officers, he could not believe that anything very serious had happened. With his accustomed calmness, he was revolving the matter in his mind, when his son, who had been sleeping on deck, walked into his cabin as

calmly as if to call him to breakfast, and said, "Sir, get up, the ship has struck!" But while this extraordinary scene was passing between father and son, in the cabin, the wildest tumult and confusion reigned on deck. The captain, overwhelmed with the catastrophe, lost his head—the officers ran around without receiving or giving orders, except in incoherent exclamations. The tiller ropes had snapped with the first shock, for the ship was going eleven knots an hour, when she struck, and she became at once unmanageable. After the first blow, the vessel slid off into deep water again, when the sea came pouring into the fore part in a perfect deluge. All expected to see her go down at once, head foremost, when she again gave two or three heavy thumps, and then lifting with one terrific effort, flung herself bodily nearly across the reef—falling on the rocks with a shock apparently heavy enough to crush her like an egg-shell. The passengers and crew were sent headlong over the deck. Every surge, as it now came in, took up her massive frame only to dash it with still greater violence on the rocks, as it receded. All were compelled to hang on the sides and rigging for support. The ship was lost beyond hope or help, and the only question each anxiously asked himself, was, how long could she hold together with such a sea pounding her on the rocks? Every one prepared for death, and although the officers and crew were wild with excitement and alarm, the military officers aboard were calm. To render this awful scene still more appalling, just then another black and heavy thunder-cloud rose over the

wrathful sea. The gleaming lightning revealed the breakers cresting and foaming all around them, while the loud and rattling peals that followed, drowned even the roar of the waves. By the transient light, pale visages gleamed out for a moment, over the wreck, and every spar and rope was distinctly seen, then all was blackness again. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as if in savage rejoicing over the ruin round which it swept. Havelock, whose calmness no emergency however sudden, no catastrophe however unexpected or appalling, could for a moment disturb, at once assumed that authority which, from such a man, in such a calamity, is always acknowledged. Addressing the crew in that quiet, decided tone so peculiar to him, and which once heard in the hour of peril, was never forgotten, said, "Now, my men, if you will but obey orders, and keep from the spirit cask, we shall all be saved." Blue lights were burned, and guns fired, which brought a crowd to the shore. But four long hours remained till daylight, and whether the ship would hold together till that time, depended on how much wood and iron could stand. But before the light had fairly dawned, one bold fellow on shore stepped out from the crowd, and stripping himself, plunged gallantly into the breakers. Now rising on the crest of the waves, and now sinking from sight, he struck steadily and strongly out, but the sea was wild and smote him back with such fury, that for a long time it seemed doubtful whether he could ever reach the ship. His strength was fast becoming exhausted, but he refused to turn back; and at last, to the

great joy of all on board, his dripping head was seen drifting alongside the vessel. A rope was thrown him, and he was drawn on deck, amid the loud cheers of the crew. His strength was well-nigh gone, and it took him some time to recover; but as soon as he got the full use of his limbs once more, he took a line in his hand, and again plunged overboard, and swam to shore. A hawser was thus pulled to the beach and made fast, along which, in the early dawn, boats passed to the wreck and took the passengers and crew, a part at a time, safely to land. When the last man had reached the shore in safety, Havelock addressed them, and asked them to acknowledge the hand of God in their deliverance. They listened attentively while he poured out his thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies. The cold, grey light of early dawn, the dark, retiring storm cloud over the dim yet angry sea, the heaving, spray-covered wreck with her spars still standing amid the breakers, that group of officers in drenched uniforms, the rough fishermen looking in astonishment on the scene, and that aged veteran, his white locks uncovered, lifting his calm voice of prayer and thanksgiving over the roar of the deep, combined to form a picture worthy of a painter. In a few hours the main-mast went overboard, and soon after the noble vessel fell apart, and her cargo came drifting ashore. The officers and crew succeeded in saving the treasure on board, but the cargo, valued at a million of dollars, was a total loss; and in a short time the shore was strewed with the most beautiful and costly furniture and pictures, and valuable cases,

mingled with broken spars, and boats, and fragments of the wreck.* Had the vessel struck at almost any other point, not a soul would have been saved. Havelock said: "The madness of man threw us on shore; the mercy of God found us a soft place near Calcutta."

Conveyances were obtained for Havelock and his officers, by which they reached Galle next day in the morning. Fortunately he found the steamer *Fire Queen* lying at anchor in port. The news from India was too alarming to admit of any delay, and she was ordered to get up steam immediately. Next day she put to sea. Four days after, Havelock entered the Madras roadstead and was surprised to see all the flags on the shipping and fort at half mast. He soon ascertained that it was in consequence of the death of his commander, Sir George Anson, who had fallen a victim to cholera while on his way to recapture Delhi. Taking on board the commander-in-chief of Madras, Sir Patrick Grant, the *Fire Queen* again put to sea, and on the 17th entered the port of Calcutta. The arrival of two such distinguished officers as Grant and Havelock was hailed with delight, and inspired new confidence. The latter was immediately ordered on to Allahabad to take command of the movable column operating against Nana Sahib.

* Captain Hunt.

CHAPTER IX.

Causes of the Mutiny in India—Annexation of Oude—Confiscation of the Soil—Proclamation of the Queen abolishing the Power of the Company—Sir Henry Lawrence appointed Chief Commissioner in Oude—Mutiny in Lucknow—Lawrence fortifies himself—Sir Hugh Wheeler intrenches himself at Cawnpore—Mutiny of the Native Troops—Nana Sahib lays Siege to the Garrison—Its Sufferings—Desperate efforts to drive back the Enemy—Capitulation and Massacre.

THIS is not the place to enter into an elaborate discussion of the causes that led to the mutiny in India. Those, however, who imagine it grew out of the employment of greased cartridges, know but little of British India and the relations it has sustained to the Company, and to the government at home. The leaders in this wide-spread conspiracy undoubtedly availed themselves of the religious prejudice of the Brahmins against the use of fat, as well as every other prejudice which could advance their projects. Religion, pride, ambition, revenge, patriotism, all would naturally be appealed to, to excite hostility, but the evil lay deeper than the disregard of one of their superstitious notions, and to get at the bottom of this desperate movement to throw off the British yoke, one must go to the instincts of the human heart, as strong in the

savage as in the man of culture, viz.: hatred of foreign aggression, and restlessness under foreign subjugation. The conqueror and the conquered always maintain a hostile attitude to each other, and whether it ends in open rupture or not is a mere question of time and circumstance. That a company occupying at first only a single trading-post, could in process of time expand till it absorbed 837,000 square miles, and conquered 132,000,000 of people, and not sow seeds of discontent and rebellion, is an impossibility. The marvel is that it should be able to hold this vast empire so long, and that too almost entirely by native troops. It could not have been done had the population been homogeneous. It must be remembered that independent of the many different religious creeds that prevail, and of the almost innumerable varieties of the proper Indian races, there are at least thirty distinct nations in Hindostan, speaking different languages and having no intercourse with each other. Besides, the beautiful plains of Hindostan have from time immemorial been subject to the inundations of hordes of northern barbarians, and hence a feeling of deadly hatred between the northern and southern sections of the country has existed. This will account for two facts: first, the apparent willingness of those occupying the plains, to submit to British rule, by which a constant and steady government was secured to them; and second, for the ferocity with which they at the outset fought against the northern chiefs who struggled to maintain their independence. British rule in India has rested on the division of the people, not on their cheerful submit

sion. Had the Sepoys joined the Sikhs as they were implored to do in the first Sikh war, the English army would have been annihilated, or had the Sikhs gone over to the rebels in obedience to the request of the latter at Lucknow, that garrison would have shared the fate of the one at Cawnpore. Independent of the feeling of hostility implanted so deeply in the human heart against foreign subjugation, the more intelligent natives of India viewed with indignation the impoverishment of their country by the withdrawal of large sums annually, to enrich their conquerors. \$25,000,000 is paid away every year to holders of East India stock, and for civil and military purposes. About as much more is accumulated by private speculation and in mercantile pursuits, and sent home. Fifty millions a year constitute a heavy drain on any country; but when we remember that labor is worth only six cents a day in Hindostan, and hence \$50,000,000 exhaust that country more than \$200,000,000 would the United States, we may imagine what dissatisfaction must arise. Added to this, none but Europeans have been allowed to hold any rank in the army higher than lieutenant, or any office in the civil department more dignified than collector of taxes. This was especially obnoxious to the 15,000,000 of Mohammedans, the last conquerors of Hindostan, who saw all their dignities and honors taken from them and bestowed upon their captors.

Another and more proximate cause of the rebellion was the system of annexation pursued by Dalhousie. During his administration between 1851 and 1856, he annexed more than 15,000,000 of people, and

146,000 square miles of territory. The entire kingdom of Oude, embracing a space as large as the State of New York, was added to the British Empire by the stroke of a pen. It is no defence to say that the throne was upheld by British bayonets alone, and that the misconduct of the princes rendered it impossible for the government to pay its dues to the Company, or that the debauchery reigning at the capital was a reproach to humanity. All this might justify the English government in assuming a protectorate till order was restored, and its debts were paid. But to help one's-self to a million because a debtor neglects to pay a claim of a thousand, is not justice, but robbery. The reason given by Dalhousie for his conduct—viz., that the rulers of Oude were not fit to govern the kingdom—if good for anything, would justify the United States in absorbing all Mexico and most of South America. Said the king to Sir James Outram, as he placed his crown on his knees: "I have no more hope in the justice of England, after having been told that a treaty, which, for twenty years, I have considered lawful and binding, is no longer so because it is disapproved by a board of directors." A more tyrannical act than the annexation of Oude cannot be found in modern history, and its people were justified by every principle of self-protection in rebelling against it. It is a significant fact that, of 200,000 Sepoys in the British army at the time of the outbreak, 40,000 were from Oude alone.*

* In 1747 Lord Clive organized the first battalion of Sepoys.

One would think that in all these acts there might be found sufficient cause for rebellion, without resorting to greased cartridges.

Carrying out the unrighteous system which the English government had pursued towards Oude, no sooner had the people failed in their efforts to drive the usurpers out of their capital, than Canning, the governor-general, issued a proclamation confiscating the entire country. Said he: "*The proprietary right in the soil of the province is confiscated to the British government.*" Out of the 5,000,000 that comprise the population of Oude, 40,000 are landholders, and these were proclaimed paupers. Not an inhabitant had any longer any right in the soil. All the schools, churches and charitable institutions were supported by revenues derived from the land, and hence must also perish in the general confiscation. The annals of civilization furnish no parallel to this. To confiscate the soil of a country is the last act of tyrannic power. If after this the people did not fight till the only peace that force could conquer would be that made by solitude, they would show themselves unworthy to have a country.

The formal inauguration of royal authority in British India, conferring on the inhabitants the rights and privileges of British subjects, has now changed the aspect of affairs, and the proclamation of the Queen in announcing the fact, shows that the English government fully understands the cause of the rebellion. The evil is met boldly, whether the remedy applied shall prove adequate or not. The proclamation says: "We desire no *extension of our present territorial pos-*

sessions." "And it is our further will that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be *freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.*" "*We know and respect the feelings of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors and we desire to protect them in all rights connected therewith.*" This open announcement that aggressions shall cease—that the door to offices of emolument and honor shall be open to all alike, and the rights of landowners be respected, is certainly a great and bold experiment, and every one acquainted with the history of British rule in India must wish it to succeed. If it does, however, it will reverse the rule that statesmen have hitherto regarded universal—viz., that what is conquered by the sword, must be held by the sword; that no union or equality can exist, or assimilation take place, while a hostile attitude is maintained. The concessions made in this proclamation are a tacit admission that the people had just cause for their rebellion, and it is undoubtedly true that had they confined themselves to legitimate warfare they would have had the sympathy of the civilized world. But the atrocities they committed—their inhuman torture and massacre of innocent women and children—turned all that sympathy against them, and awakened the deepest desire that a terrible punishment should be meted out to them.

Oude was annexed in 1856. The next year Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed chief commissioner

and in the spring took his post at Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom, containing about 300,000 inhabitants. Between it and the River Goomtee, on which it lies, is the residency of the commissioner, which, with its outhouses, covers a large space. Near it stands a strong building called Muchee Bhowun. Lawrence had not long exercised his office before he became aware that a feeling of insubordination prevailed among the troops. At length he was informed that an émeute was intended, and on the evening on the 30th of May, it took place. A portion of the native troops, after firing the bungalows, and murdering some of the officers, made off. The next day there was an insurrection in a part of the city, followed by the startling news of the mutiny at Futtehpore, and Cawnpore, and Benares. Lawrence immediately began to increase the defences of the Residency and Muchee Bhowun, and demolish the houses standing near, so that they should not furnish protection to the enemy; and lay up provisions for a long siege. The whole horizon grew black with the rising storm, and the frightened Europeans in the surrounding region came flocking in to claim the protection of the garrison.

In the meantime Sir Hugh Wheeler was endeavoring to intrench himself at Cawnpore, some 40 miles farther down on the Ganges. The European residents of the town, alarmed at the indications of a revolt, flocked into his narrow quarters for safety, where already were assembled the wives and children of the soldiers of the 32d regiment. At midnight, on the 4th of June, the mutiny broke out in the lines.

and by the next afternoon, the camp, after having been plundered, was deserted. Nana Sahib, who lived at Bithoor, a few miles from Cawnpore, received a message from the rebels, asking him to be their commander, and lead them to Delhi. Though he had professed great friendship for the English, he joined the mutineers with 600 men, and prevailed upon them, by offering large bribes, to forego their intended march on Delhi, and return to Cawnpore. They consented, and returned to within two miles of Wheeler's intrenchments, when they halted and Nana sent a summons to the general to surrender. His summons being disregarded, he, on the 6th of June, marched into Cawnpore, and opened his fire on the garrison.

On this very morning, Havelock stood on the beach of Ceylon and offered up his thanksgiving for the almost miraculous escape of himself and those on board the steamer from shipwreck.

With but eight guns, and behind intrenchments that a man might walk over, Wheeler now commenced that gallant defence which has made him and his heroic band immortal. Nana Sahib had several 24 pounders, which sent the round shot through and through the hospital barracks. There was but one well within the intrenchments, and this was so exposed to the enemy's fire that no one dared to venture near it for water except at night. In a few days the buildings were completely riddled, while from fright and exposure women and children died rapidly. The dead bodies of delicate young ladies and wives of officers would be left during the day,

amid the ruins, waiting for the fatigue party to come along at evening and throw them in a well outside of the intrenchments; for there was no place to bury them, nor could they be removed during the day on account of the incessant storm of shot and shell that swept the place. At last the enemy fired heated shells, which set the tents on fire, so that all had to be pulled down, and also ignited the barracks in which were the families of the soldiers, together with the sick and wounded. Fanned by a fierce wind, the flames soon wrapt the building, and although the well succeeded in escaping, the invalids and wounded, to the number of forty, perished amid the most frantic cries for help.

There being now no place of protection for the women, holes were dug in the earth, and covered with boxes, in which they were placed. Out of these, many would creep at night to sleep under the walls of the intrenchment, with their relatives, only to be startled back by the fiery shells that blazed and burst among and above them. The stench from the dead bodies of horses and other animals that had been shot, and could not be removed, filled all the air, and brought in clouds of flies to torment the sick and wounded, while day and night the shot and shell fell thick and fast on the devoted garrison. Sick-ness and want augmented the suffering, and helped to swell the daily record of mortality.

Nana, in the meantime, amused himself with putting to death every European, whether woman or child, that fell into his hands. A hundred and twenty-six, captured in a boat, on their way from Futteghur

to a place of safety, were massacred together. His force soon increased to 12,000 men, and he drew his guns closer around the intrenchments. Wheeler made frequent sorties to force them back, and though he was successful, it was impossible to follow up the advantage gained for want of cavalry. On the 17th he twice repulsed the enemy, inflicting a severe loss upon him. At length, cut off from supplies, his garrison starving, he determined to make a last grand effort to force back the advanced position of the rebels, and obtain provisions. At daybreak on the 23d, he called a part of his weak, famine-struck band around him, and issuing from the gates, fell with such resistless fury on them that they fled in dismay. But with no cavalry to complete the rout, the gallant effort was in vain. Fearing to put too great a distance between himself and the garrison, he at length paused in his pursuit. The moment, however, he began to retire, the enemy closed in thousands around him, and he had a desperate fight to reach his works again. But though attacked on both flanks and in rear at the same time, he turned on each assailant like a lion at bay, and hurled one after another fiercely back with the bayonet. At length he himself was struck by a ball just before he reached the gates of the garrison. The last door of hope seemed now closed. A hundred had already fallen, and of the 870 left, more than 330 were women and children, and 300 more civilians, servants and invalids. For eighteen days they had been closely invested and exposed to such an incessant cannonade that the walls around them were pierced like honey-comb; and

now starvation stared them in the face. Each looked on the other in despair. They had done all that brave men could do, and nothing was left but to meet their fate with resignation. At this juncture Nana sent a messenger promising the garrison a safe passage to Allahabad if they would surrender the fort. A conference was appointed, in which it was agreed that if General Wheeler would give up the place, guns, ammunition and treasure, he and his garrison should be allowed to depart in boats provided by Nana Sahib, and take with them their colors and personal baggage. At daybreak, Saturday, the 27th, the terms on the part of the garrison were complied with, and the sick and women in carriages, and the troops escorted by the whole rebel army, proceeded to the river bank, a half a mile distant, and began to embark. But in the midst of the preparations for departure, and while every heart was beating at the prospect of speedy deliverance, the report of three guns fired from Nana's camp, came booming over the river. This was the signal fixed on by the fiend for the troops to commence the massacre of the garrison. Cannon and musketry immediately opened on the fugitives, and the frightful slaughter commenced. The brave stood still and died without one prayer for mercy, while terror seized the women and children; but their cries and shrieks were drowned in the yells of their murderers and the incessant rattle of firearms. The chaplain Moncrieff asked for time to pray, and his request being complied with, he solemnly committed his soul, and the fate of those with him, to his Maker

He and General Wheeler and the few officers that still survived then shook hands "all around" and calmly yielded up their lives. Some of the boats succeeded in getting adrift, and floated down stream for some distance, but were brought back and the men murdered. Some fourteen escaped, but being attacked by the natives on shore, were compelled to cut their way through them and take refuge in a temple. Smoked out of this, they again dashed through their enemies, and plunged into the river. Four finally escaped, and leaving the river six miles below, lived to tell the story of their sufferings. The women were placed in miserable apartments, half clad and half fed—spared only to reflect on the horrible scene they had passed through, and anticipate the awful doom that awaited them.

CHAPTER X.

Havelock's Advance to Cawnpore—Starts in a Rain-storm—First Encampment in a Snipe Swamp—Painful March—Battle of Futteh-pore—Battle of Aong—Battle of Pandoo Nuddie—Battle of Cawnpore—Bravery of young Havelock.

Four days before this fearful catastrophe Havelock arrived at Allahabad. The next day Colonel Renaud was dispatched with 820 men to the relief of Cawnpore. Rumors of its capitulation soon reached Allahabad, but Havelock did not credit them, as he had confidence in General Wheeler's ability to hold out longer.

Having sent forward a steamer with 100 fusileers and two guns, to ascend the Ganges to Cawnpore, and operate with his column as circumstances might direct, he on the 7th, in a drenching rain-storm, followed after. As the avenging column slowly defiled through the city, the Mohammedans who lined the streets and housetops, gave vent to their rage and hate in muttered imprecations and looks of scorn and anger. It was a gloomy commencement of the great work before them, for the sky was dark and sombre, and the drenched troops, after a wearisome tramp through the mud, were finally compelled to pitch

their camp in a snipe swamp, and wait till long after dark for their tents and provisions to arrive. For three days they made regular marches to husband their strength. The country through which they passed, by blackened ruins scattered around, revealed the work of the rebels, while groups of swarthy bodies hanging by the roadside, marked the path of Major Renaud.

The news of the fall of Cawnpore being confirmed, and hearing that the rebel force, 3,000 or 4,000 strong, was now advancing to meet him, Havelock dispatched an order to Renaud to halt till he came up. Although it was extremely hot, he was so fearful lest this officer might be overwhelmed before he could arrive, that he marched his men fifteen miles by midnight. At one o'clock he effected a junction, and immediately pushed on the combined force by moonlight, and by six o'clock in the morning arrived within four miles of Futtehpore, having made the extraordinary march of twenty-four miles without stopping to rest.

A halt was now made, in order to give the troops time to prepare breakfast. Havelock, in the meantime, having heard that the enemy were intrenched a few miles in advance, sent forward Major Tytler with a small body of horse to reconnoitre. During his absence, men and officers lighted their pipes, while some commenced brewing tea, and others lay scattered around on the greensward. The arms were piled in line, and all expected a day of rest, when suddenly the reconnoitering party came "galloping stoutly back," a round shot bowling along the road after them.

- In a moment the scene was changed, the drum "sounded the assembly," the weary soldiers bounded to their feet, and the fierce rattle of steel rang out on every side as each seized his musket and fell into line. It was the Sabbath, but it was not to be a day of rest to the soldier. The heat had now become intense, and it seemed impossible that troops, after having marched twenty-four miles without rest or food, could under a burning sun endure the fatigue of a severe battle; but their eager looks and proud bearing quickly put to rest all anxiety on their account.

BATTLE OF FUTTEHPORE.

Just before the order to advance was given, Havelock rode down the column of the 78th, and said: "Highlanders, when we were going to Mohammerah I promised you a field-day. I could not give it to you then, as the Persians ran away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let yonder fellows see what you are made of." A loud, ringing cheer replied.

The skirmishers and artillery were now pushed forward, and soon the rattling fire of the former and the loud roar of the latter, proclaimed that the battle had begun. The Grand Trunk road was hard, but the fields on either side were covered with water to the depth of three or four feet. The artillery was at first in and close to the road, but Maude, who commanded it, wishing to get a flank fire on the enemy, pushed his guns forward through the inundated fields.

The wheels sunk to their axles, but while the bullocks strained in front, the gunners pushed and lifted behind, and they were finally got within point-blank range, when Maude opened his fire with such precision and rapidity, that the astonished enemy fell back in disorder. Although he abandoned his guns in his retreat, he did not flee fast enough to escape the round shot, which smote the retiring masses with deadly effect. After having retreated a mile, the enemy made another stand behind a barricade, across the road at the entrance to the village. Havelock almost despaired of being able with his exhausted troops to drive them further, but the guns were dragged up, and dislodged them before the reserve columns could arrive. The irregular cavalry, composed of Sapoys, had awakened suspicion by showing an unwillingness to fight, and Havelock, to test them, now rode up, and said, "I should like to see the irregulars draw blood." The commander immediately ordered the bugle to sound the charge, but only a dozen obeyed. Havelock instantly ordered the infantry to fire on the disobedient troops. But the next moment he revoked the order, as the battle was virtually over.

Among the spoils that fell into the soldiers' hands were ladies' dresses, men's overcoats, pictures, etc., reminding them of the sack of Cawnpore. Twelve guns were also taken.

The army had now been fourteen hours without food, and in the meantime marched twenty-four miles, and fought a severe battle under a burning sun. The bullets of the enemy had proved comparatively harm-

less, but several had sunk under the fatigue and heat combined.

During the battle there occurred an amusing incident, which exhibited the accuracy of the artillery practice. Upon an eminence some distance off, the commander of the rebels was seen sitting on an elephant covered with gorgeous trappings. A sergeant sent a round shot at him, which entering the huge animal at the tail came out at the chest, pitching him and his rider into the dust.

It had been a Sunday of tumult and of fatigue, and the soldiers gladly turned into a mango grove and flung themselves down under its welcome shade. The next day Havelock remained at Futtehpoore, to give his troops rest. In the meantime the soldiers searched out and brought in some stragglers of the rebel army, whom Havelock ordered to be hung. Among them was the deputy collector of the town, who had assisted in killing Mr. Tucker, judge of the place, a short time previous. In the first outbreak all the Europeans fled except the judge, who gallantly remained at his post. Assailed by the mob, he slew sixteen before he fell. This deputy collector showed the old hero's head, and hands, and feet to the crowd, saying they were those of a traitor. Not thinking that his conduct had reached the ears of Havelock, he came forward to congratulate him. The general gave him as short shrift as the mob gave the judge. In his general order next day, Havelock says: "Brigadier-General Havelock, C. B., thanks the soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced in four hours the strange result

of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier.

“To what is this astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of the British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision, all that the brigadier has seen in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that good quality that has survived the resolution of the hour; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause—the cause of justice, humanity, truth and good government in India.” On the same day, in writing home, he lets out the ambition that fired him as a soldier. He says, “one of the prayers often repeated throughout my life since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a general action.” This expression at first sounds strangely, and to have the privilege of commanding in a general action, seems a singular subject of prayer; but on reflection it is found to be in perfect accordance with Havelock’s character. A soldier without ambition to excel, has neither ability nor self-respect; yet this necessarily leads him to desire the command of an army. Havelock considered this ambition consistent and proper, and what was proper for him to desire was proper in him to pray for, and what it was wrong to pray for was wrong to have. A man of fact, he indulged in no sophistry; a man of truth, he scorned all evasion. He has one peculiarity however, which it is difficult to explain. Although endowed with strong affections and possessing warm religious feelings, he never expresses any commiseration for the

wretched victims of war, or horror at the ghastly aspect of a battle-field. If he were a coarse, unfeeling man this would be perfectly natural; but in one of refined feelings and Christian sensibilities, it is not so easily accounted for.

Having heard that the enemy had thrown up intrenchments in advance, he, on the 14th, recommenced his march. During the day the irregular cavalry that refused to charge two days before, were detected in an attempt to drive off the baggage. He immediately dismounted them, and appropriating their horses for the use of his army, told them that the first man who attempted to desert would be shot.

BATTLE OF AONG.

The next day, in approaching the village of Aong, he came upon the enemy strongly intrenched in front of it, who immediately opened a fire on the advancing column. In the meantime the skirmishers came out from the village and garden inclosures around it, in beautiful order, and soon the field was alive with troops moving hither and thither among the mango groves. But Maude, as usual, moved steadily down the road with his artillery, paying no heed to the round shot that ploughed up the earth around him, till he got his distance, when he poured such a fire into them, that the batteries soon ceased to reply. The infantry then advanced and was closing in, when the enemy's cavalry trotted briskly out from the inclosures, and winding amid the trees, wheeled and

came down on their right flank. The artillery was immediately turned upon them, but they refused to retire until the saddles began to empty rapidly, when they made a sweep, and charged on the rear, threatening to cut off the baggage. Although they were repulsed they continued to hover near, to take advantage of the first favorable circumstance. To guard against this danger, Havelock formed his line in echelon of wings, the left on the rear. In the meantime the battle raged in the village, for although their guns were taken, the rebels still fought gallantly. At length they were driven out and the artillery passing through, the whole force halted in a mango grove to breathe, while grog and biscuit were served out to the soldiers. The halt and refreshment in the shade were most grateful, for the fight of two hours and a half, had been under a burning sun. Major Renaud was severely wounded in this engagement by a musket ball, which broke his thigh.

The halt, however, was of short duration, for report was received that the mutineers were strongly posted on a bridge across the Pandoo stream, a mile in advance, and the assembly again sounded. The tired soldiers sprang to their arms, and though the shade was refreshing, and the sun, now approaching the meridian, was beating down with intolerable heat, yet so eager were the brave fellows to move on to rescue the helpless women at Cawnpore that they received the announcement that another march and battle were before them with loud and repeated cheers. Havelock, who well knew that this marching and fighting at mid-day in midsummer was

unheard of in India, heard this eager response to his call with a stern smile.

BATTLE OF PANDOO NUDDIE.

Moving on in a line of columns, the guns in the centre, the army came at length in sight of the enemy's position, which was defended by two 24-pounders that swept the road for a mile. They had marked the range of these guns on the telegraph posts, and while the columns of attack were forming, sent the 24-lb. shot crashing right into their midst, knocking over men and bullocks on the right hand and on the left. The men were ordered to lie down until the artillery and skirmishers could move to the front, when they deployed into line, and advanced steadily in parade order, reckless of the heavy shot that kept plunging in rapid succession into their ranks. Havelock's guns were too light to reply at that long distance, and so Maude moved rapidly forward towards the battery, which showered its shot upon him as he advanced, until he got where his fire would tell, when he unlimbered, and poured in the shrapnell shot with such precision and rapidity that the enemy's fire almost instantaneously began to slacken. The Madras Fusileers, that had been extended along the stream as Enfield riflemen, then made a gallant rush, and closing swiftly with the rebels, swept over the guns and carried the bridge in gallant style.

This battle was also mostly between the artillery and the skirmishers on both sides, and hence the loss

was not severe. Havelock's amounting to only 25 killed and wounded.

The troops had now been fighting and marching for twelve hours, "while the scorching sun poured down its unpitying rays upon their arms, which glittered with intolerable radiance, till the brain reeled and the eyeballs ached with the intensity of that dazzling sheen. Yet their indomitable energy rose superior to every trial—instinct with the dignity of manhood, they uttered no complaint but bore on nobly."

They were now within twenty-four miles of Cawnpore. Although his troops were wearied and needed repose, and the way was long, Havelock resolved that before another night, his victorious columns should be carried to the gates of Cawnpore, and waken to hope and joy the sad and fainting hearts of the captured women and children, by the sound of their avenging guns. The news that their countrywomen were still alive, and that Havelock was to march to their relief in the morning, soon spread through the camp, causing the wildest excitement and joy.

At daybreak next morning the stirring notes of the bugle roused the weary sleepers. Their tents were quickly struck, the advance sounded, and the noble column again moved forward on its great mission. After marching fourteen miles, they halted to breakfast, and wait for the baggage that was far behind.

Leaving all its baggage here, so as not to be encumbered in the approaching battle, the army resumed its march at one o'clock, and swept swiftly

forward. To march troops 24 miles in a broiling July sun, and then bid them—supperless, and scarce able to walk—storm batteries, and carry intrenched portions defended by five times their own number, is taxing their powers of endurance to a dangerous extent, and nothing but the most extraordinary circumstances could justify it.

But the pleading countenances of women and children rose up before Havelock and his noble troops—the piteous looks of English wives and mothers ever beckoned him on, and their sighs of despair were borne across the heated plain on every breeze. In his great compassion *he* would see no impossibilities, while the heroic devotion of his soldiers would acknowledge no fatigue. Impervious to the terrific heat, he rode backwards and forwards along the lines, scanning with anxious eye the condition of his troops under this severe trial. As he saw them, with glaring eyeballs, reeling in their ranks and almost at every step falling insensible to the earth, his heart was oppressed with the gravest anxiety, but not a line relaxed on that determined countenance. His anxiety arose not merely because he was losing men whom he so much needed in the coming battle, but that with a thousand, in such an exhausted condition, he must carry an intrenched position defended by 7 guns, 5,000 fresh troops, and a numerous cavalry, or be totally defeated himself. It was not a pleasant prospect for any commander to contemplate, and the bravest might well have paused before venturing on such a desperate experiment. But the object before Havelock was worthy of the

great effort he was making, and he determined that nothing but death should arrest him.

At length he came in sight of the enemy, posted where two roads met—their batteries commanding the one along which he was moving.

BATTLE OF CAWNPORE.

The crisis had now arrived, and Havelock took command in person. The fusileers, with two guns, were in front; the Highlanders, with Maude's battery, came next; then followed the 64th and 84th, with two more guns; the regiment of Ferozepore closing the column. Knowing that it would be fatal to advance straight against those batteries along the road, he, after keeping steadily on awhile, turned off to the right, behind a clump of mangoes. This grove hid him at first from the enemy, but the moment he emerged from it, and began to encircle their left flank, great sensation was exhibited in their lines. By this able movement he secured his advance, while the rebels trembled for their communication with Cawnpore. A large body of cavalry swept out to charge, but awed by the aspect of the hostile lines, halted. The artillery then opened on the advancing column with shot and shell, which, if it had been well-directed, would have made murderous work. But the enemy, taken by surprise by this flank movement, became greatly excited, and fired wildly, the heavy missiles singing high over the heads of the British troops. No reply could be made, as the heavy guns were not

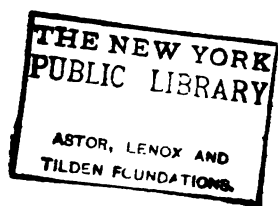
up; for the moment they were compelled to leave the road, and toil through the ploughed fields, their advance became slow, and very laborious.

Havelock, whose blood was now up, determined not to delay his advance till they could be brought forward, and forming line, moved down on the enemy. Three guns posted behind an intrenched hamlet, kept up a galling fire, and Havelock resolved, as he could not silence, to take them. He had long wished to "develop the prowess of the 78th Highlanders," and galloping up he ordered them to advance and take that battery. The brave fellows, led by Col. Hamilton, moved off with a smile on their countenances, while the eyes of the whole army became fixed upon them. Over the ploughed fields and broken ground, "with sloped arms and measured tread, the rear rank locked up as if on parade;" they swept on like a dark and resistless wave—scorning the iron storms that smote them and closing up their rent ranks with stern composure. They kept on their terrible way in dead silence—not a shot, not a shout—till within a hundred yards of the battery, when the word "charge" ran along their unfaltering lines. With one loud, thrilling cheer, they then dashed forward, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Roused by the wild, shrill scream of their native pipes, they rushed over the mound, over the battery—treading everything down in their passage.

The left wing then pushed forward towards another village, and captured more guns. Every where now over the field, the enemy was in full



CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT CAWNPORE.



retreat; and the artillery not having yet arrived, a halt was made to wait for it to come up. When the troops had once more rejoined, Havelock was told that the enemy had reoccupied a village sheltered by groves of mangoes, about a mile distant from the cantonment of Cawnpore, from which they had been reinforced. He immediately advanced, but, in passing around it, became exposed to a severe fire. Shifting his ground, he again halted to wait for the artillery, which was working its way bravely forward. But in the meantime the enemy concentrated their fire on his new position, which soon became so hot and destructive that Havelock grew impatient, and resolved not to wait for his guns any longer; and riding along the lines, he, in "the clear tones of his peculiar voice," roused to the highest pitch the courage of his exhausted troops, and as he came up to the Highlanders and the 64th, said—"Come, who'll take this village, the Highlanders or the 64th?" Away went the Highlanders, sweeping the village like a storm. The line then advanced, when they suddenly came upon a 24-pounder, which commanded the entire road, while a new and fresh body of mutineers, with a numerous cavalry, making a horrible din with their large drums and bugles, swept in a semicircle around them. Havelock, who seemed endowed with ubiquity, so constantly present was he in every part of the field, no sooner saw the village carried than he galloped back to look after his wearied artillery forces in the rear.

In the meantime the enemy's guns began to play

with deadly effect on the infantry, compelling them to lie down for protection. These did not number probably over 900 men, and without artillery or cavalry, lay embraced in a semicircle by an apparently overwhelming force. That 24 pounder kept sending its heavy shot among them, and the entire field was so completely swept by the enemy's guns that they dared not rise. Twilight had now settled on the plain, and the brave troops who had almost won the day, seemed about to be totally overwhelmed. Encouraged by their advantage, and the apparent terror of their enemies, the rebels, with drums and trumpets, sounded the advance in rapid succession, while enveloping squadrons of cavalry swept round in the form of a crescent. A deadly encounter was close at hand, and yet, for the first time, a fatal vacillation seemed to have seized the British troops. At that critical moment, Havelock, who had just had a horse shot under him, came boldly riding on a hack, the only man who dared show his head upon the field. Galloping unmoved through the fire, he shouted, in that calm, encouraging voice, which always inspires troops with confidence: "Get up, my lads, and take those guns." Doubt, fear, vacillation, all vanished at once. Those brave men only wanted the presence of their glorious leader, and springing to their feet, they gave a shout, that drowned for a moment the blasts of the enemy's bugles.

Young Havelock spurred forward, and wheeling his horse in front of the 64th, planted himself directly in front of the 24-pounder. At a foot pace, with his eye fixed steadily on the deadly gun, that

blazed along the road, he steered straight for the muzzle. Its heavy explosions that shook the field and carried death through the ranks, could not make a single nerve quiver. Havelock himself, led the Highlanders, and it was a glorious sight to see father and son leading on the last final charge. Although the father's heart was bound up in his son, and the life of the latter seemed scarcely worth a thought in the position he had taken, yet the danger was forgotten in the pride he felt at the gallant bearing of his boy. When the column had approached within 300 yards, the 24-pounder opened with grape, and at every explosion it seemed that horse and rider must disappear. But the young hero kept steadily on, and the troops, though their ranks were rapidly thinning, pressed sternly, silently after, until close upon the death-dealing piece. Then, as the iron shower swept the road for the last time, they charged with a loud cheer and captured it. "Hurrah," rang back from the Highlanders, as they witnessed the gallant deed, and away they went, scattering the dismayed rebels in every direction, who flitting in the dim light of evening over the plain, appeared like the "shifting figures in a panorama." The troops followed in hot pursuit, but the Highlanders in the centre kept cautioning each other not to fire, and the word constantly passed along the line, "*The general is in front, don't fire.*" Yes, he was in front, all of that terrible day, and still led them on till they came in sight of the old barracks of Cawnpore. Here they halted, and as the gallant band stood in battle array before the goal of their unparalleled efforts, Havelock

rode down the line, and poured forth glowing words of praise of their noble conduct. The poor, tired fellows—fired with his enthusiastic language—rent the very heavens with their cheers. Right well did they deserve all the lavish praise he bestowed on them, for in the middle of July, they had marched 130 miles in seven days, fought four battles, and taken 24 guns.

The loss of the enemy was not ascertained, but 300 wounded were found in one house, and a tank discovered full of dead bodies. Havelock's loss was over 100, or a tenth of his entire force.

The baggage had all been left behind, and did not arrive till nine o'clock next morning; so, after collecting together the wounded, "without tents, rations, or grog," the overtasked troops bivouacked on the naked earth. With nothing to eat, and nothing but dirty ditch water to drink, they passed a night of great suffering. It was sufficiently severe on those poor fellows who had marched twenty-four miles and fought such a desperate battle, to lie down uncovered and supperless, but to the wounded, it was terrible. There they lay, some without legs, others without arms, others still, disfigured by ghastly wounds, loading the midnight air with their groans.

It had been a momentous day to Havelock, and though its anxiety and excitement were over, he cared little for food or rest. Yet neither the toils he had endured, nor the perils he had escaped, nor the victories he had won, kept him wakeful, but the thought that only a single wall divided him from two hundred English mothers and children pining in captivity far worse than death. He had one consoling

reflection, however, the thunder of his victorious guns had carried joy to their despairing hearts, and in the morning they should hear the glad shout of their deliverers. His brave troops, too, bore the hunger and thirst of that long night without a murmur, for they felt that they were about to be rewarded for all their toils and sufferings, in rescuing their countrywomen from the hands of their merciless jailers.

CHAPTER XL

The Massacre of Cawnpore—Havelock burns Nana Sahib's Palace—Havelock's General Order—General Neill's mode of Punishing the Sepoys—Havelock advances to the Relief of Lucknow—Battle of Oonao—Battle of Buserut-gunge—Resolves to retire to Cawnpore—Disarms the Lascars—Havelock's second Advance towards Lucknow—Combat at Buserutgunge—Pursues the Enemy—Again resolves to fall back—Reoccupies Cawnpore—Attack on Bithoor—Sir Colin Campbell's Censure of Havelock and his Son—Outram appointed to the Command.

EARLY next morning while Havelock was planning his attack on the city, a column of smoke was seen suddenly and rapidly to roll upward from the place, followed by an explosion that shook the earth. Nana Sahib had blown up his magazines and retreated.

Cheerily the bugle note broke over the encampment, and the delighted soldiers marched forward in the full belief that they were to release the 200 women and children that pined in captivity. But in passing through a gate near the building called the Subada Kothee, where the prisoners were kept, the officers were told the terrible news of the massacre. Struck dumb with horror, they turned, and with blanched cheeks and quivering lips, entered the paved court of the building in which the bloody deed had been

done. The awful spectacle that met their gaze as they crossed the threshold, arrested them as if struck by a thunderbolt. The pavement was swimming in blood, and scattered over it floated torn fragments of ladies' and children's dresses, and long crimson tresses—silent, sickening testimonials of the butchery that had been committed.

Rushing across this gory space, they entered the rooms beyond and gazed around like men in a dream. The apartments were empty, but the blood stood an inch deep on the floor, and in it were swimming ladies' hats, collars, and portions of their under dresses, back combs, and children's socks and frills, while all around were the marks of bullets; and on the wooden pillars deep sword cuts from which hung long tresses of hair carried there by the brutal sword when it cleft the flowing crown. These were not high up, as if aimed against men fighting for their lives, but *low down*, showing that the cruel blows were dealt on the forms of crouching women and terrified children. The bodies from whom this crimson tide had flowed had all been removed, and only these heart-breaking relics remained. The mother, in the fullness of her prime—the accomplished maiden in her beauty and bloom, and the babe in its budding loveliness, had shrieked and died there together, hacked and butchered like wild beasts! Oh! who can tell the heart agonies—the piteous prayer for mercy—the piercing death-shriek—as bullet after bullet, and stab after stab performed its deadly mission? In one apartment a row of women's shoes and gaiters were carefully placed along the wall, filled with

bleeding feet. On the other side, arranged with the same devilish care, were a row of children's shoes, filled with children's feet. The officers looked at each other bewildered. Where were the mutilated forms of these victims of diabolical hate? In passing out of the building they saw arms and legs sticking out of a well, and drawing nearer, found it full of dead bodies. Stripped of all their clothing, these 200 women and children had been pitched, the living on the dead, into this horrible pit, till it was filled from bottom to top. Oh, what a sight for brave men to look upon! They had faced the cannon's mouth with a smile, and seen their comrades struck, bleeding and mangled from their sides, without a tear; but this frightful spectacle broke their strong natures down, and they wept like children. Tears, however, soon gave way to rage; and oaths, deep and awful, were sworn over the mangled remains of those victims of worse than savage cruelty. The Highlanders came across the body of what was supposed to be one of General Wheeler's daughters, and cutting the tresses from her head, reserved a part to be sent home, and divided the remainder among themselves. They then sat down and grimly counted the number of threads each one had. When this was finished, they took a solemn oath before God that for each hair one man should die. An officer picked up a small article of female dress soaked in blood, and as he looked at it, said: "I have spared many men in fight, but I will never spare another. I shall carry this with me in my holsters, and whenever I am inclined for mercy, the sight of it will be

sufficient to incite me to revenge." A few of the women had evidently been taken out to undergo treatment worse than death, for their naked bodies were found in various parts of the city, tied to the ground by the arms and legs. Some of them had been lying thus exposed to the sun for several days. Stung by his defeat at Futtehpoore, Nana Sahib had, the morning after the battle, ordered all the prisoners to be massacred. The effect of this fiendish act on the army was frightful—their bravery assumed the character of ferocity, and the noble desire to relieve the helpless gave place to a burning thirst for revenge. No flaming batteries or crowding hosts could now arrest them, and "Cawnpore" should be their war cry till the victims who had been so cruelly sacrificed were avenged.

Nana Sahib, when he left Cawnpore, retired to his palace at Bithoor, situated about twelve miles from the city of the Ganges. Here it was reported he had fortified himself, and with 5,000 men and 75 guns, was determined to make a final stand. Notwithstanding the strength of the position, and his vast superiority in men and cannon, Havelock resolved to attack him without delay. Resting his men but a single day, he on Sunday the 19th, while the troops were preparing for church parade, gave orders for an immediate march on Bithoor. This order was received with unbounded delight, for there was not a soldier in that gallant band who did not burn to be at Nana and his murderous crew. Cheerfully, eagerly, they pressed on towards the fiend's stronghold, but on reaching it, they found to their

disappointment that he had fled. Havelock ordered a torch to be applied to the castle, and soon it was a mass of flame.

Returning to Cawnpore, he had all the prisoners which had been taken on the 16th tried by court martial and hung. On the 20th, he issued a general order, that reminds one of those spirit-stirring addresses Napoleon was accustomed to make to his troops. He says: "Soldiers, your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied with you. He has never seen steadier or more elevated troops. But your labors are only beginning. Between the 7th and 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched one hundred and twenty-six miles, and fought four actions. But your comrades in Lucknow are in peril. Agra is besieged. Delhi is still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices if you would obtain great results.
Highlanders,
it was my earnest desire to afford you an opportunity of showing you how your predecessors conquered at Maida. You have not degenerated. Assaye was not won by a more silent, compact, resolute charge than was the village near Jansemow on the 16th instant."

"64th, you have put to silence the gibes of your enemies throughout India. You reserved your fire till you saw the color of your enemies' moustaches; this gave us the victory."

The same day General Neill arrived with his reinforcements from Allahabad. Placing him in command at Cawnpore, Havelock, with his force now

swelled to a little over 1,500 men, made preparations for an immediate advance on Lucknow.

Neill no sooner entered on his duties as commander, than he began to administer summary justice on all the fugitive Sepoys that fell into his hands. Those who were implicated in the butchery, he first made clean up a part of the pool of blood still standing in the apartment where the massacre took place, and then hung them, and buried their bodies in ditches by the road-side. He adopted this peculiar mode of punishment, because the high caste natives think if they touch blood they will be damned to eternal perdition. The first one he caught was a Brahmin, who refused to clean up the blood, but Neill told the provost martial to apply the lash, which soon overcame his reluctance. When his task was accomplished, the soldiers swung him up by the neck with as little ceremony as one would hang a dog. The very man through whom the order to massacre the women came, was discovered in a place of concealment, and after being made to cleanse up a portion of the blood, was taken up and hung on a tree, and left to dangle in the wind and sun. He died a painful death, for the rope was so adjusted (undoubtedly on purpose, as simple hanging was too good for him), that when he dropped the noose closed over his jaw. He then got his hands loose and clutched the rope, and endeavored to free himself, but two men seized him by the legs and jerked him till his neck broke.

About this time, Havelock heard with grief of the death of Sir H. Lawrence, at Lucknow, and also of

the straitened condition of the garrison, and he determined to push on to its relief. To effect this, he knew that with his slender force he would be compelled to fight his way for forty miles to the city, and then break through an army of 20,000 men, strongly intrenched and protected by heavy batteries. The attempt seemed hopeless, but with his accustomed resolution and daring he determined to make it, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations for crossing the Ganges. To give the movement a still more desperate character, and if possible to insure his overthrow, the rainy season set in and inundated the whole country. Across the overflowed fields, now turned into swamps, the troops must toil and fight, exposed to torrents of rain, and a blistering sun by turns. They were to have no shelter from either, for in the desperate undertaking before him Havelock could not be encumbered with tents. His slender force, like the athlete stripped for the contest, must be divested of everything that would impede its movements. Never did a brave leader look on a more forbidding prospect, but it had no terrors for him.

The 21st of July broke slowly over the army at Cawnpore, for the rain fell in one continuous torrent from the black and overhanging clouds. But the bugle sounded cheerily out, and with cased banners, three regiments marched down to the river and commenced crossing, in order to protect the transport of the stores and provisions. The stream was swollen, and rolled swiftly on in the gloom, but one by one the regiments landed, and without tents or

bedding, bivouacked in a swamp. For four days, the work of crossing the Ganges went on amid the rain, and then the column took up its line of march for Lucknow. General Neill, with only 250 men, was left to defend Cawnpore.

BATTLE OF OONAO.

The force moved off at half-past five in the morning, and after advancing six miles, came upon the village of Oonao, which had been loopholed and turned almost into a regular fortification, while the inundated state of the country made it impossible to turn it. Three guns swept the road up which Havelock advanced; but these he soon silenced with two field-pieces, and continued to move on. As he came nearer, a long line of white puffs of smoke was seen to run along the orchard and garden wall that surrounded the place, followed by a sharp rattle of musketry. With a cheer the skirmishers dashed forward, and soon drove the rebels back into the village. The troops then rushed on the village itself, but could not succeed in carrying it. They were all around it, in fact, inside; but every house was a separate fortress, from which the invisible marksmen shot down those exposed in the streets below. Havelock, impatient at the protracted resistance, rode in every direction. The Sepoys recognized him, and opened a continuous fire on his staff. The shot rattled all around him, and at length one of his aids fell. Seeing no other way of taking the place, he resolved to burn it. The

artillery was ordered back, and the thatched roofs fired, while the marksmen, with cocked rifles, stood ready to pick off the first man driven out by the flames. At this critical moment the field engineer, who had gone round to the farther side to reconnoitre, came spurring back, and told Havelock that the enemy, 6,000 strong, was rapidly advancing upon the place. Leaving the Sikhs to finish the village, Havelock ordered the troops to march round to the right, and thus turn the position. The infantry formed and moved off in beautiful order, but the fields, being soaked with rain, were so soft that it was almost impossible to get the artillery through. Sometimes a gun, buried to the axle of the carriage, would remain immovable for five minutes, while those lifting at it became the target for the matchlock men firing from their loopholes. At last, however, they all got round to the main road again, and hurried on through the groves that encircled the place. Emerging from these, a vast plain lay stretched out before them, half covered with water. Through this ran a high, dry road, on or near which were massed 6,000 men, moving steadily down with drums and trumpets playing. The sun was shining brightly, and in its morning beams the glittering swords of the dense squadrons of cavalry, and the long lines of bayonets undulating over the submerged fields, combined to form a picturesque scene. As Havelock's slender force emerged from the mango-grove, his numerical weakness became revealed. But the small, thin line he presented against the imposing masses of the enemy, instead of dis

heartening the British troops, was received by them as an excellent joke,' and served only to awaken mirth and laughter. Their only feeling of regret was that they had no cavalry to follow up the rascals after they had soundly beaten them. This was the first time the rebels had ventured to meet the British in the open field, having hitherto fought behind walls and defences, and the officers were surprised to see them advance so steadily. But they halted when within 1,000 yards, and commenced firing with their heavy guns. The English line continued to advance, though slowly, for the artillery was brought forward with difficulty. At length a portion got near enough to play with effect on the dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while the Enfield rifles began to empty rapidly the saddles of the cavalry. The fire soon became too hot for the latter, and they began to go about by threes. A few minutes after, a sensation was visible in the infantry, and for a moment the line undulated; then, as if seized by a common panic, the whole broke and fled like a flock of sheep, and never stopped till they reached another village, nine miles distant. Fifteen guns were abandoned in the flight, which fell into the hands of the British. It was now two o'clock, and the bugles sounded a halt, to give the weary troops time to rest and cook their dinner. All around them were strewed the dead and dying—along the road and in the fields—their bodies, half submerged in the water; but these grim soldiers felt no compassion, and left the wretches to rot where

they lay, and ate their meal as coolly as they would have done in their tents.

After resting for three hours the troops heard with joy the call of the bugle, and cheerfully took up the line of march for the village (Busherut-gunge) where the rebels had rallied. This was a walled town, surrounded by ditches filled with water. The gate was defended by a round tower, on which were mounted four cannon; while a house near it was loopholed and well defended. Behind the village ran a stream, crossed by a single bridge, to a causeway that passed through flooded fields beyond. Havelock, wishing to cut off the enemy's retreat, ordered the 64th to move round the place and get between it and the bridge, while the 78th Highlanders stormed the earthworks in front. The latter, however, flushed with recent victory, flung themselves with such fury on the intrenchments that they carried them and the town before the 64th could reach the bridge to intercept the fugitives.

By sunset the battle was over. Thus, with the exception of three hours, this noble little army had marched and fought from early dawn till nightfall, under the overpowering heat of a July sun.

In this last engagement, Havelock's son, who, like his father, loved to be where the shot fell thickest, had a horse shot under him.

The shades of evening were now gathering over the landscape, and the wearied soldiers stood leaning on their arms in the narrow street of the village, when they suddenly caught sight of Havelock riding slowly along. In an instant the cry passed from lip

to lip—"Clear the way for the general!" "Clear the way for the general!" A bright smile suddenly broke over the stern face of Havelock, and he exclaimed—"My brave fellows, you have done that already!"

This unexpected reply and compliment electrified the troops, and they shook the town with their frantic cheers; and as his form disappeared down the street, "God save the General" rolled in earnest accents after him.

The troops encamped that night on the causeway beyond the town.

The swamps by night and the alternate rains and July sun by day, had begun to make sad work with that little army; and although the soldiers were elated by their victories, Havelock, with his clear judgment, saw that he must stop in his triumphant march. He had advanced but little over a third of the way to Lucknow, yet a fifth of his force was *hors du combat*. Cholera and dysentery had already made their appearance, and were smiting down his troops faster than the bullets of the enemy. His march had but just commenced, and even should the cholera not increase, and no heavier affliction be met with than he had already overcome, yet, at the rate his force was diminishing, he would have less than 600 men when he reached Lucknow. With such a handful, it would be impossible to force his way through an intrenched city, occupied by 20,000 troops.

The night that succeeded this day of victory was probably the saddest one Havelock ever passed; for turn which way he would, the insupportable con

viction was forced upon him that he must *retreat*. But what would the governor-general, who had committed a great task to him—what would the people of England, who had watched his progress with such intense interest and fervent prayers—and what would the suffering, hoping garrison of Lucknow say, when they heard he had turned his back upon the enemy? These were painful reflections, and a commander-in-chief could not be placed in a more trying position than the one he occupied; but his unerring judgment told him he could not advance unless he abandoned his sick and wounded—and even then with no prospect of ultimate success. Yet to stay where he was, amid the unpurged fields, exposed to the reeking pestilential atmosphere, made still more deadly by the insufferable stench of hundreds of unburied corpses, festering in the July sun, would be more fatal to his troops than to advance; he therefore resolved to fall back on Mungulwar, six miles from Cawnpore.

Next morning, he visited the sick and wounded, and as he passed through the camp, and saw the high courage of the well, and knew the disappointment that awaited them, his heart sunk within him; but his resolution was taken, and nothing could swerve him from it.

During the forenoon some prisoners who had been taken and court-martialled, suffered the penalty that was inflicted throughout India on the mutineers. Two were hung on the limb of a tree, while two others found more guilty were sentenced to be blown from the guns. These, stripped naked, were

brought out and placed in sight of the suspended corpses. They were splendidly formed men, tall, powerful, and with limbs that seemed modelled from some antique statue. Both were in the prime of life, yet met this horrible death with the same composure they would have lain down to repose. With graceful and dignified step, and head erect, and fearless look, the first walked steadily up to the loaded cannon, and leaned carelessly on the muzzle. Not a quiver of the lip, not a change in the expression of the eye, or hue of the cheek was visible, although the Sepoys that looked on were pale as ashes. When the soldiers had finished binding him, they stepped back, and the word "Fire," broke the breathless silence. A sudden flash, a muffled report, "a sickening effluvia that tainted the atmosphere,"—mangled, bleeding and burnt masses of flesh scattered in every direction—the head shooting like a rocket into the sky, and all was over. Nothing daunted, the second met with the same unflinching eye and scornful look the same dreadful fate.*

About two o'clock in the afternoon the order to fall back to Mungulwar passed through the army. These gallant men could not at first believe it true, that they, victors in every fight, were to turn their backs on the cowardly murderers of women and children. They were filled with consternation which gave way to open murmurs of indignation. A little reflection,

* Some may be shocked that Havelock could inflict so fearful a punishment; but it must be remembered that it is no worse than hanging, and moreover that Havelock had to obey orders, and hence was no more responsible for the death of these murderers than a jury which renders a verdict according to the law, or a judge who passes sentence upon the culprit, or the sheriff who sees that the sentence is executed.

however, showed them the injustice of their conduct. They knew a braver, or more determined man than their general never led troops to battle—they knew also, that his soul was set on relieving the distressed garrison at Lucknow, and nothing but the most powerful reasons could swerve him from his purpose. They were also well aware that murmurings and complaints would be of no avail, for he was stern as he was kind, and while they loved him they feared him.

Moving back over the scene of their late victory, they reached Oonao towards evening, and encamped. Early next morning they continued their march to Mungulwar, an elevated, healthy position, and began to put it in a state of defence. In the meantime Havelock dispatched his sick and wounded to Cawnpore; and requested General Neill to send him reinforcements. Though this brave officer had not half the men he needed, he cheerfully forwarded all but a mere handful, which brought up Havelock's forces to 1,400 men. His artillery was strengthened by two 24-pound guns under Lieutenant Smethell. Havelock inquired of this officer how his native troops had behaved. The lieutenant replied, "very well except the Lascars, who had threatened some time before to spike the guns whenever they came into action." "I cannot afford," said Havelock, "to have a single traitor in my camp; call out the detachment." They were paraded, both British and natives, and Havelock, after slowly riding up and down the line, paused and congratulated the British troops on their good fortune in being incorporated into an army of heroic soldiers, who had six times met the enemy, and each time de-

feated him, capturing his cannon. While making the address, his back was turned towards the Lascars, who stood facing the British troops. The moment he had finished, he wheeled around, and gazing a moment on the shrinking culprits, sternly denounced them as miscreants and traitors—false to their obligations, and to the government that fostered them. He then turned to the British soldiers and ordered them to disarm the traitors. Trembling, yet with moody brows and glowering aspects, they submitted to the disgrace. Havelock then sent them under a light escort to General Neill, to work in the intrenchments, with orders to have them shot if they attempted to desert; or if they refused to work with the soldiers.

Having disposed of his sick and wounded, Havelock, on the 4th of August, again turned his face towards Lucknow. Nothing exhibits the indomitable will and daring of the man more than this second attempt with his small force to reach Lucknow.

The first night he halted on his old battle-field at Oonao. The next morning, hearing that the rebels were again concentrated at Busserut-gunje, he marched forward to give them battle.

On approaching the place, he directed the 24-pounders to keep along the road, while Colonel Hamilton, with the Highlanders and Sikhs, were sent to turn the left of the village. Soon the well-known shout of the Highlanders, blending in with that of the Sikhs, told that they were making one of their magnificent charges. The enemy at first retired slowly and sullenly, taking their guns with them; but the heavy shot of the 24-pounders that searched

every part of the village, soon drove them over the stream. Here they halted, and opened a withering fire on the causeway. Havelock ordered up his artillery, and under the cover of its fire, the 84th dashed across before the rebels could prepare to dispute the passage. The heavy guns followed, and opening with grape and canister on the cavalry sent them quickly to the right about, and soon the whole force was in full retreat. Havelock then brought over the remainder of his troops, and moving rapidly forward came to a rich farming country sprinkled with hamlets, each one of which was filled with matchlock men. Spreading out his force to the right and left, he swept these one after another like a whirlwind. The white puffs of smoke that dotted the fields and villages kept steadily receding, till this belt of cultivation was passed, and the army drew up on the borders of a large open plain on which were half a dozen fortified villages, and as many different camps. One more imposing than the rest occupied an open space with a large red and white striped tent towering above it, while all around, infantry and cavalry were gathered in large numbers. Havelock ordered the 24-pounders to throw grape and shrapnell among them, when they quickly dispersed. The infantry had not yet come up, so no pursuit was attempted.

Havelock now consulted with members of his staff as to the propriety of advancing further with his weak force. Between the sick and wounded and killed, he was reduced to less than a thousand fighting men. With these, even if a free road was left open to Lucknow, he could not storm three strong

positions defended by 30,000 men, which barred his entrance to the city. Havelock never confidentially advised with but three of his staff officers. These unanimously decided that an advance to the relief of the garrison with his present force involved the total destruction of the whole army. The next morning, therefore, he fell back towards Mungulwar. The village of Busserut-gunge presented a ghastly appearance as the troops marched through it, for three hundred corpses strewed the streets, many of them mangled in the most frightful manner by round shot—arms and legs lying yards away from the bodies to which they belonged. Where they lay the avenging soldiers left them, and leisurely retraced their steps to their old camp, where they rested until the 11th. During this time, after much deliberation it was resolved to recross the Ganges.

It required a strong effort on the part of Havelock to come to this decision. It was impossible to tell when reinforcements would arrive so as to enable him to advance again to the relief of Lucknow,—the great object of his almost superhuman efforts. In the meantime the garrison, hearing of his retreat, might give up in despair, or be compelled to succumb to the overwhelming force of the enemy, and another Cawnpore tragedy shock the world. Nor was this all. Encouraged by success, and his army swelled by reinforcements, Nana Sahib might then surround his little army with 40,000 men and cut off his retreat to Allahabad. Whichever way he looked it was impenetrable gloom. His little band he knew would do all that could be accomplished by so small

a number; but there is a limit to human strength. Besides, cholera was mowing down his brave troops in camp faster than they fell when storming over the enemy's intrenchments, and where its ravages would end no one could tell.

As he surveyed the gloomy prospect around him, he could see but little ground for hope, yet his high courage never faltered a moment, and he wore the same serene, confident look before his men that he did in the heat of battle. But we find what his feelings were in a letter written to his wife in this short interval of repose. After stating that he everywhere had beaten his foes, he adds, "*but things are in a most perilous state*. If we succeed in restoring anything it will be by God's especial mercy. *I must now write as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis*. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour. We shall meet in heaven." Like the apostle of old, he saw the perils that surrounded him, and, like him, could say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me."

The retreat of Havelock from Busserut-gunge was, as he had foreseen, pernicious in its effects—for the rebels construed it into a confession of weakness, a final abandonment of Lucknow to its fate; and taking courage, began to assemble in great numbers. They reoccupied Busserut-gunge, and moved down to Opanao, only a few miles from Havelock's camp, so as to be ready to fall on his troops the moment they became engaged in the delicate operation of passing the river. Roused by this insult, he determined

to give them another chastisement on the old battleground. The troops, however, were not aware of this resolution of their general, and as everything but their bedding, even their spare ammunition, had been sent down to the banks of the river in the morning, they expected shortly to cross over. But at three o'clock, to their utter amazement, they heard the bugles sounding the "turn out," and learned that they were once more to seek the enemy at Busserut-gunge. Encumbered with no baggage, with nothing but their clothes on their backs, they cheerfully took up the line of march towards the scene of their former brilliant exploits.

Arriving at Oonao, the advanced guard drove out the detachments, and the army bivouacked under the trees that surround the village. Roused by the trumpet at early dawn, they moved rapidly off towards Busserut-gunge. The enemy did not venture again to defend this village, but had intrenched a place called Boorbeakechowki, some miles nearer Oonao. They were about 4,000 strong, with 500 cavalry, while Havelock's entire force numbered scarcely 800 men. Their right rested on the village itself, and in front of it—the left on a mound, which had been converted into a battery. A breastwork and ditch, 400 yards long, connected these, on which was massed the infantry. A large swamp lay right in front of this position on which were placed six field-guns. It was impossible to turn it, and Havelock saw that he must lead his little band boldly up in front. This he would not have minded if the ground had permitted him to

move his heavy guns up rapidly, for their overwhelming fire would soon have silenced the enemy's batteries, and the English bayonet could do the rest. But he knew it would be slow work, carrying his artillery over the swamp, while the troops, in the meantime, would be exposed to an overwhelming fire. The only good ground was on the right, against which the 78th fusileers and four guns were sent. The 84th moved off to the left, while Havelock, with the remaining force, boldly took the swamp, and pressed straight on the enemy's centre. The moment he came within range, their batteries opened with shot and shell. The air was filled with the hissing shot and exploding shells, while to the right and left the grape came in a perfect shower. Probably there never was a more fearful fire concentrated in so small a space; and but for a fortunate blunder of the enemy, it is doubtful whether Havelock would have brought half of his army out of the battle. The enemy had miscalculated their distance, and most of the iron tempest swept harmlessly over the heads of the British troops. Under this canopy of death, Havelock kept toiling on, until at length he got his guns in position, when their fire shook terribly the whole rebel line. Battery after battery was abandoned, until only the chief redoubt, manned with three guns, remained unsilenced. On this the 78th Highlanders advanced without firing a shot. With firm and rapid step, they silently breasted the fiery sleet, until near enough to charge; then sending over the din of battle that stern, terrific cheer which always her-

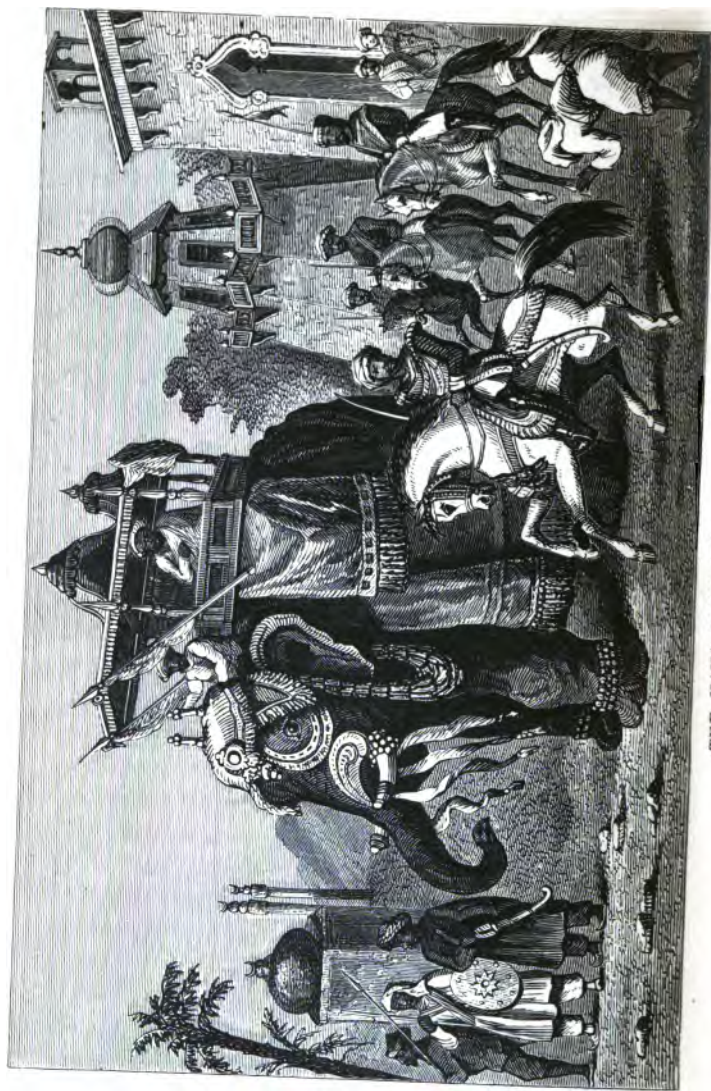
alded their final onset, they swept with resistless fury over the redoubt. The gunners at first defended their pieces bravely, and kept firing till those grim Highlanders began to ascend the slope, when they could stand it no longer, and turned and fled.

Cheers to the front, and cheers to the right and left, were now heard; and the eighth battle since the 12th of July was won. The cavalry could not follow through the swamps, and the infantry were too fatigued to pursue, and so the bugles sounded a halt.

Strange to say, Havelock's loss in this engagement was only thirty-five. Burying his dead, and placing his wounded on litters, he marched out of the village, in which 200 of the enemy lay dead or dying, and leisurely retraced his steps to Oonao. The soldiers halted here to cook some food, and then in the cool of the evening moved on to their old camp. The next morning the passage of the river was effected without molestation, and Havelock found himself once more in Cawnpore, with no hope, at least for a month, if ever, of being able to advance to the relief of Lucknow.

In the meanwhile, Nana Sahib having been heavily reinforced by mutineers from various quarters, had reoccupied Bithoor and the adjacent valleys, in order to establish his power in that locality. Havelock saw that this nest of hornets must be broken up, although his troops were worn out, while 335 were on the list of sick and wounded. In a dispatch stating these facts, and dated only two days after he had recrossed the Ganges, to Cawnpore, he says,

but "I do not despond. I must march to-morrow against Bithoor, but it seems advisable to look the evil in the face, for there is no chance but between reinforcements and gradual absorption by disease. I don't halt while the enemy keeps the field." That same day Neill, with a mere handful of men, fell on the left wing of Nana, and drove it in confusion back to Bithoor. The next day, Havelock put himself at the head of his band of invincibles, and marched eleven miles to attack the main force, consisting of 4,000 men. At noon of a hot August day he came in sight of the enemy's cavalry hovering in front, into which a couple of round shot, at a long distance, were pitched, to make them unmask their position. After reconnoitering, Havelock discovered that their centre rested on a bridge which crossed a stream running in front of Bithoor, his right and left on two hamlets, while his flanks were well protected by fields of sugar-cane, which effectually covered them. Bithoor, occupying a rising ground, with its brick houses and grove of trees, lay farther in the rear, and was also filled with troops. Havelock saw that his favorite measure of turning the enemy could not be adopted here on account of the stream, and he, therefore, moved straight upon their several positions. The artillery opened within 1,000 yards, but soon limbered up and advanced to within 700. After a few rounds it again limbered up, and reopened at canister range. Suddenly the rebel infantry, who had not fired a shot, waiting till the British came within close range, poured in a destructive volley. The guns, drawn by bullocks,



THE NANA SAHIB, WITH HIS ESCORT.

kept advancing; but the Highlanders could not stand their slow movements, and with a cheer made a rush at the battery. The rebels stood to their guns nobly, and never flinched till the bayonets of the Highlanders were at their breasts. It was the first time those stern men had been able to get at the Sepoys with the bayonet, and they now used it without mercy upon them. The British were successful at every point, and drove the enemy back into the village. The troops were now thoroughly exhausted, and reaching the large inclosure surrounding the residency formerly occupied by the British agent near Nana, flung themselves on the ground to snatch a little rest. But in a few moments the bugles sounded the advance, and they staggered up to drive the rebels from the village itself. This was severe work—the streets were narrow, some of them winding, while almost every house had to be carried separately. One Highlander and a Madras fusileer, reduced to a rifle between them, entered a building where there were seven Sepoys, and killed the whole of them. Some of the mutineers, enraged at their defeat, broke their muskets and withdrew, weeping. No pursuit was attempted, for the troops were too exhausted—many of them lying utterly prostrate along the road and in the streets. The enemy fled to Soorajpore, whither Havelock wished to follow him, but without cavalry he saw it would be useless. Only 50 of the British had fallen, while the enemy had lost between 300 and 400, many of whom had been struck down by the bayonets of the Highlanders. After the battle was over, Havelock rode

along the line, and although the troops were scarcely able to stand, they sent up cheer after cheer with the same enthusiasm they did when flushed with their first victory. "*Don't cheer me, my lads,*" he replied, "*you did it all yourselves.*" This march of eleven miles, followed by a severe battle, under the burning sun of an August noonday, proved too much for the already overtasked troops, and that afternoon cholera and dysentery broke out with alarming violence among them.

The next day, Havelock marched back to Cawnpore. It was now plain to the most casual observer that the fighting power of that army was exhausted, and nothing more could be expected of it until it had rest.

When one considers the prostrating effect of an Indian sun upon European troops, it seems incredible that this army, without tents, and often fasting, could have made the long marches and fought all the severe battles it had, between the 12th of July and 17th of August. These extraordinary efforts however had not been made without a fearful sacrifice—they had cost Havelock more than half of his army. Less than 800 men now answered to the roll call; while on every side the enemy were gathering by tens of thousands. Havelock, in his dispatches to the commander-in-chief, declared that he was ready to fight anything, yet he was convinced that one lost battle would be most disastrous to the British cause. Without reinforcements, he said, it was impossible to advance; in fact, he thought the emergency might arise that would compel him to fall back on Allahabad.

Two days after the affair at Bithoor, Havelock issued a dispatch calling the attention of government to those, who by their personal heroism had rendered themselves worthy of the Victoria cross. In it he mentioned his own son in the following language: "I also recommend for the same decoration, Lieutenant Havelock, 10th foot. In the combat at Cawnpore, he was my aid-de-camp. The 64th regiment had been much under artillery fire, from which it had severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when perceiving that the enemy had brought out the last reserved gun (a 24-pounder), and were rallying around it, I called up the regiment to rise and advance. Without any other word from me, Lieutenant Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun. Major Stirling, commanding the regiment, was in front, dismounted, but the lieutenant continued to move steadily on in front of the regiment at a foot pace, on his horse. The gun discharged shot until the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In went the corps led by the lieutenant, who still steered steadily on the gun's muzzle, until it was mastered by a rush of the 64th." This decoration was an object of great ambition among the younger officers, and often stimulated them to deeds of desperate daring—the selection therefore of his son by Havelock, as one worthy to receive it, naturally caused dissatisfaction among some. It was carefully suppressed, however, till long after Havelock's death. The officers of the 64th regiment pretended that the dispatch reflected on them, and

finally made their grievances known to the commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell. They complained that young Havelock, who was entirely disconnected with the corps, had taken advantage of his position as member of the staff, to usurp the place of their proper officer, and in so doing had robbed the regiment of its well-earned honors. Besides, they said it reflected on the courage and ability of Major Stirling, as if he were not doing his duty, or that his regiment refused to follow him. He was on foot, they said, because his horse had been wounded by a shell bursting near him. In reply to a statement embodying these views, Sir Colin Campbell sent a letter to the adjutant-general, which was laid before the Duke of Cambridge, in which he requested that some step should be taken to relieve Major Stirling from the implied censure contained in Havelock's dispatch. He took occasion also to reflect very severely both on young Havelock and his father. He says, "This instance is one of many in which, since the institution of the Victoria cross, advantage has been taken by young aids-de-camp, and other staff officers, to place themselves in prominent situations for the purpose of attracting attention. To them life is of little value as compared with the gain of public honor, but they do not reflect, and the generals to whom they belong do not reflect, on the cruel injustice thus done to gallant officers who, besides the excitement of the moment of action, have all the responsibility attendant on this situation." Farther on, referring to Havelock's dispatch, he says: "By such dispatches as the one above alluded to, it is made to appear to the world, that a

regiment would have proved wanting in courage except for an accidental circumstance, such a reflection is most galling to British soldiers, indeed is almost intolerable, and the fact is remembered against it by all the other corps in her majesty's service. Soldiers feel such things most keenly, I would therefore again beg leave to dwell on the injustices sometimes done by general officers, when they give a public preference to those attached to them, over old officers who are charged with the most difficult and responsible duties." This certainly is severe language in a commander-in-chief, when applied to any major-general, but doubly so when used towards one who has just closed a long and brilliant career in death. With regard to the censure passed on young Havelock, we have nothing to say, for if he never has any more serious charge brought against him, than that in a critical moment he placed himself in front of a regiment and walked his horse straight up to the muzzle of a 24-pounder, he will need no defenders. The more complaints of that kind the better. The narrow-minded, envious officers who make them, have one advantage over him—no such charge will ever be preferred against *them*.

But with regard to the implied censure of the noble old veteran, whose lips dumb in death could make no reply, there is much to be said. Sir Colin Campbell could have corrected any wrong impression, and healed any wounded feelings of the regiment, if they really existed, without casting disrespect on one around whose grave the tears of the civilized world were yet falling.

There is no need, however, in this case, to appeal to that generosity which spares the dead, nor that chivalric feeling which screens the brave. Havelock in life would not have wished the one, and dead he needs not the other. Let us see whether there is any truth in Campbell's charge that Havelock "made it appear to the world that the regiment would have proved wanting except for an accidental circumstance." In his dispatch reporting the battle of Cawnpore, Havelock says: "nor was the gallant 64th behind. Charging with equal bravery, another village on the left, and firing four volleys as they rapidly advanced up the rising ground, they soon made the place their own, and captured its three guns." Again: "But the 64th, led by Major Stirling and my aid-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they silently and steadily came, then, with a cheer, charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valor." And in the general order issued the morning after the battle, he says: "64th—you have put to silence the jibes of your enemies throughout India. Your fire was reserved until you saw the color of your enemy's moustaches—this gave us the victory." Now, after such eulogiums, both in public dispatches and general orders, how unblushingly false the intimation that Havelock had "made it appear to the world that the regiment would have proved wanting in courage, except for an accidental circumstance." It will require more acute optics than even Sir Colin Campbell possesses, to discern

how a regiment "*can be 'galled' by such public eulogiums, or how such disparaging language can be 'remembered against it by all the other corps of her majesty's service.'*" Campbell intimates that Havelock had done this regiment injustice, when the truth is he covered it with glory; and that he had "given occasion for other corps to speak against it," when he openly declared to them and to the world that they had "*forever put to silence the jibes of their enemies.*" Neither a few envious officers of the 64th regiment, nor the letter of Sir Colin Campbell, can alter the record. It is to be feared that this gallant chief, whose deeds have been the admiration of the world, received the statements of officers, not as complaints which should be investigated, but as a verdict to be published. That letter will not add to his renown, and the world will say that great as he is, he lacks some of those higher, nobler qualities which made still more illustrious the heroic deeds of Sale and Outram.

This whole matter, when investigated, instead of showing that Havelock deserved censure, furnishes another illustration of his inflexible justice and truth. In his first public dispatches he lavishes praise on the 64th regiment, and caused their commander to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. What more could be done? Did the troops wish for more glowing eulogiums? Did Major Stirling expect more than one promotion for one battle? The Victoria cross was designed especially for deeds of personal heroism; and whoever presumed to say it was not well bestowed on young Havelock? Major Sterling

received the substantial honor of preferment—young Havelock only the empty one of a badge, and what inducement, indeed, would the latter have to peril his life in the desperate onset, and furnish a lofty example to troops, if, because his father happened to be the commander-in-chief, he was to be entirely overlooked. Havelock felt that in recommending his son to the Victoria cross, which he had so nobly earned, it was incumbent on him to go more into particulars than in any other case, in order to relieve himself from the suspicion of partiality. His straightforward soul never dreamed that his truthfulness would be tortured to his discredit. All the circumstances in the case warrant one in believing that the whole complaint had its origin in one of those little plots so often got up by small, narrow-souled officers, who, unable to win laurels themselves, endeavor to tarnish those won by others. If an officer never gets worse treated after a battle than to be immediately promoted, and a regiment has no heavier load of obloquy to carry than the lavish praises which Havelock bestowed on the 64th, they may rest quite easy about their reputations.

Reinforcements were at length promised, and Havelock determined to halt where he was till they arrived. In the meantime, Sir James Outram, who had been appointed to the military command of the Cawnpore and Dinapore divisions, reached the latter place. While he was preparing to march to the aid of Havelock, the sad news was borne to the dispirited, suffering garrison of Lucknow that the promised relief must no longer be expected, at least for some time to come.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Mortality among the Garrison—Defeat of Lawrence by the Rebels—Blowing up Muchee Bhawun—Description of the Residency—Death Scene of Lawrence—Of Miss Palmer—Confusion and Suffering of the Garrison—Effluvia from Dead Cattle—An Attack of the Enemy—Sickness—Flies—An Attack repulsed—Excitement of the Garrison on hearing Firing in the direction of Cawnpore—News from Havelock's Force—Effect of the Report of his Retreat—Despair of the Garrison—Springing of Mines—Diary of one of the Officers—Also of the Wife of one of the Chaplains—Increased Sufferings of the Garrison—News that Havelock was again advancing—Final Approach, and joy of the Garrison.

THE siege of Lucknow stands without a parallel in the military history of the world. Its duration—continuing nearly five months—the unfaltering courage of the garrison, that never sunk before the overwhelming batteries and force of the enemy—the privation and sufferings, and the spirit in which they were borne by women as well as men, combine to make its story one of the most remarkable in the annals of heroism. Out of the 145 officers in the garrison, eighty-three were either killed or wounded, or more than one-half, while many of them were wounded several times. Of the 470 women and

children 54 children died from disease caused by exposure, and the fetid, pestilential atmosphere they were compelled to breathe.

Lawrence originally held the entire city; and on the 29th of June, hearing that the rebel army under Nana was advancing on Lucknow, he resolved to march forth and give him battle. Misled by wayfarers, who reported no troops between Lucknow and Chinhut, the force kept on unsuspectingly for several miles, when as if springing out of the ground, there stood before it an overwhelming array of infantry and cavalry, which till that moment had been completely concealed behind a belt of trees. Though taken by surprise, Lawrence immediately directed an 8-inch howitzer to open on the rebel ranks, and check their advance until he could bring forward six guns which were in the rear. But the order for this latter movement was not obeyed, for both drivers and artillerymen were natives of Oude and traitors, and refused to stir. When this appalling news was told to the commander, he galloped up, and seeing his orders received in sullen silence, drew his sword upon them. It was to no purpose; the drivers overturned the guns in the ditch, and cutting the traces galloped off to the enemy. He saw at once that the day was lost, and ordered the bugles to sound a retreat. But with the first backward movement the rebels rushed forward yelling and shouting, while the cavalry swept down and completely enveloped his small force. Lawrence strove nobly to bear up against this overwhelming tide, but outflanked and deprived of his artillery, he was steadily crowded back into the

streets of Lucknow, where he became completely enveloped in fire from the surrounding houses. The little band, though it struggled bravely against such hopeless odds, was dreadfully cut up. The retreat at length became a flight, which was not arrested until the survivors, staggering from exhaustion and the intense heat of the day, got under cover of their guns.

It was the intention of the commander to include a larger space in his defence than the garrison finally occupied, but the heavy losses of this disastrous day so reduced his force that he abandoned it. The fort Muchee Bhawun, some three-quarters of a mile from the Residency, was garrisoned, and he had determined to hold it, but the enemy following up his success, so completely besieged him that his communication with it, if not already cut off, he knew soon would be. He therefore determined to blow it up, and next day dispatched messengers to the commander with orders to that effect. As it was very doubtful, however, whether they would be able to get through, he directed the order to be signalled by the rude telegraph which had been previously established on the top of the Residency, to convey information to the fort. But the moment the men appeared on the flat roof, there was such a shower of rifle balls rained upon it that it was found almost impossible to work the telegraph. The ropes were cut, the pulleys went wrong, and it was three hours before they were able to convey to the engineer anxiously watching at the fort, the simple dispatch to evacuate the place at midnight, and blow up the

magazine. As the hour appointed for the retreat to commence, approached, the troops at the Residency stood to arms, and waited with intense anxiety the arrival of their comrades. It was feared they might be intercepted and compelled to fight their way in through overwhelming numbers. In order to distract the attention of the enemy, just before twelve o'clock the mortars and guns from the different batteries were directed to open a rapid and sustained fire. The enemy were completely misled by it; and amid the deafening explosions of artillery the garrison of the fort silently and swiftly passed over the intervening space, and approached the lower water gate, as it was called, by which they were to enter. Through some inexcusable blunder the gates were shut, and as the head of the column approached the officers shouted out "open the gates." The artillerymen having charge of the guns above catching the words indistinctly, construed them into the order "open with grape," and sprung to their pieces. In another moment the column would have been torn into fragments, but the mistake was fortunately discovered in time, and the gates were thrown open, and the troops marched safely in without the loss of a man. In the meantime, the train to the magazine containing 240 barrels of powder and 6,000,000 of cartridges was lighted. The troops were still standing to their arms when the midnight heavens were illumined by a sudden flash, and the next moment the very earth shook under the tremendous explosion—Muchee Bhawun was in ruins. The siege now properly commenced. It is difficult to give an accurate

description of what was called the Residency occupied by the garrison. The space inclosed by defences was very irregular in its shape. The main line fronting the city was run so as to connect adjacent houses which themselves could be turned into so many separate forts. A church, post-office, houses for the principal commissioners and officers, and a group of brick buildings scattered here and there made the place which was inclosed, a little village by itself. In the centre of the northern half stood the Residency proper, where all the official business of the commissioner was transacted. This was a very large and beautiful brick building, capable of holding several hundred people. Standing on an eminence, its roof commanded a splendid panorama, embracing the entire city with its gardens and groves, and the surrounding country. At the commencement of the siege, only a portion of the external line of defences was completed, but the soldiers were immediately set to work, and soon surrounded themselves with works which they felt able to hold.

The next day after the blowing up of the fort, the garrison was deprived of the services of their brave commander. The morning previous a shell had entered the apartment where he was sitting, conversing with his private secretary, and burst without injuring either. His staff begged him to change his quarters to some less exposed situation, but he laughingly replied, that the room was so small another shell would probably never pitch into it. A few hours later, as he was reclining on his couch, in the same apartment, listening to some papers that an

officer was reading to him, a shell entered the window, and bursting on the bed, nearly tore his right leg from his body. He was immediately removed to a house less under fire, where one of the chaplains prayed with him and administered the sacrament. The noble soldier knew that he could not survive, and although his agony was intense, he conversed calmly for an hour. He sent messages to his children, and brothers and sisters—spoke tenderly of his wife, long since dead, whom he hoped to meet in a better world—called his nephew, George Lawrence, to him, blessed him affectionately, and told him he had always loved him as a son. He then addressed his staff and the other officers, who, astounded at this sudden and great calamity, had crowded round, and bade them all an affectionate farewell. It was a touching scene, the silent room, the group of weeping officers, the calm, steady tones of the dying soldier—while all around shot and shell were crashing, and the very building shaking under the incessant explosions of artillery. After the room was vacated, the general became almost delirious with pain, and all the afternoon his screams and cries were most distressing to hear. He continued in this way until the 4th, sometimes unconscious from chloroform, sometimes repeating in a clear, strong voice, after the chaplain, psalms and prayers, as they were read to him, and then again rending his apartment with his cries of agony. The groans and shrieks of the dying veteran heard in the intervals of the booming of cannon, struck painfully on the ear, and sounded like a sad omen to that little garrison beleaguered by 10,000 foes

thirsting for their blood. He died on the morning of the 4th, calmly and peacefully as became a Christian soldier. A noble man, a true soldier, a great commander, and a sincere Christian, he rested with the good, leaving a name that will never be spoken but with love and reverence.

Half an hour before he died, his nephew, George, while walking in the veranda, overcome with grief, received a bullet in his shoulder. He was carried into the same room with him, and it was a mournful spectacle to see the young officer, pale with pain, stretched near the corpse of his uncle.

"No military honors marked the funeral rites of the chief commissioner of Oude. There was neither time nor opportunity for the pomp of grief. A hurried prayer, offered up amidst the booming of cannon and volleys of hostile musketry, performed the soldier's requiem, as a few spadefuls of earth fell on the mortal remains of one whose name is inscribed among the most worthy of the sons of England."

Before his death, he appointed Major Banks his successor as chief commissioner, and Colonel Inglis commander of the troops.

On the same day that the general received his mortal wound, Miss Palmer, daughter of Colonel Palmer, a beautiful young lady of seventeen, fresh from England, had her thigh so shattered by a round shot, that it had to be amputated. In a few days she also was laid in her grave, amid the roar of hostile cannon.

For several days the utmost confusion and disorder prevailed in the garrison, for the unexpected defeat

of the general had precipitated everything, and in shutting out the enemy they had shut out a great many of their servants. Terror and treason drove nearly the whole of the remainder into the city, so that many of the officers had not a single servant. The head of the commissariat was wounded, and his office broken up, while the road that led to the first stores to be opened, was swept by such a deadly fire, that the camp-followers preferred to go without food rather than expose themselves to it, and no rations were distributed for several days. All the available force was needed in the defences, so that the bullocks kept for drawing the guns, and the herds of cattle with which the garrison were to be supplied with meat, remained uncared for, and roamed over the place in search of something to eat, straying frequently under the fire of the enemy, where they were shot down in great numbers. These rapidly decomposing under the burning sun, filled the whole place with an insufferable stench. The horses of the officers careered around, and mad with thirst, fought furiously, and fell on every side beneath the raining balls. The women and children, huddled together in the various buildings, gazed with pallid countenances on each other as the heavy shot and shell crashed and burst over their heads, or shrieked with affright as some little child was suddenly torn into fragments by a cannon ball falling into their midst. The sudden change from calm repose and quietness into this wild hurricane of shot and shell, and scene of slaughter, seemed like a dream. Ten thousand rifles and muskets sent their storm of bullets into the

devoted place, while gun answering gun, day and night, made the very earth tremble beneath their feet. Amid the explosions came the fierce roll of drums and bugle blasts, and yells, and shouts of those clamorous for blood. Every house became a target, and the women and children were safe nowhere above ground. The wife of one of the chaplains writes :

"We all * sleep on the floor of the Tye Khana, where we spread mattresses, and fit into each other like bits in a puzzle, so as best to feel the punkah. The gentlemen sleep up-stairs, in a long veranda sort of a room, on the side of the house least exposed to the fire. My bed consists of a purdah and a pillow. In the morning we roll up all our bedding, and pile them in heaps against the walls. We have only room for very few chairs down there, which are assigned to invalids ; and most of us take our meals seated on the floor with our plates on our knees. We are always obliged to light a candle for breakfast and dinner, as the room is perfectly dark."

The officers and men could not collect the cattle and horses till after dark, on account of the fire ; while night after night they would work till one o'clock in the morning, digging pits with their own hands, in which to hide the putrid carcasses. Round shot would plough up the ground around the grave over which the chaplain was reading the funeral service ; and every day some of the brave defenders,

* Eighteen women and children occupied one house.

as well as children and women, were borne to their last resting-place amid the thunder of cannon. On others, amid all these horrors, came the pangs of child-birth; and the unconscious babe was ushered into the world by the bursting of shells and the roar of guns.

At length, the rainy season set in, and while Havelock's gallant little band were toiling over the inundated fields, on their way from Allahabad to their first battle-field at Futtehpoore, the garrison, drenched to their skins, stood to their guns, or lay down, many of them, on the soaked ground. No repose was allowed them—for day and night, in storm and sunshine, the enemy kept up an incessant fire or constant alarms. The morning of the 9th dawned slowly, for the heavens were black with the surcharged clouds, and the rain came down in torrents. There was a short lull in the fire of the enemy, and naught was heard save the peals of thunder, as they rolled heavily over the plain; when suddenly loud shouts rent the air, followed by the shrill blasts of bugles sounding the advance. The next moment two columns of attack were seen moving swiftly on the Baillie's guard gate and the Cawnpore battery; but as they came near, they met such a withering fire of grape and musketry that they wheeled and fled.

One day was now very like another. The wet weather had added cholera, dysentery, and fever to the catalogue of evils, and everything seemed combining to hasten forward the doom that hung over the garrison. The stench from the unburied animals at length became almost intolerable, bringing

in swarms of flies that covered the persons of both sick and well, and filled all the food. The children sunk rapidly under these fearful privations, and almost daily some one of these little sufferers would be laid in the earth. Mothers, in view of the probable fate that awaited them, scarcely knew whether it were best to mourn their death. Stunned and stupefied by the incessant clamor and uproar around them, and their nerves unstrung by the almost constant crash of cannon balls through the dwellings they occupied, some grew indifferent to life. Others, becoming accustomed to the dangers to which they were hourly exposed, and exhausted by the long continued confinement and heat of the underground apartments, would come out of a moonlight night and walk the veranda, in spite of the bullets that rattled against the walls. It was a strange contrast—the calm serenity of the starry heavens above, and the smoking volcano below. As the siege progressed, the rations were gradually reduced, until each received only a quarter of his usual supply. The enemy had loopholed houses within pistol shot of the British works and the moment a man uncovered himself he became the target of a dozen rifles. These the garrison, by brilliant sorties and mines, gradually cleared away.

On the 20th the enemy made a determined effort to get inside the works. From midnight until eight in the morning they kept unusually quiet, when it was reported that a large body of men were marching within a few hundred yards of the defences. The garrison stood to arms, and at a little after ten a

mine exploded inside the water gate, and almost up to the river defences. The design was evidently to blow up the Redan battery. The explosion was terrific, and as soon as the dust and smoke cleared away, a tremendous cannonade from every gun of the enemy, twenty-five in number, opened, followed by a fierce fire of musketry that swept the Residency like driving hail. Under this fire the troops advanced to the assault of the Redan battery and Innes post. The dark ranks, though riddled with shot, preserved their formation, and kept steadily on over the dead and dying till within ten paces of the batteries, when the fire became so horrible that after balancing a moment in the vain attempt to bear up against it, they surged, like broken billows, back. This, however, did not end the fight, for a heavy firing was kept up till four o'clock in the afternoon. It was reported that the enemy lost this day nearly a thousand men.

The next day at noon while Major Banks was standing on the top of an outhouse surveying the enemy's position with his glass, a musket-ball struck him in the head, and he expired without a word or a groan.

The native troops attached to the garrison behaved well, but their conduct was closely watched, for had they in any of these encounters joined the insurgents, the works would have been swept and all within butchered. On the 23d a native pensioner who had left the garrison nearly a month before, came in, stating that he had been detained a prisoner thirteen days. He had been, however, to Cawnpore, where he found Havelock's force which had defeated Nana

Sahib in three battles, and said it was about to start for the relief of Lucknow. The tidings spread like wild-fire through the Residency, and joyful congratulations were heard on every side.

The enemy now commenced mining systematically, and the overworked garrison were compelled to countermine. Listening galleries were sunk, and wherever the sound of digging could be heard a mine was pushed in that direction. On the 28th they blew up a mine that the besiegers had run to the Sikh square. The same explosion that destroyed it threw down all the adjacent houses.

The next afternoon the garrison was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by the sound of distant and heavy firing in the direction of Cawnpore, and all thought that their deliverers were at hand. Every ear was bent to listen, and each dull, far-off explosion, as it broke like distant thunder over the city sent a thrill of joy through bosoms from which hope had almost fled. Mothers strained their children to their bosoms and wept, some of the soldiers cheered, and at last those on the look-out from the house-tops declared they could see European troops, and "they are coming! they are coming!" ran from lip to lip. But with the approach of evening all these bright hopes vanished, and depression and gloom succeeded.

At this time the stench from the graveyard, caused by the shallowness of the graves, became so insufferable that it was pronounced dangerous to have service read there, and so it was performed in the hospital porch. One chaplain, Mr. Polehampton,

had been shot, and soon after, while in the hospital, died of cholera, so that the duty of burying the dead devolved on Mr. Harris, the only remaining chaplain.

During this month of July, the cannonading was almost incessant, and scarcely a day passed without alarms. The little garrison kept steadily diminishing, the provisions grew scarcer, and men began to fix the limit when resistance must cease.

At length the overwhelming tidings came that Havelock had retired to Cawnpore, and could make no further effort for their deliverance until he received reinforcements—when those would arrive neither he nor they could tell. The news fell like a death-knell on that suffering, waiting garrison. The balls of the enemy and sickness together were fast decimating them—a new disease in the shape of boils and slow fever had attacked them—provisions were running low, the enemy's number augmenting, and now, to crown all, the door of hope that had just been opened, was suddenly, and perhaps forever closed. Brave men looked meaningly on each other, for Cawnpore came back to their memories. It was a pitiful sight, to see this skeleton of an army, standing bravely there amid the "roofless, ruined houses, crumbled walls, exploded mines, open breaches, and disabled guns," beating back, night and day, the overwhelming numbers that crowded to the attack, with no prospect of relief to cheer them. Knowing their weakness, the enemy raised false alarms in the intervals of real attacks, to keep them standing to their arms, and thus wear them out. If the weary soldier taking advantage of a lull

in the storm, laid down to snatch a moment's repose, fifes and bugles, and shouts, and the roar of cannon, would call him quickly to his post again. Such exposure and fatigue told heavily on the troops, and they grew weak and wan, while their numbers became so diminished that they could not work all the batteries at once, and were compelled to run from one to the other in succession, to repel the enemy. This, however, they cheerfully endured, so long as they knew relief was approaching; but now, to be thrown back on themselves, was enough to break down the stoutest heart. The weary eye need look no more towards Cawnpore to catch the fluttering of British banners, the listening ear turn no more thither to hear the welcome roar of their guns. In this night of despair each heart turned to God alone for help, and fervent were the prayers offered up at the divine service, held soon after the heart-sickening news of Havelock's retreat was received.

On the 10th, a mine was sprung opposite Johannes' house, which blew down the defences for sixty feet, giving room for a regiment to pass in perfect order. As soon as the breeze wafted the smoke aside, the enemy, under the cover of a tremendous fire, came down in dense, massive columns, and occupied all the houses in the vicinity of Cawnpore battery. But every effort to get inside of the works was steadily repulsed, and after a long and severe struggle, only thirty succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the ditch of the battery close to the guns. "A hand grenade was rolled right over into the centre of them, when they bolted and ran back." Simultaneous

attacks were made on other posts, but they were all repulsed.

The next day a portion of the left wing of the Residency, which had become completely riddled with round-shot, fell with a crash, burying six men who were sleeping in it, only two of whom were got out alive.

On the 13th, the garrison blew up another extensive mine of the besiegers with great success. The latter had started from the inside of a brick house, and never suspecting that their operations were known, kept hard at work up to the very moment the countermine was fired. The earth heaved and lifted to the explosion, and then down sunk the brick building, burying all beneath it. The silence that followed was broken only by the groans and cries of those who lay crushed under the shivered fragments.

The enemy were now mining in every direction, and though the garrison made untiring efforts to countermine, they had but few men to spare, while even those were constantly called away to defend the batteries from sudden assault, and hence could work only at intervals.

On the 18th, the enemy exploded a mine under one of the buildings in the outer square, occupied by the Sikhs. Three officers and three sentries stood on the top at the time, and were blown into the air, but escaped without injury; the guard below however were all buried in the ruins. When the smoke blew away, a clear breach, thirty feet wide, was discovered. A rebel officer sprang to the top, and shouted to his men to follow, but the order had scarcely left his lips when he fell dead. A second leaped to his

place, but sharing the same fate, the storming party held back. Immediately on the explosion, the drum beat to arms—men were sent to reinforce those who defended the breach, while boxes, doors, planks, tents, everything that could be found, was hurried down and piled up to protect the men.

Thus wore away the hot, long month of August. Between mining and countermining, and repairing defences, removing guns, erecting barricades, and burying the dead, the garrison had night work alone for 300 men; but with their "weakened and diminished force they could seldom furnish more than three fatigue parties of eight or ten men at each relief."

The detailed history of the month of September would be a repetition of that of July and August—differing only in increased sufferings and accumulated woes. The following is a fair specimen of the diary kept by an officer during the month:

"*September 1st.*—At 12 o'clock, midnight, the garrison was aroused by a heavy cannonade from all sides, and much bugling and shouting. . . . Now that the stagnant water was fast drying up, the miasmatic stench in various parts of the garrison were, of a morning, almost insupportable." . . .

"*Sept. 7th.*—The enemy were unusually quiet with their cannon this morning, contenting themselves with mining, while we as busily endeavored to countermine—also unusual commotion among them, large numbers crossing and recrossing the bridge of boats; and about 11 A.M., a regiment with colors, and band playing, and about 1,000 match-lock men, passed from right to left of our position." . . .

"*Sept. 8th.*—A tolerable cannonade kept up all night. . . . The shot fired in by the enemy were yesterday collected, and 280 round-shot, varying from a 24 to a 3-pounder, were gathered from the roof of the brigade mess alone."

"*Sept. 9th.*—During the night a shell exploded in a room occupied by a lady and some children, and though almost every article in the room was destroyed, yet all providentially escaped.

"Finding this morning that the enemy were rapidly mining towards the Cawnpore battery, it was deemed advisable that our mine, containing 200 lbs. of powder, should be exploded, and accordingly, at 10 A.M., it was sprung. The effect was tremendous, and it evidently astonished the enemy, whose miners must have been destroyed. They immediately beat to arms, and opened on us from most of their batteries on that side of our position."

"*Sept. 10th.*—The rain cleared away towards morning, and all was moderately quiet till 6 A.M., from which hour till 10 A.M., an unusually heavy cannonade was kept up and replied to by our guns and mortars."

"*Sept. 11th.*— Much disturbance was heard among the enemy, and the noise of elephants was distinctly heard, as if they were moving some of their guns into other positions. About sunrise two sides of Innes' house, which had been cannonaded daily with 18-pound shot, fell in the post, however, was still nobly held."

"*Sept. 12th.*—A tremendous row and noise in the city all night."

"*Sept. 13th.*—A smart cannonade at daylight." . .

In this manner were nearly four months passed. This monotonous cannonade was varied only by the explosion of mines, brilliant sorties, and the steady repulse of the assaulting columns. The following extracts taken from a lady's diary during the same month will give some conception of the daily life of the women and children:

"*SUNDAY, Sept. 13th.*—Poor little Ina Boileau died last night; she was very ill all yesterday; we knew she could not live. Her poor mother, who had been watching her all night, had fallen asleep quite exhausted, and when she awoke she found the poor child cold in her arms. Her cry of anguish awoke us all. Poor creature! she is distracted; reproaches herself with having gone to sleep; but of course she could not help it." . . .

"*Sept. 14th.*—This evening, when James went over to the hospital, he was dreadfully shocked to find poor Capt. Fulton had just been brought in there, killed by a round-shot at Mr. Gubbins's bastion. His head was completely mashed, and nothing but the mask of the face left. . . . He has a wife and six children at Simla, poor things!" . . .

"*Sept. 14th.*—Capt. Fullerton died last night. He walked out of the hospital window, in the upper story; whether in sleep or delirium is not known. He was taken up insensible, and never spoke again. A round-shot came through the hospital while James was there this evening, and passed from one end to the other, two feet above the men's beds, alarming the poor invalids most terribly." . . .

"*Sept. 17th.*—The eightieth day of our siege. We were all sitting out in the verandah this evening, when an 8-inch shell fell and exploded in a lane not twenty yards off. No one was touched, but we all flew into the house like frightened sheep."

"*Sept. 19th.*—James was sent for last night, to see a poor woman, the wife of a writer, who was shot through her lungs, as she was sitting at work in her room with her children round her." And again: "Two 18-pounders came through the room Em. B. and I used to sleep in, and where we have always gone to perform our alarmed and hurried toilet; it was impossible to wash and dress down in the Tye Khana, and so we have hitherto braved the danger." And again: "We take it in turns to watch during the night, for an hour each; mine is the second watch from 10 to 11; Mrs. Boileau takes from 9 to 10, and wakes me just as I am in my first slumber. I don't exactly know what is gained by these night-watchings, except that we are all very nervous, and are expecting some dreadful catastrophe to happen, so that the rest go to sleep more easily if one of the party is known to be awake."

These extracts, taken at random, are given to show how the weary months passed with that garrison; but they convey no idea of the fatigue, privation, suffering from heat, vermin and confinement, the perpetual alarms, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred.

There is a limit to human endurance, and as the month of September wore on, it was evident that this long, fearful drama was drawing to a close.

Provisions were getting low, and little luxuries for the sick brought fabulous prices: a chicken \$8, brandy \$7 per bottle, a ham \$37, and other articles were bought at similar rates. But few cattle were left to be butchered; while the little meal that could be obtained was filled with flies bloated from putridity. Nearly half of the garrison was dead or disabled, and only 500 were left to keep at bay 50,000. An insufferable stench filled all the atmosphere, and between the suffocating heat by day, and dews by night, the half famished troops drooped and lost their strength.

Bowed forms and wan visages met the eye at every turn, and that strange look which the human countenance assumes in gazing long and steadfastly on a slow approaching, terrible doom was fast imparting one expression to the little garrison. For the thousandth time the fainting spirit had sighed, "have our friends abandoned us to our fate?" and then the memory of Cawnpore would creep like a death-chill through the quivering frame, and heart-breaking prayers and exclamations escape from despairing hearts.

The enemy at length obtained a new supply of guns, with which they erected batteries in all the fields and buildings commanding the different positions within the Residency, and round-shot soon came crashing through apartments hitherto secure, bringing down walls and knocking furniture and bedding into pieces. Nearly the whole line of defences was now surrounded by batteries, while the bullets from tens of thousands of rifles and muskets searched

every part of the inclosure. Nor was this overwhelming, enveloping fire the only cause of serious alarm—the whole place was being mined, and it became impossible for the garrison to ascertain in what direction the enemy were running all their shafts, and even if they did their diminished force could no longer countermine to arrest them.

They felt that they were fighting over a slumbering volcano, which might open at any moment beneath their feet and bury their weak defences in ruins—then nothing would be left but to sell their lives dearly as possible. The infernal fire to which they had been exposed month after month, and the discordant yells with which those demons had made night hideous, were far easier to be borne than the consciousness that they were walking over mysterious chambers of death, ready to open and receive them. Husbands looked on their wives, and fathers on their daughters with strange meaning in their eyes; and desperate resolutions were formed in view of the final catastrophe.

But the heroism of this little band was destined to meet a worthier fate. At length, on the 23d, a letter was received from General Outram, stating that the relieving army had crossed the Ganges, and in a few days would be in Lucknow.

The glad news ran from mouth to mouth, and from house to house—but still they had been told this before, only to be struck back from the sunlight of hope into the abyss of despair. During that afternoon, heavy distant cannonading was heard in the direction of Cawnpore. Are they coming? was asked in whis-

pered accents, and the most intense excitement prevailed in the garrison. There was that wavering between doubt and hope, which ever fills the bosom with the most painful anxiety. Eager inquiries were made of the officers if they thought that cannonading proceeded from their friends. Many shook their heads, saying they could not have advanced so far on account of the heavy rains. At five o'clock, however, the deep booming of cannon again broke over the intrenchments sounding nearer than before, and throwing the garrison into an excitement that was painful to contemplate. It lasted for half an hour, then ceased; but there was little sleep in the garrison that night. The rain came down in torrents, yet through the rushing floods the ear was strained to catch once more the sound of those guns. Before daylight they were again heard, and in the morning, look-outs from the top of the Residency reported that the army was only about four miles distant, and the smoke of cannon could be plainly seen. Doubt was now changed into certainty, and as the explosions, rising louder and nearer proclaimed the advance, the excitement among a portion of the garrison amounted almost to delirium. They ran from one to the other exclaiming, "They are coming! they are coming!" As the deep reverberations rolled over the plain, hysterical sobs would burst forth, and tears fall in showers. Never before did the thunder of artillery sound so musical to mortal ears. Those dumb cannon seemed all at once to become conscious beings, dear friends, and to be talking to them in the distance, saying in stern, yet kind language, "We are coming!" No lute or harp

ever thrilled the heart with such wild ecstasy as did the accents that broke from those bronze lips. Aye, they *were* coming—that serried host of braves. With undaunted souls and brows of wrath, and hearts on fire, they had ploughed their way through the waves of rebellion; and now, over frowning batteries, through clouds of foes, over the dead and dying, were sweeping on like the avenging angel of God, and soon their battle-shout would ring louder than a thousand bugle blasts over those battered intrenchments. Ah, who can describe the sensations of those within the garrison. Eyes that had long looked unmoved on death now moistened with tears—lips that seemed made of iron during this long and terrible conflict quivered with emotion, and hearts that had beat serenely amid the storm of shot and shell heaved convulsively. God had not abandoned them. His bow of promise spanned the heavens, and his voice of mercy was heard in the incessant and deafening crash of cannon.

The brave Inglis and the garrison of Lucknow will remain forever as monuments of human skill, courage and endurance.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAVELOCK'S SECOND MARCH ON LUCKNOW.

Havelock waits at Cawnpore for Reinforcements—He has no Chaplain—Outram—Arrival of Reinforcements—His generous refusal to take the Command—Havelock crosses the Ganges—Attacks the Enemy—Outram charges with a Cudgel—Painful March—The Cannonading heard around Lucknow—Fight at the Kaiserbagh—Havelock Enters Lucknow—Terrific Street Fight—Excitement in the Garrison—Reaches the Residency—The Welcome.

WHEN Havelock halted at Cawnpore, and sent dispatches to Sir Colin Campbell, who had arrived in India and assumed command of all the British forces, he frankly stated his condition and prospects. He told him that his force was reduced to 700 fighting men, while independent of the immense host around Lucknow, an army from Gwalior, 5,000 strong threatened to cut off his retreat; and unless reinforcements could be forwarded to him, he should be compelled to fall back on Allahabad. Receiving assurance that they should be dispatched at the earliest moment, he sat down on the spot where the gallant Wheeler and his garrison had been massacred, to wait their arrival. The month he remained here inactive, was a long and weary one. Drenching rains followed by suffocating

heat, aggravated all kinds of disease, while cholera continued to spread among his little army with frightful rapidity. Havelock saw the depressing effect of this long inaction and increasing sickness upon his troops, and endeavored in various ways to keep their minds occupied. Every morning and evening he went the rounds of the camp, and it was soon noticed that the same care and foresight that made him so exacting—sometimes apparently severe in his military discipline—made him also almost parental in his solicitude for their comfort and welfare, and many a dying soldier who in health had thought him unnecessarily strict, blessed him in his last agonies. To relieve the monotony as much as possible, Havelock introduced various kinds of games and amusements among the soldiers, and every afternoon ordered the bands to play cheerful and spirit-stirring airs. He also had frequent parades and drills, while the volunteer cavalry, composed mostly of gentlemen who had placed themselves under Havelock's banner, were exercised, and their horses accustomed to the explosions of cannon.

It is a little singular that up to this time, and indeed to the close of the campaign, Havelock had no chaplain or clergyman of any description attached to his army. This seems more extraordinary in him because it was so unusual, even with commanders who professed no religion. The one originally attached to the garrison at Cawnpore had been murdered with General Wheeler and his troops. He therefore remained for months without a chaplain, though living in the midst of death. Was this omission designed? Did he prefer none to one whose formal routine of

religious worship so little accorded with the puritanic force and fervor of his character, or was it difficult to find a clergyman of the Church of England, willing to serve under such a thorough Roundhead as he had the reputation of being in the army. Perhaps there is a more natural explanation than either of these—one thing, however, remains true, God was acknowledged by that little band, and from their general's tent there daily went up prayers, as earnest and sincere as ever rose from stoled priest ministering at the altar. Though a model military leader, he was also in religion a living epistle, "known and read" of all his troops.

It has been already stated that Outram, after the termination of the Persian war, had been appointed to the military command of Dinapore and Cawnpore, and that he was now on his way to the latter place to supersede Havelock. It was at first the design of this able commander to march direct from Benares to Lucknow, a distance of 150 miles, and he joined on the route by Havelock. But the weakness of the latter, as well of the garrison at Lucknow, caused him to change his plans, and he proceeded by the way of Allahabad. On his march, learning that a large body of rebels were crossing the country between Cawnpore and Allahabad, to cut off the communications between the two places, he dispatched Major Eyre to intercept them, who, making a night march, surprised and routed them with great slaughter.

During the long and harassing month of August, Havelock occasionally wrote home to his wife; but

the letters consist of a few sentences evidently written in great haste. August 30th, he writes that he has received his wife's letter, via Marseilles, and closes by saying: "My reinforcements are coming in, and by God's blessing, I shall soon be at the fellows again. . . . Love to the children."

The arrival of reinforcements by detachments kept the camp in a glow during the first half of September, and at once roused the army from its despondency. On the 15th, the troops that were accompanied by Outram himself, came up, and were received with shouts by the whole army. The greeting between him and Havelock was cordial and warm, and not a shadow of jealousy crossed the pure and upright spirit of the latter, as he surrendered the command to his noble friend.

Outram was worthy of the high position to which he had been assigned, for in addition to his great ability as a commander, he was thoroughly acquainted with the region about Cawnpore and Lucknow. His knowledge of the country enabled him fully to appreciate the herculean efforts Havelock had put forth to save Lucknow; and being the soul of honor and chivalry himself, he felt nothing but pride and a true soldier's admiration for his heroic deeds. Instead, therefore, of assuming the command, he immediately, on his arrival, issued orders respecting the arrangement of the different brigades and engineer's department, and then adds:

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Major-General Havelock, C.B., and Major-General Outram feels

that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honor of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

“The major-general therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as chief commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer.”

Never before was so remarkable an order issued to an army by its commander—the days of chivalry can furnish no parallel to it. There is a grandeur in the very simplicity and frankness with which this self-sacrifice is made, while the act itself reveals a nobleness of character, a true greatness of soul that wins our unbounded admiration. To waive his rank and move on with the column as a spectator, would have shown great self-denial, and elicited the applause of the world; but not satisfied with this, he joined the volunteer cavalry, and though covered with well-earned laurels, stood ready to win his epaulettes over again. All his illustrious deeds in the field that have rendered his name immortal, grow dim before the glory of this one act. When they shall be forgotten, it shall remain the best eulogium that could be pronounced on his name. Kings may confer

patents of nobility—but the loftiest titles can add nothing to the grandeur of such a character. Men, by their illustrious deeds, often excite the *admiration* of the world—but few ever win its *affections*. Decorations and external honors may attract and dazzle the eye—but they do not gain the heart. Outram has won the love of all true men in both hemispheres, and sits enthroned where outward signs of greatness pass for but little. No wonder he is called the “Bayard of the East Indies.” No wonder that Sir Colin Campbell, in afterwards confirming this arrangement, said: “Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a commander-in-chief to publish and confirm such an order as the following one, proceeding from Major-General Sir James Outram, K.C.B. With such a reputation as Major-General, Sir James Outram has won for himself, he can afford to share glory and honor with others. But that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he has made with such disinterested generosity in favor of Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., commanding the field force in Oude.”

Havelock, in his order, thus speaks of Outram’s noble and disinterested conduct:

“CAWNPORE, Sept. 16th.

“Brigadier-General Havelock, in making known to the column the kind and generous determination of General Sir James Outram, K.C.B., to leave to him the task of relieving Lucknow, and rescuing its gallant and enduring garrison, has only to express his hope that the troops will strive, by their exem-

plary and gallant conduct in the field, to justify the confidence thus reposed in them."

If anything could lend additional interest to that column of relief on whose movements the eyes of the world were so intently fixed, it was that two such men as Havelock and Outram were guiding its destinies.

The reinforcements having now all arrived, swelling the available force under Havelock to 2,700 men, with 17 guns, and a small body of volunteer cavalry, he prepared to cross the Ganges. The heavy rains had swollen the river, but he succeeded in throwing a splendid bridge of boats across it, and on the 19th began his march. The advance troops had been moved down to the bank the night before, to be ready at a moment's notice, to pass over and occupy the opposite banks. These began to cross at daylight, and although two guns of the enemy opened on them, they effected the passage without loss. Forming on the shore, they soon cleared it of the enemy, driving them back to their intrenchments. The rest of the army was then able to pass without molestation. 2,500 men, cavalry, baggage, camels, and elephants drawing the heavy guns, were brought over a bridge of boats a mile long, with the occurrence of but a single accident. One of the cavalry, acting as orderly to Havelock, was drowned. His horse took sudden fright in the middle of the bridge, and leaped over into the rapid current, which swept both him and his rider out of sight before any assistance could be rendered.

The enemy was on Havelock's old camping ground,

Mungulwar, some two miles distant from the river, where they had, during the last month, thrown up intrenchments. The next day after the army crossed the Ganges was Sunday, and the troops bivouacked on the shore amid the sand hills, to wait the passage of the baggage and the 15 days' provisions, which they were compelled to carry with them. During the day a panic seized the camp followers, who thinking the enemy was upon them, rushed into camp in utter dismay, yelling and shouting like madmen. The elephants and camels were in front of them, and came tearing along, frightened and bewildered by those who were urging them on. Havelock, at the time, was sitting in his tent, in his shirt-sleeves, and startled by the sudden uproar, rushed out just as he was attired—recollecting himself, he hastily put on his coat outside his tent, and springing into the saddle, galloped away towards the scene of confusion. He soon discovered that the alarm was a false one, and returned to his tent.

Towards evening, the sky, which had been without a cloud, suddenly became overcast, and long before dark the rain fell in torrents, deluging the earth, and turning the dry spot chosen by the troops into a pool of standing water, amid which they were compelled to sleep, most of them without tents or shelter of any kind. Monday dawned misty and wet; but the bugle-call soon roused up the drenched soldiers, and the order to advance was given. They had gone but little over a mile before puffs of white smoke were suddenly seen in advance, and then came the crash of artillery. The enemy were posted on a

plain in front, with their left resting on the village of Mungulwar, and were strongly intrenched in the main road along which the British column was passing. To carry these batteries would require a sacrifice of men that Havelock could ill afford at the outset of his march, and he, therefore, ordered up the artillery to fling shot and shell among them, while he led the infantry through the muddy and inundated fields to the right. The enemy observing this movement, sent out a field battery to check it; but the next moment Maude's battery was seen bounding across the plain, and in a few minutes it unlimbered and poured in round after round with such rapidity that the enemy horsed up and retreated. Seeing their flank now fairly turned, the whole army began to withdraw—at first slowly, and then as they caught the gleam of bayonets, in great haste. The retreat, however, had hardly commenced, when the bugles of the volunteer cavalry rung out, and the next moment, with the gallant Outram at their head, they swept fiercely along the road. No sooner did the rebels hear the clattering tempest coming, than they broke and fled in every direction. The day was dark and misty, and at the commencement of the battle, there was a drizzling rain which gave a sombre aspect to the field. But this soon changed into a pouring shower through which the cavalry went charging in a black, indistinct mass. Outram, disdaining to use his sword around which so many laurels were twined on such a beggarly crew, charged with a cudgel only, rapping the swarthy wretches over right and left, who

were astonished at this contemptuous mode of warfare. His followers, however, were not so chary of their swords, but smote the fugitives without mercy; and so fiercely did they ride them down, that when the bugle sounded the recall, 120 lay gashed and bleeding in the drenching rain.

After the conflict was over, the army resumed its line of march, and passing over the old battle-ground of Oonao, pressed on through the flooded fields till they reached Busserut-gunge, where they encamped for the night. The next morning early they set out in a pouring rain, for neither the elements nor numbers could arrest the march of those who had Cawnpore behind them and Lucknow before them.

The enemy, after disputing the passage of the Ganges, had evidently determined to make no further resistance till Havelock reached Lucknow. They did not even destroy bridges, but seemed to invite him on, imagining that he, with his comparatively small band, would be inevitably lost in the narrow streets of the city.

Though the way was clear of the enemy, yet the sombre sky, the steadily pouring rain, and the inundated fields, combined to make the march a cheerless and painful one. The cavalry kept in advance, but horses and riders seemed to droop under the pitiless storm. No flaunting colors were given to the breeze, but, closely wrapped in cases, they rose like "yew-trees" over the regiments. The plumes of the Highlanders no longer waved in the sunlight, but hung dripping upon the soaked tartan; yet the

hearts that beat below were stout and bold as ever.

At length they reached a deserted village and halted for the night. They had scarcely taken possession of the abandoned huts, when officers and men were startled by the faint and far-off booming of cannon towards Lucknow. Each new explosion was listened to with intense excitement, for they knew it to be the thunder of artillery around the beleaguered garrison; and although it filled them with irrepressible longings to move forward, this confirmation of their hopes that they were not too late sent joy to every heart. Still Havelock did not know but this might be the final struggle, and that cannonading, the herald of the last successful onset. He, therefore, in the faint hope that the garrison might hear and take courage, ordered a royal salute to be fired. That was an anxious night in the camp, and every brave heart in it was ready to shout with joy when the early bugle roused the weary army from its slumbers.

This day, the 23d, presented a strong contrast to the preceding one, for the rain had ceased, and the sun no longer veiled by thick clouds came down with scorching, terrific power. The troops as they toiled on through the mud would almost have exchanged it for the rain of the day before, so overpowering was the heat. The cavalry still kept in advance without finding any signs of the enemy until about two o'clock, when it came upon them strongly posted about two miles from the city. Havelock, seeing the horsemen slowly falling back, ordered

a halt, till he could receive a report of the rebel position and form his plan of attack. He ascertained that their centre and right were posted behind three sand hills, while their left rested on the main road to Lucknow, and also occupied the Alumbagh, or garden of beauty. This "garden of beauty" was the residence of one of the princes of Oude, and well deserved the appellation it bore. It was composed of a large ornamented brick building, a mosque, private temple, and several outbuildings. Around these were ornamented grounds interlaced with gravel walks, and decorated with every variety of tropical shrubs and flowers to gratify the eye and please the senses. Where this labyrinth of beauty ended an open park commenced—its smooth shorn lawn spreading away on every side, shaded with tropical trees. The entire space was inclosed by a high brick wall, with towers of defence erected on each corner. Of course such a spacious inclosure could hold a large body of men, and was capable of a stout defence. The enemy, accustomed to Havelock's way of turning his positions, had selected this spot because the road that led to it passed for some distance through a deep morass, which spreading away on both sides prevented a flank movement from being made. This elevated road, called the Grand Trunk road, stretched across the sheet of water like a causeway, and was commanded by the enemy's batteries. Havelock saw at once the advantage of the position, and through what a storm of fire he would be compelled to carry his troops. His decision, however, was quickly taken, and placing a rear-guard over his baggage, he gave

the orders to advance. With firm and steady step the intrepid column moved into the vortex of fire, and though the ranks were mowed down by the shot and shell that tore through them, they never faltered for a moment, but swept on until they gained the open space in front of their foes. Havelock had to deploy his men into line right in front of the rebels' position, thus revealing the paucity of his numbers; but nothing daunted, regiment after regiment steadily performed its evolutions under a withering fire, and sweeping wrathfully along the enemy's line of battle, reached and enveloped his right. Rent into fragments by the shot from the heavy guns of the British, this wing of his army bent back over the field, and finally broke and fled for the city. During the whole time this fierce conflict was raging, the enemy's cavalry, 1,500 strong, stood massed together only a few hundred yards distant. Havelock watched their movements with no little anxiety, for he expected every moment to hear the bugle sound the charge, and he knew that the sudden onset of so large a body of horse might embarrass him seriously. But they sat quiet spectators of the contest—as if they had no interest in it whatever, and leisurely trotted away into the standing corn and lofty cultivation when they saw the battle was lost.

While this was going on, a fierce fire was kept up from the Alumbagh, but the artillery being brought to bear upon it and upon the centre, the entire army, abandoning all its positions, retreated towards the city. As they began to stream over the country, the bugles of Outram's gallant band of horsemen

sounded the charge, and the next moment they swept like a whirlwind along the road. The enemy, terrified at the sight of the flashing sabres as they gleamed in the sunset, rushed pell-mell over the Char-Bagh—the city bridge which here spanned the canal. Finding that he could not hold this position, as the guns of the city commanded it and darkness was coming on, Outram fell back to the Alumbagh. The left, which had also advanced on the retreating enemy, were halted, and retired to the same inclosure, where they bivouacked for the night.

Havelock had won another glorious victory, but he had cause for the deepest anxiety—his loss had been heavy, and from this battle, fought on the very threshold of the city, he could imagine what was before him. But the decisive hour had come—retreat was not to be thought of—he and his little army must cleave their way through the tens of thousands that held Lucknow, or perish in the attempt. A terrific, perhaps fatal struggle was before him, and as he reflected on what the issue might be, his thoughts reverted to the anxious, waiting hearts in which he knew the thunder of his guns on this eventful day had kindled hope and joy.

The next morning he resolved to halt where he was for a day, and give his troops rest. They had been marching for three days in a deluge of rain, “irregularly fed, and badly housed” at night, and had just fought a severe battle, and needed repose. The last decisive struggle was to be no child’s play, and he wisely determined to gather up all the strength he possessed before entering upon it.

The few tents they had with them were therefore pitched in the garden; and although an occasional round-shot rolled over the green sward, sent from the enemy's batteries, the weary army rested quietly for twenty-four hours.

But in the meantime, the baggage and rear-guard, which remained where they had been left previous to the battle, were attacked by the cavalry, and came very near being entirely cut off. The onset was sudden and furious, and the panic of the drivers and camp followers so complete, that the latter abandoned everything and fled in such precipitation over the plain that they made a noise like a rushing storm. The rear-guard, however, repelled the assault, and the baggage was brought safely into the Alumbagh.

During this day of comparative repose, Havelock and Outram conferred long and anxiously on the course the attacking column should take next morning. They were now on the Cawnpore road to Lucknow, and by following it they would be led straight to the gate of the Residency. But they knew that when this road became a city street it was trenched and barricaded, while the houses on both sides were filled with sharp-shooters, making a lane of death in which brave troops might die, but through which they never could pass. Neither would it do to skirt the eastern and northern suburbs where the country was more open, for the rains had so soaked the earth that it would be impossible to get the heavy guns and baggage over it. Here the knowledge of Lieutenant Moresons, who had joined Havelock's staff at Calcutta, was of great service. He had formerly been

appointed by the commissioner to survey the city, and fortunately had the rough notes with him. Guided by him, they resolved to fight their way along the Cawnpore road, across the canal, into the main street of the city, and push on till compelled to leave it, when they would take a narrow, rough road that skirted the canal, and led nearly to the Residency.

It would be impossible to take the baggage with them in this march of death, and they resolved to leave it and the wounded at Alumbagh, under an escort of 500 men. At eight o'clock in the morning, the thinned and weakened army, now scarce 2,000 strong, was drawn up in battle array; and though toil and privation had left their marks upon them, a single glance at their faces was sufficient to satisfy the beholder what the history of that awful day would be. Daring resolution, and high courage were depicted there, and as Havelock looked down the ranks he felt that nothing but annihilation would arrest their march.

The men stood impatiently in their places, while Havelock and Outram conferred anxiously on some doubtful measure; but at the word "forward" every countenance brightened up with joy. Outram took charge of the leading brigade, and moved off, pushing straight for the bridge. The road was elevated above the surrounding ground, thus leaving the advancing column exposed to a fair view. On either side the grass and weeds arose five or six feet high, while rows of young trees bordered the margin. Still farther on were numerous houses and gardens, all filled with sharp-shooters. The column

had proceeded but a short distance, when from both sides, and in front, there came the crash of cannon and rattle of musketry. The tall grass streamed with fire from the concealed enemy, while the round-shot tore along the road with deadly effect.

But the column never wavered; right through the devouring fire—past and over the opposing guns—they sternly kept on their way; until they came to a turn of the road, near the bridge, where stood the enemy in vast numbers, awaiting their approach.

Both the artillery and musketry were concentrated on this point, and it was literally swept with fire.

As the head of the column reached it, round-shot, grape, and canister tore up the ranks so frightfully that it was next to impossible to preserve their formation, and they were ordered to lie down till the artillery could clear the way. For a short time gun answered gun in quick succession, and it was one incessant clap of thunder; but the men at length grew impatient of inaction, and galled by the fire, demanded to be led on the enemy. At length the welcome order to rise and advance was heard—the bugles rung out—but high above their shrill blast arose the thrilling cheer of the troops, as led on by young Havelock, they threw themselves like a loosened cliff on the battery, and with one blow crushed out its maddening fire.

The bridge having been won, the inclosures and buildings adjacent, from which a severe fire was kept up, were next cleared, in order that the bullocks might pass with the heavy guns.

The enemy seemed astounded at their sudden defeat, and for a time there was a pause in the firing. The extricated column then resumed its march, and kept on till it entered the main street of the city, which seemed deserted—but there was something ominous in the look of abandonment. There was no time, however, to speculate on what might lie concealed in that apparently empty avenue. “Forward” again passed down the line, and closing sternly up, the column pressed rapidly forward. In a moment the entire fronts of the buildings were a sheet of flame—every door, window, and aperture belched forth fire, while down from the flat roofs above came the slanting hail. Before it men fell like leaves in autumn; yet still onward rolled the living tide of valor. There was no confusion or disorder, and the troops, as they moved forward at the charge step, kept their sections of forces as perfect as if on parade. At the farther end of the street they halted to let the rear brigade come up.

Although the halt was a short one, the enemy took advantage of it to close upon the rear, and at the same time reopen a withering fire on the head of the column.

It was now evident that the whole distance to the garrison, nearly two miles, was defended just like this first street. Through such a gauntlet of fire, Havelock and Outram both knew that their slender force could never be carried, for it would be annihilated before it reached the gates of the Residency. They therefore turned back to the edge of the canal they had just crossed, and took a narrow, rough,

unfrequented street along its edge, which led to a broad avenue near the Kaiser Bagh, or king's palace. This was the beginning of a succession of palaces, the last of which overlooked the garrison. The enemy were not prepared for this movement, and for some time Havelock met with but little opposition. The condition of the street, however, impeded seriously the progress of the heavy guns, for the wheels would sink so deep in the mud that the bullocks were unable to extricate them, and they had to be lifted out by main force and urged forward. At length they reached the king's palace, when suddenly its massive walls streamed with fire, and it rained a horrible tempest on the advancing column. The fire of grape and musketry from this intrenched position was so deadly, that—to use Havelock's own words—"nothing could live under it." There was no shelter behind which the exposed troops could find protection, and Havelock seeing at a glance that his only salvation lay in the bayonet, gave the order to charge. Sending up a loud cheer, the maddened soldiers rushed furiously on the blazing muzzles of the guns, and captured them—though at a fearful sacrifice of life. Here they were joined by the rear-guard, composed of the Highlanders, who had fought their way on through the same devastating fire. With their old courage, they had stormed over every obstacle; but the streets through which they had passed were strewn thick with bright tartans, and plumes dabbled in blood. A massive gate blocked the way at this point, which had to be blown down, when the column moved forward.

and passing from street to street, crossed nearly over to the Goomtee River. Here Havelock found the enemy prepared for him, and seeing that their artillery completely swept the road, he directed the column to diverge from it into some open lots and resume it again further on. They had scarcely passed this danger, when they became exposed to a scourging fire from a building called the mess-house—and from this point on, the course of the column could be tracked by the dead that strewed the streets. At length, towards evening, the weary survivors found shelter under the walls of the Furred Buksh palace, a large building with an extensive courtyard. For ten hours they had been fighting their way, step by step, through a lane of fire, and hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, were thankful for a moment's respite, and threw themselves in crowds along the paved court. Here Outram wished to halt and wait till morning before advancing on the Residency. The men, he said, were worn out with hard fighting—many wounded still remained to be brought up, while it would be impossible to carry the heavy guns through the fire to which the remaining portion of the route was exposed. But Havelock, who had determined when he started in the morning, to relieve the anxiously waiting garrison that night, or not survive the attempt, most earnestly objected to this. Meanwhile, the soldiers who at first were glad to obtain a moment's rest, became impatient at the delay. They had fought their way for nearly a hundred miles to rescue their beleaguered comrades with their wives and children, and they could

not rest till they thundered at the gates of their prison.

The garrison, in the meantime, were anxiously listening for their arrival. They had heard the heavy firing in the morning, and noticed that there was a great sensation in the city. Towards noon they could see the smoke of battle as it rolled upwards over the houses, and a little later, people hurrying out of the city, carrying bundles of clothes on their heads, followed by large bodies of cavalry and men. Although the enemy kept up a steady fire upon them they were too excited to pay much heed to it, but listened with beating hearts to the heavy cannonading, as it wound hither and thither through the streets. By four o'clock some officers on the lookout reported that they saw far away, near a palace, a regiment of Europeans and a bullock battery. Soon after the rattle of musketry was heard in the streets. While they stood listening, a minnie ball went whistling over their heads, and never before was the sound of a bullet so sweet to the ear. It was a voice from their friends, and whispered of deliverance. Five minutes later, and the Highlanders were seen storming through one of the principal streets, and although they dropped rapidly under the fire from the roofs, windows and doors, there was no faltering. Then the long restrained excitement burst forth in cheer upon cheer—"from every fort, trench, and battery—from behind sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer." The thrilling shouts penetrated even to the hospital, and the

wounded crawled out into the sun, a ghastly throng, and sent up their feeble voices to swell the glad shout of welcome.

The conversation between Outram and Havelock was long and earnest. The former was at first firm in his opinion that they should remain in the palace court and other sheltered places till morning, and Havelock as thoroughly determined to push on. He said the garrison might even then be exposed to the final assault, and if it were not, the enemy could concentrate such a force around them before morning, that it would be almost impossible to advance. At length it was agreed to leave behind the wounded and heavy guns, and a portion of the army, and with only two regiments, the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs, attempt to reach the Residency.

Outram had been wounded by a musket ball in the arm early in the morning, but though faint with loss of blood, he refused to leave the saddle, and even now would not dismount. Enduring as he was bold and chivalric, he resolved to accompany Havelock and share with him the danger, and if need be death, in this last perilous advance to the relief of the garrison.

Everything being ready, these two gallant commanders put themselves at the head of the slender column, and moved out of the place of shelter. As soon as they entered the street, the houses on either side gaped and shot forth flame; while to prevent the rapid advance of the troops, and hold them longer under the muzzles of their muskets, the enemy had cut deep trenches across the street and piled up barricades. Passing under an archway that streamed with

fire, the gallant Neill fell from his horse, dead. His enraged followers halted a moment to avenge his death, but the stern order of Havelock, "forward!" arrested their useless attempt; and the column moved on. Each street as they entered it became an avenue of flame, through which it seemed impossible for anything living to pass. Every door and window was ablaze, while an incessant sheet of fire ran along the margin of the flat roofs, which were black with men. At each angle batteries were placed, and soon as the head of the column appeared in view the iron storm came drifting down the street, piling it with the dead. The clattering of grape-shot and musket balls against the walls and on the pavement was like the pattering of hail on the roof of a house. From out those deep avenues the smoke arose as from the mouth of a volcano, while shouts and yells rending the air on every side, made still more appalling the night which had now set in. Between these walls of fire, through this blinding rain of death, Havelock walked his horse composedly as if on parade, his calm, peculiar voice now and then rising over the clangor of battle. That he escaped unhurt seems a miracle, for in the past eleven hours he had lost nearly one-third of his entire force, while of the two other generals one was dead, the other wounded. At length the gate of the Residency at the Baillie guard was reached. A little time was spent in removing the barricades, during which the bleeding column rested, while the moon looked coldly down on the ruins with which they were surrounded. When the passage was cleared,

the soldiers, forgetting their weariness, gave three loud cheers, and rushed forward. Cheers without and cheers within, cheers on every side, betokened the joy and excitement that prevailed, while over all arose the shrill pipes of the Highlanders. The "column of relief" and the garrison rushed into each other's arms, and then the officers passed from house to house to greet the women and children. The stern Highlanders snatched up the children and kissed them, with tears streaming down their faces, thanking God they were in time to save them. Oh, what clasping of hands and throbbing hearts were in that battered inclosure. Havelock and Outram were welcomed with shouts by the soldiers and tears and blessings by the women. Tea was immediately made for them, while the last bottles of wine were brought out to cheer their weary deliverers. Utter strangers embraced each other like friends, and after the first excitement was over every tongue seemed going at once, for inquiries without end were made respecting the world from which they had been so long shut out. Havelock, with heart overflowing with devout thankfulness that he had not been too late, felt in the joy he had brought to those despairing hearts doubly compensated for all the toils he had endured.

His mission was accomplished, but along the streets of Lucknow lay one-third of his gallant troops, and there lay, too, his wounded boy, perhaps ere this murdered.

The next morning the remaining force with the wounded and the heavy guns were brought in, though at a great sacrifice of life. The rebels closed round

them on every side, and the escorts had to fight their way along the streets encumbered with the wounded. Havelock's son was among the latter, and narrowly escaped being butchered by the enemy. Bensely Thornhill, husband of Havelock's cousin, was one of the garrison, and when he heard that young Havelock was somewhere in the city wounded, volunteered to go out and bring him in. Young Havelock reached the Residency in safety, but Thornhill was so severely wounded in the head and arm that he died in a few days.

CHAPTER XIV.

FINAL RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

New Difficulties—Outram and Havelock resolve to remain with the Garrison—Havelock pushes his Line of Defence further towards the City—His Troops occupy a Palace—Havelock finds Lucknow undermined—An Incident illustrating Havelock's Character—Scarcity of Provisions—Havelock countermines—Campbell's approach—Reviews the Army—The Highlanders—Campbell encounters the Enemy—Massacre at Secunderabagh—Severe Fight around a Mosque—Havelock advances to Meet Campbell—Garrison Relieved—Havelock taken Sick—His Last hours—Closing Scene—Is Buried in the Alumbagh—His Character—Campbell falls back on Cawnpore.

Soon as the "army of relief" effected a junction with the garrison, Havelock's separate command, which Outram had so generously allowed him to retain, ceased, and the latter became commander-in-chief of all the forces. But at this juncture a new and unexpected difficulty arose. Although Havelock and Outram had cut their way through unparalleled difficulties to their comrades and countrymen, and had reached the goal they had struggled so nobly to win, they still found themselves involved in the most serious embarrassments. One thing was certain, if unencumbered with baggage, it had cost them a

third of the entire force to advance, it would be impossible with the other two-thirds to retrace their steps, and carry with them all the sick and wounded and between 400 and 500 women and children. The attempt would provoke the very massacre which they had made such great sacrifices to prevent, and must not be thought of, until every other resource had failed. Only two courses then remained open—either to leave a reinforcement with the garrison, and cut their way out as they had fought their way in, or to remain together until another army could arrive, and, in the meantime, by their greater force, conquer and occupy a larger space than that now inclosed by the defences. The objection to the first, was, that it would be impossible to leave over 300 behind, and yet hope to force their way once more into the open country. But 300 would not be sufficient to enlarge the present area of the garrison while they would only add so many more mouths to be fed from the already scanty supplies. It was therefore resolved to let the baggage and sick remain at Alumbagh under charge of the escort there, and with the main army stand by the garrison and at least free it from its precarious dependence on the native troops. They were more inclined to adopt this course from the knowledge that troops were on the way from England and China, and must soon reach India.

The very next day after the arrival of Havelock, a singular incident occurred. Three prisoners were being tried by drum-head court-martial, when a round-shot from the enemy's batteries, came and killed the trio on the spot.

Immediately after the commanders had come to a

decision, Havelock was directed to clear the palaces in front of the Residency, and occupy them with his column, while Inglis, who retained the command of the garrison, was reinforced by the brave Madras fusileers. These palaces stretched from the Kaiserbagh across to the Goomtee River, and were splendid specimens of Eastern architecture. They were surrounded with gardens embellished with fountains, fairy-like domes and bridges, while the solid wall that inclosed them furnished an excellent protection to troops. These Havelock carried in rapid succession, with comparatively but slight loss. The three most important were the Kothe, Furred Busch, and Chuttuh Munzil, which lay in a row along the river.

Into the gorgeous apartments of these palaces, Havelock's hardy soldiers took up their quarters and strolled carelessly through marble corridors or reclined on luxurious cushions. The costliest China was used by the Highlanders for their scanty meals, while silks and cashmere shawls, and elaborate ornaments lay scattered about, unheeded and uncared for. Around the sparkling fountains of the gardens, and along the shaded gravel walks, lay dead Sepoys, festering in the sun, while to complete the scene of strange contrasts, came the crash of cannon and blazing shells of the enemy. In the Residency there was no safe place for the multitude of the wounded, and for a long time many of them had to lie out of doors, unattended to, and filling the air with their suppressed groans and sighs of suffering.

A few days after Havelock entered the Residency, there occurred one of those little incidents so illustra-

tive of his character. Outram wishing to inspect the earth-works near the Thuggee jail, took with him his staff and Generals Inglis and Havelock, and repaired thither. He walked between Inglis and Napier, clad in the rich undress uniform of a major-general—the blue frock coat profusely braided, and pantaloons to match—while Havelock followed behind in the plain undress of a staff-surgeon without any of the gold and braid that indicate the uniform of a brigadier-general. After Outram had finished his inspection he harangued the troops, but Havelock had nothing to say, and a mere spectator would never have dreamed that the slight, plainly-dressed figure which kept so completely in the background, was the conqueror of Oude—the hero of Lucknow. Unobtrusive in his manner on all ordinary occasions, as he was conspicuous when the stormy tide of battle wavered—silent when there was nothing for his troops to do, yet trumpet-tongued when summoning them to the final charge, he was at all times a man of deeds, not of words, of facts and not of symbols. In relieving Lucknow, he had accomplished the great mission on which he was sent—had performed his duty, and was satisfied.

Havelock, in clearing and occupying the ground in front of the Residency, had made a startling discovery; he found six mines constructed under the defences of the garrison, one 200 feet long, directly beneath them and ready for loading. The firing of these, which his timely arrival alone prevented, would have left the brave garrison entirely defenceless.

Havelock took up his quarters in Mr. Ommaney's

house, the judicial commissioner of Oude, who had been killed in the siege; but every morning he made on foot the entire circuit of the palaces and gardens occupied by his troops, two miles in extent, and reported to Outram. He did not, at this time, complain of feeling ill, but the loss of flesh and increased pallor of his face caused anxiety in those who were intimately acquainted with him. The mental and physical strain he had been under for the last three or four months was too severe for one approaching his threescore and ten, and he now needed healthful diet and pure air. The pestilential atmosphere arising from the cattle that lay putrifying in the open grounds, and the scanty, unhealthy food to which he was reduced, were fast preparing his system for the disease that finally laid him in the grave.

The history of the garrison, up to the time of its final relief by Campbell, would be but a recapitulation of its experience during the long summer months. Havelock entered it on the 25th of September, and remained closely blockaded until the 17th of November, nearly two months.

The communication with their provisions at Alum-bagh being soon cut off, food became scarce for horses and men, and they both grew gaunt and thin, till their bones stuck out of their flesh. Casualties constantly occurring—cannonading, musketry, bugling, and shouts by day and night; solemn services on the Sabbath amid the roar of guns; sad prayer-meetings, sickness and death made up the weekly record of the suffering garrison. So accustomed did every one become to this monotony of danger and

of death, that even the children made mimic batteries, and amused themselves with throwing miniature shot and shell.

As November progressed, provisions became so scarce that Outram and Havelock began to calculate the number of days they could hold out. To deride their torment the rebels would hoist cakes on poles from behind walls that separated them from the garrison and tauntingly tell how soon starvation would humble them. Havelock, however, did not remain idle; the enemy were actively mining and he countermined. But to save time, he dug a subterranean avenue under that part of his position most exposed, with listening galleries attached, in which men were placed so as to hear the approach of miners in any direction. In this way he thwarted every attempt of the enemy and often caused him severe loss, by blowing in his mines.

Says Outram: "I am aware of no parallel to our series of mines in modern war. Twenty-one shafts, aggregating 200 feet in depth, and 3,291 feet of gallery, have been executed. The enemy advanced twenty mines against the palaces and outposts. Of these they exploded three which caused us loss of life, and two which did no injury; seven have been blown in; and out of seven others the enemy have been driven and their galleries taken possession of by our miners." In this manner was passed the weary days and weeks, until at length, about the middle of the month, the news arrived that Sir Colin Campbell was on his way to their relief.

It is not necessary to our purpose to survey the state of the Indian Empire at this time, and show the almost insurmountable difficulties that surrounded the commander-in-chief. Oude was evidently the most important province to be looked after, while Allahabad, 800 miles from Calcutta by water and 500 by the road, must be the base of his operations, whether he should penetrate the Doab and restore the broken lines of communication between Delhi and Agra, or relieve Lucknow by Cawnpore. Leaving all this to the military annalist of the campaign, we at length find the troops from China, and the Highlanders from England safe in Allahabad. The force was insufficient to relieve Lucknow, but at this critical juncture, Delhi having fallen, General Wilson sent Greathead with a column right down the Doab in pursuit of a party of rebels 5,000 strong. Greathead missed these, but overtook others, and swept everything from his path as he continued his march towards Oude. This column was weak in infantry, but strong in cavalry and artillery, and although its passage over the excited country was like that of a ship through the sea—the waves of rebellion closing on its path—it pressed swiftly forward, and joined by Hope Grant, who then assumed the command, reached Cawnpore in the latter part of October, adding 600 good swords, and three batteries of field artillery to the relieving force; and last, not least, a long train of much needed beasts of burden.

Campbell left Calcutta the 27th of October, and pushed on day and night to the seat of war. Nar-

rowly escaping capture on the way, he reached Allahabad on the 1st of November, and two days after arrived at Cawnpore. He there received a message from Outram saying that he could hold out until after the middle of the month, but still urging his speedy advance. The assurance that even this short time could be allowed him, was most welcome to Campbell, and he spent it in hurrying up reinforcements. He moved Grant's column on to within seven miles of Alumbagh, and ordered all the reinforcements and supplies as fast as they came up to be concentrated on him.

Means of transportation were at length obtained, and a siege train of 24-pounders got up, manned by the sailors of Peel's naval brigade.

By the 11th, the whole force was concentrated, and Campbell resolved to advance at once on Lucknow. Although, in a strategic point of view, he knew this was not the right course, yet the relief of the garrison was the first object to be gained. General Wyndham, the hero of fort Redan at Sebastopol, was to be left with a small force at Cawnpore, around which swarmed hosts of rebels, ready to fall upon it soon as the army advanced on Lucknow. A single bridge of boats would form the only connecting link between the two forces, and if that were once broken, nothing short of a miracle could save the army. The natural and safe course, therefore, was first to rout the rebels threatening his communication, and menacing Cawnpore; but before this could be accomplished the garrison of Lucknow would be massacred. He must, therefore, dash on Lucknow, and relieve it,

and, if possible, be back to Cawnpore before Wyndham was overwhelmed. The chances were against him, and had not the most extraordinary good fortune befriended him, disastrous, if not fatal, results would have followed. But, having taken his resolution, he moved with his accustomed energy to its accomplishment.

The army, 5,000 strong, was encamped in a vast plain fringed with woods, and the afternoon before commencing his march, Campbell reviewed it for the first time. It was with anxious heart and searching glance the old veteran rode down the lines and surveyed the little army on which such tremendous consequences to himself, to others, and to the country hung. The artillery that had come down from Delhi stood horsed, and black from their recent services, looked, with their swarthy drivers, ready for battle. Next to them were the 9th Lancers, with their white turbans wreathed around their foraging caps—their flagless lances gleaming in the sun, and the riders fresh from the field of victory. Next came the wild and picturesquely-dressed Sikh cavalry, armed with carbine and sabre. The veteran paused a moment in front of the stern but worn and wasted 8th and 75th Queen's, grouped around their standards after which they had so often pressed amid the smoke and tumult of battle. Then came the native infantry. All these looked anxiously on the new leader who had been sent to them from over the ocean. Last of all he approached the serried ranks of the Highlanders, nearly 1,000 strong—the dark tartans below, the sea of waving plumes above

—their stern visages, proud bearing and stalwart forms presenting a spectacle that delighted the heart of the old warrior.* As, with glistening eyes, he walked his white charger in front of their grim ranks, there suddenly broke over the field a cheer, wild and enthusiastic as was ever poured through Scottish glen. They had the leader of their choice among them, one of their own race, and when their pipes should play "The Campbells are coming," *one* Campbell might rest assured that a dark wave was rolling behind him, before which everything human must go down.

Next morning the army took up its march for Alumbagh. Carrying all the provisions for men and horses and the multitude of camp followers, it was encumbered with a train of camels and carts drawn by bullocks, and long rows of elephants, the end of which the eye sought in vain to reach. Camp followers by thousands, clad in every variety of costume, accompanied this immense train, whose course could be detected by the vast cloud of dust that rose over it, and stretched to the furthest verge of the horizon.

Having reached the Alumbagh without encountering serious resistance, Campbell halted over the 13th to allow some of the detachments from Cawnpore to close up.

Havelock in his march, as it has been seen, avoided the main streets of the city, and by a neglected route arrived close to the Residency. Campbell, now the ground was harder, resolved to make a wider sweep, and instead of crossing the canal where Havelock

* *Vide* Blackwood, on Clyde's Campaign.

did, circle around the city, till he came to its junction with the Goomtéé, and crossing it there, keep the river on his flank in his advance to the Residency. By taking this route he avoided the narrow streets of the city, for the bank of the river was sprinkled with palaces and inclosures of various kinds, and furnished open ground on which an army might operate with some freedom until he approached the palaces occupied by Havelock, with whom it was his intention to form a junction. He had been induced to take this course by a plan of the city which Outram sent him through a civilian, Mr. Kavanagh, who in the most daring manner, and after numberless, almost miraculous escapes, succeeded in passing the enemy's lines.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the column was put in motion, and to the amazement of the enemy, instead of entering the city, moved around it to the right and east, towards Dil Koosha, Heart's Delight, a hunting palace of the king, situated on an eminence, about three miles from the Residency. As he approached the park of the palace, he was received by a sharp fire of musketry; but after a desultory fight of two hours, he advanced, and took possession of the place. The enemy were also driven out of the Martinière beneath, and all the ground over that side of the canal occupied. Campbell designed to march to the relief of the garrison next day, but through some misunderstanding about bringing up provisions and ammunitions from the Alumbagh, he was compelled to halt here twenty-four hours. During this time he

telegraphed to Outram and Havelock that he would advance the following day.

Leaving everything but ammunition behind, and ordering each soldier to supply his haversack with three days' provisions, Campbell started early in the morning of the 16th, and crossing the canal, advanced upon Secunderabagh (Alexander's Garden.) This was a large, strongly built building, standing in the midst of a spacious garden 100 yards square, and inclosed by a high wall which had been thoroughly loopholed for musketry, and was now defended by the enemy in great strength. The number left to hold Dil Koosha had reduced Campbell's force to but little over 3,000 bayonets, while 60,000 troops were supposed to be within and around the city. The road he had taken to the Secunderabagh was a narrow lane, which, after passing this palace, led a hundred yards further on, to another large building, also loopholed and occupied in force. Woods were all around, and the open space between these two buildings was the only place on which cannon could be planted so as to reach Secunderabagh, yet this was swept by a deadly cross fire of musketry. Nevertheless, the artillery, led by Blount, dashed on a gallop into the opening, and unlimbering, opened its fire on the massive walls. In the meantime the infantry cleared the house further down the lane, thus relieving the artillery from the cross fire of musketry. In an hour the heavy shot had so pounded the walls that the enemy were compelled to take refuge in the main building itself. In this a small opening about two feet square was made, through

which the Sikhs were ordered to charge, supported by the 93d Highlanders and other detachments. The Highlanders, however, refused to wait, and plunged headlong into the breach, led on by their excited officers, with broadswords waving above their heads, and thrilling shouts. The narrow entrance became so blocked that when the supports came up they could not get near the opening, and sweeping madly round to the gate, blew the lock to pieces with their muskets, and rushed yelling into the building. The 53d, also unable to enter by the breach, forced a window, and lifted each other up through it, and soon the vast building rung with the reports of musketry, clash of steel, and shouts and cries of maddened men. It was a horrible struggle—no quarter was asked, except in a few instances,—none was given. The grim Highlanders, whenever an appeal was made, hissed in the ear of the suppliant "*Cawnpore*," and the next moment buried his bayonet in his heart. Never before could the English soldiers get the murderous wretches where there was no escape, but now the hour of vengeance had come. From room to room, from floor to floor the deadly conflict raged, the muffled sound of which struggling out, appalled the heart with terror. It was not a sudden rush and the conflict over, but the work of death went on hour after hour for three long hours, then all was still; and as the crimsoned, haggard avengers staggered out of that Aceldama, they bore on their persons the testimonials of the terrific work they had accomplished. Few wished to

look on the scene that building presented. The floor swam in blood, and in the corners and passages heaps upon heaps lay the dead—*two thousand of them*. Thus was Cawnpore avenged—but many a plume that waved proudly in the morning air, now drooped mournfully over the cold and pallid face, attesting that the fearful punishment had not been without heavy sacrifice. To many a wretch that day “Cawnpore” was the last word ever heard on earth.

From this point the road to the Residency crosses an open plain 1,200 yards broad. About a quarter of the way over was a small collection of houses with garden inclosures, while 250 yards further on, and 100 yards to the right, stood a mosque (the Shah Nujjeef), inside of a high loop-holed wall, nearly square, and filled with sharp-shooters. In front of it were inclosures, and a fringe of jungle and scattered mud cottages, almost screening the mosque walls from sight. This was a strong position and must be carried before the army could advance. Peel brought up his 24-pound mortars, and opened a tremendous fire upon it, but the jungle and mud cottages and inclosures furnished such an effectual screen that his heavy shot seemed to produce no impression, while the fire of musketry that streamed incessantly from the place made sad havoc with his gunners. Still he maintained his fire till 4 o'clock, when suddenly there was heard a loud explosion from the other side of the Goomtee River, and a shot from a heavy gun that had been got in position there, came crashing into Peel's battery, blowing up one of his tumbrils. For three

hours the cannonading had been kept up, and yet the walls of the mosque did not show a fissure. Peel now began to look serious, and a cloud gathered over his face, which usually wore the same cheerful smile, whether sitting with his comrades around the table, or wrapped in the smoke of his own broadsides. Campbell sat on his white horse gazing sternly on that mosque, while the bullets whistled like hail around him. What next was to be done. To retreat along that narrow, and now crowded lane, would be impossible, yet he could not stay where he was, nor could he advance until that commanding position was taken.

For awhile the Indian Empire seemed to hang wavering in the balance. As a last, almost hopeless resort, he resolved to try the bayonet. Riding up to the 93d Highlanders, he addressed a few stirring words to them—told them he had not designed to call on them again that day, but said he, "*that mosque must be taken.*" He did not attempt to lessen the danger attending the effort, but told them he would lead them himself. Ordering Middleton with the royal artillery to pass Peel's guns, and getting as near the walls as he could, open with grape, and Peel to redouble his fire, he placed himself in front of the Highlanders. Middleton swept in a gallop by Peel—the drivers waving their whips, and the gunners their caps, and cheering as they passed—and kept on till within pistol shot of the walls, when he unlimbered and opened his fire. Peel at the same time worked his heavy guns with redoubled energy. The crash of artillery was deafening, and under cover of the iron

hurricane the 93d advanced to the assault. The staff closed around the white steed, and Hope towered in front of the dark column that with rapid tread and flashing eyes pressed sternly after. That black line of plumes came on like a wave without a crest, and though met with a deadly fire of musketry, surged steadily up to the walls. Vain valor, the solid wall rose twenty feet high without a crack, while they had no scaling-ladders with which to mount it. In the musketry fire that followed, those within, being concealed, had all the advantage, and the assailants dropped rapidly. Hope and his aid-de-camp were both hurled to the ground together, two of Campbell's staff bit the dust, and he himself received a slight wound. In this dilemma he dispatched an aid to Peel, directing him to hurry up with his heavy guns. The gallant captain limbered up, and urging forward the 24-pounders, planted them, amid a shower of bullets, within a few yards of the walls—acting as Campbell said, “very much as if he had been laying the Shannon alongside an enemy's frigate.” Although huge flakes flew off at every discharge, it was soon apparent that no breach could be made. Some rocket frames were then ordered up, and blazing rockets went skimming over the parapets to clear them of the sharp-shooters. Under cover of its fire, Campbell having exhausted his last resource, ordered the guns to be withdrawn, and the dead and wounded collected and carried to the rear; while the shadows on his brow grew darker than those that were now creeping over the landscape. In this fearful crisis Adrian Hope collected about fifty men, and stealing through a thicket to the right

approached the wall where he thought he had noticed before the assault some evidences of the shot having taken effect. Luckily he found a fissure just large enough to allow one man to be pushed through. Sending off in haste for some sappers, who in a few moments came on a run, he and a few others crawled up while the breach was being made wider. The support then rushed in, and quickly forming, ran to open the gate to their comrades. To their astonishment they just caught sight of the white dresses of the last of the garrison, as they disappeared in the rolling smoke. The rockets, followed by the appearance of the enemy in their midst, filled them with consternation, and they fled into the city. The day was won, and with a sigh of relief, Sir Colin saw the way comparatively open to the Residency, for he had secured a base where his guns could do the rest. Without tents, without camp fires, the weary soldiers lay down in the ranks to wait for the morning.

In the meantime the most intense excitement had prevailed in the Residency. From every look-out the course of Sir Colin was watched, by the sound of his guns, and the huge volumes of smoke that rolled heavenward. Havelock had determined soon as Campbell attacked the Secunderabagh, to issue forth and take possession of some houses in front of his most advanced position. When, therefore, he saw that palace enveloped in the smoke of cannon, he ordered a wall, that had hitherto protected him from the enemy, but now interfered with his advance, to be knocked down. The mines which were exploded for that purpose proving too feeble, he

opened his batteries on it. The round-shot went through it as if it had been a piece of pasteboard, and by half-past three it was demolished, and the advance sounded. The troops answered it with a shout, for they had been so long pent up in inaction that they were excited beyond measure at the idea of being at their foes again. "Their cheers echoed through the courts of the palace, responsive to the bugle sound, and on they rushed to assured victory." In a few minutes the enemy were flying in every direction from the buildings adjacent, which were speedily occupied by British troops, and armed with cannon.

Before daylight next morning, Sir Colin was aroused by the ringing of bells throughout the city, and the beating of drums, and bugle calls, and expected a general assault—but none was attempted. When the ammunition was brought up Peel opened with his heavy guns on the mess-house. Young Havelock, from the top of the palace, watched this movement with great interest, and soon after three, an officer approaching him, he quietly remarked "they have taken the mess-house." "Impossible," replied the former. "It is true," rejoined Havelock; "I have kept close watch. The rebels are flying from it." It was so; the place had been carried, and the victorious troops pressed on to the adjacent buildings.

Outram and Havelock now mounted their horses, and, through a storm of musketry, rode swiftly towards the relieving army. Young Havelock endeavored to follow, but was soon dropped by

another bullet through his arm. A shell exploded right between Havelock and Outram, yet both almost miraculously escaped injury. Sir Colin was still advancing amid a heavy fire, when his attention was directed to a group of swift riders galloping towards him. The next moment Havelock and Outram, with their respective staffs, reined up before him. The moment these toil-worn veterans clasped hands with the commander-in-chief, the troops knew who they were, and then there went up a long, loud hurra, that rung over the din of battle. It was fit that these heroes should meet and exchange congratulations under the fire of the enemy.

The junction of the two forces was now easily effected and the suspense of the long beleaguered garrison relieved. But the anxiety of the commanders was by no means over, for the formidable task of conveying the sick and wounded, and women and children to Dil Khoosa, six miles distant, remained to be performed.

In the meantime, however, Campbell kept up a fire from the Residency, as though he meant to hold it, though this was not his intention; as his force was too small to reëstablish British rule in a city swarming with 60,000 troops—besides, every moment that kept him away from Cawnpore, and the feeble garrison there, was full of danger. On the night of the 19th, therefore, the sick and wounded, together with the women and children, were removed. This was a sad exodus, for some of the women had just been confined, and were weak, while the means of transportation were very limited. On foot, or drawn by bullocks and horses,

these 400 women and children streamed on through the darkness—their ears assailed by the crash of cannon and noise of bugles, and shouts of men—till at last, like frightened deer, they arrived at Dil Khoosa. Only one of the whole was struck by a shot.

On the 20th, Peel opened with his heavy guns on the king's palace, and for three days he rained a tempest of shot and shell upon it, making awful slaughter by the bursting of the latter into the crowded courtyards. At length, on the evening of the 22d, the gaping walls furnished an entrance for the stormers, and the rebels expected an assault. This was precisely the impression Campbell designed to produce, that he might more safely withdraw the garrison. This was successfully accomplished, and the troops reached Dil Khoosa without awakening a suspicion on the part of the enemy. The army followed after. The next morning, while all were rejoicing in their escape, the rebels, supposing the garrison to be still in the Residency, opened their accustomed fire upon it. They, however, soon discovered their mistake, and raging with disappointment, rushed into the Residency, hoping that some might remain on whom they could wreak their vengeance; but all had escaped. As only a small amount of baggage could be allowed to each, most of the property of the garrison was left behind, and rich dresses, plate, furniture, and children's clothing fell into the hands of the enemy.

Giving the women, and children, and sick, one day's rest, the commander-in-chief prepared, on the

24th, to set out for Alumbagh. But in the midst of the buoyant hopes, joyful anticipations, and general delight at their newly-recovered freedom, there came a sudden sorrow. The last few days of toil and excitement had proved too much for the exhausted frame of Havelock, and now that the final deliverance of the women and children was secured, the unbending will that had kept him up, seemed no longer to sustain him. He was taken seriously ill the night after they reached Dil Khoosa. He had complained of indigestion before, but at midnight of the 20th he was taken with dysentery. The next forenoon he was better; but his removal at midnight to Dil Khoosa doubtless aggravated his disease.

From this time he continued to grow rapidly worse till the 23d, when it became evident that he was fast sinking. He himself was perfectly aware of his approaching end, yet he met his fate with the same composure with which he had faced death so often on the battle-field. He thought of his wife and children far away on the Rhine, whom he should never see more, and felt it would be a relief to die in their midst; but in this as in everything else, he cheerfully submitted to the will of God. He lay on a litter in a common soldier's tent, and would allow no attendance but that of his wounded, gallant boy. On this, the last day of his life, Outram came to see him. The two friends had often faced death together, and passed through trying scenes, side by side, and a warm affection had sprung up between them.

Outram approached the side of the dying warrior

and inquired how he was. Havelock replied that he never should be any better, "but," he added, "for more than 40 years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. I am not in the least afraid," said he; "to die is gain. I die happy and contented."

"So be it," was the grave and solemn reply of Outram, as he turned sadly away.

Soon after Mr. Gubbings, the financial commissioner of Oude, called to see him. As he entered the low tent, he saw the doctor and one of his aids whispering in a low voice together. A curtain separated the litter on which Havelock lay, from them, and as Mr. Gubbings went behind it, and caught a glimpse of the altered countenance of the veteran, he knew at once that death had marked his victim. He lay apparently asleep, while on the ground beside him sat his son Henry, pale from his recent wounds, his arm in a sling, gazing mournfully on the face of his father. The tent was still as death, and as Mr. Gubbings looked on the sad spectacle, it seemed almost impossible that only a few days before he had seen that now emaciated form galloping through the smoke of battle.

Havelock finding himself rapidly sinking, left his last messages for his wife and children, then told his son to come and see how a Christian could die. He continued to fail through the night, saying but little, but now and then low murmurs would reach the ear, revealing the peace that reigned within, and showing what bright anticipations cheered the passing spirit. The next morning, the 24th, it was

evident that before another sun went down, Havelock would be no more. But while this strangely serene and peaceful scene was passing within that humble tent, without all was bustle and commotion. Though feeling deeply for his dying companion-in-arms, Campbell had no time to lose if he would remove those women and children, and sick, and wounded to a place of safety, and he ordered an immediate march to Alumbagh. The shrill blast of the bugle, and strains of martial music, and the muffled tread of marching thousands filled all the air ; but they fell on a dull and listless ear in that soldier's tent. Once they would have enlisted his most earnest attention, but now far different sounds were borne to his dying ear, the song of seraphs and the choral symphony of the skies. What to him were the pomp and panoply of war whose eye had already caught glimpses of the invisible things of God ? Fainter and fainter grew the light around him ; brighter and brighter broke the dawn of heaven on his spirit, and peacefully, calmly he sunk to rest.

The news of his death soon spread through the army, and many a moist eye was seen among those grim Highlanders on whom he had so nobly relied in his march of fire. The body was carried with the retreating army to Alumbagh, and once more, and for the last time, Havelock moved with his brave columns ; but the eye that was wont to scan their ranks so keenly, was now lustreless and dead, and the calm voice that had so often roused them to deeds of daring, hushed forever, for the warrior had gone to that still land where the tread of armies is never heard, and the sound of battle never comes.

They made him a grave in the beautiful ground of the Alumbagh, and next day he was followed to his last resting-place by the commander-in-chief and the staff, and his companions-in-arms. He sleeps on the field of his fame, and his lonely tomb beneath the tropical grove, is hung round with unfading laurels, and never will the Christian traveller or soldier pass it without dropping one tear to him who sleeps beneath. His greatness and goodness will always be kept fresh in the memory of man, and the time will never come when the English mother, as she clasps her babe to her bosom and thinks of Lucknow, will not murmur blessings on his name.

Although advanced in years, Havelock died in the noontide of his glory, and before envy and malice could cast even a momentary shadow over the splendor of his renown. He had attracted the eye and enlisted the heart of the civilized world, and a nation paused in its swelling shouts of joy and peans of praise, to shed tears on his grave, and shower honors on his name. He lived just long enough to know this, though not to reap its fruits.

Havelock was a remarkable character, and like all great military chieftains, possessed opposite qualities, or one might say two distinct characters. Severe in discipline, and stern in command, he often exacted from his soldiers in great emergencies, services which they thought cruel to demand, yet no one cared so much for their condition, or sympathized so deeply with them in their sufferings. His manner in dif-

ferent circumstances presented the same decided contrast. When on military duty of any kind, he was grave, reserved and taciturn, which have led many to suppose he was cold and forbidding. But around the table, or among his associates, he was extremely sociable. No one conversed with more ease, or acted, seemingly, with less restraint than he. So also he was one of the safest and most cautious of men, and at the same time one of the most headlong and daring; yet judgment controlled his apparently rash and impulsive acts just as completely as it did his more prudent ones. He had also the rare faculty of thinking quick and yet thinking right. To great military genius and thorough knowledge of his profession, he added a courage seldom equalled, never excelled. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that among the brave officers of India, he was the bravest. Every one, as Napoleon said, has his "*moment de peur*," but this was not true of Havelock. No one ever saw him lose his self-possession for an instant. He seemed insensible to fear. Danger of whatever kind, or in whatever shape it might come, never agitated him in the least. If it had any effect on him it was a sort of pleasurable excitement, for it was always noticed that he became less taciturn and more sociable when under fire. When the cannon balls were crashing around him, and the musketry fire was drifting like hail upon his ranks, he seemed peculiarly at his ease. Perhaps the most striking feature in Havelock's character was his great self-reliance. Without being vain or self-opinionated, he had the utmost confidence in his

own judgment, and followed its decisions without wavering or hesitation. Hence he was never overwhelmed by responsibility however great, never wavered in any circumstances whatever. Many a brave officer fails here. This calm self-confidence is necessary to great executive ability, without which there cannot be a great commander. Havelock exhibited this trait at Jellalabad when he withstood Sale and Magregor, and in many instances afterwards. But it never manifested itself so strikingly as when, after repeated and continuous victories, he turned back on Cawnpore to await reinforcements. Neither the clamors of his soldiers, nor the voice of calumny taunting him with faint-heartedness, if not want of courage, could move his steadfast purposes. He had weighed all the difficulties that lay before him, and knew perfectly well what the result of an attempt to advance would be. Still the temptation to make it was exceedingly strong, for he could not suffer from failure. If he was defeated, the world would put the blame on the government that expected him to do impossibilities. To his own personal wishes was added military pride—he had been sent to relieve Lucknow, and now to wait to be superseded by another, and take a subordinate place in the rescue of the garrison, was galling in the extreme.

But not all of those motives combined could move him—he thought only of his country, and resolved to act for her interests, whatever might be said of him. There is something sublime in the deliberate and resolute manner with which he followed his own judgment against those around him.

But it is not the military qualities of Havelock alone that challenge our admiration. He was good as he was great. Not only did he remain untainted by the temptations of a camp life, preserving all the pure and noble qualities of an upright man, but what is still more remarkable, he lived an active and ardent Christian. Few, though surrounded by Christian influences, and giving their whole time to the culture of the heart, attain to that elevated state of religious devotion and that strong faith which he did amid the looseness of a camp and in the excitements of a military profession. The taunts of his comrades in arms—the sneer of the wicked could not move him from his steadfastness of purpose. He not only lived a thoughtful, prayerful life himself, but was active in doing good to others and persuading them to believe in and love that Saviour in whom he trusted. He not only instructed the soldiers in religious truths and prayed with them, but on Sundays erected his Bethel tent and preached to them. This required a higher kind of courage than to storm a battery—a moral courage which few possess. This did not result from a wild fanaticism which formed so great a part of the religion of many of Cromwell's soldiers, but from a calm, consistent faith in God's Word and undoubting belief in the truths it revealed. Another has well summed up his history in saying, "Worn in body, high of courage, pure in heart, of an energy which no difficulties could daunt, of a resolution which no disasters could shake, he sealed his devotion to his country by his blood; and when the good laborer's work was done

he went to receive his reward in a far distant land." *

The life of Havelock teaches one lesson that the British people would do well to lay to heart: that merit, patriotism and ability are not the sure road to eminence in the English army, but are regarded light as air compared to aristocratic connections and influence. Havelock's abilities did not lie hid in a corner—they were recognized by every commander-in-chief and governor-general for a long term of years, but were overlooked at home until the hour of deadly peril came. One would think that the "red tape system" might have disappeared forever after Napoleon's career, but here England treated one of the ablest soldiers she ever had in India with neglect, for the reason that his merit was his sole recommendation to favor.

We cannot follow further the history of this war. Campbell, hearing nothing of Wyndham, marched on the 27th for Cawnpore, taking with him all the women, children, sick and wounded. When he encamped at night, he heard faintly booming over the plain the sound of cannon in the direction of Cawnpore, and knew too well what it meant. Filled with anxiety, he marched next morning at seven o'clock, and stimulated to greater exertion by the explosions of cannon that grew more distinct as he advanced, he urged forward his vast convoy without a moment's rest. The wounded groaned and died, the sick overtasked yielded up their breath, while the carriers

* *Vide* Blackwood, October, 1858.

staggered and fell under their burdens—yet Campbell could not stop, for at that moment the enemy's cannon might be thundering on the bridge of boats at Cawnpore, and if it were once destroyed Wyndham was lost.

At length some swift horsemen were seen spurring along the road. They came from Wyndham's camp, and reported his double defeat and present perilous position. Campbell ordered the advance guard to fire salvos of artillery to let him know he was coming, and then pushed on. The garrison at Cawnpore was hard bested, and when night closed upon them and they could see no clouds of dust beyond the Ganges promising relief, their hearts sank within them. But at midnight the clatter of horses' feet was heard on the bridge, and soon Sir Colin reined up beneath the ramparts of Cawnpore. Cheer upon cheer rang out upon the night air, for not only was Lucknow saved but Cawnpore should now be saved also. In a few days the entire convoy of women and children and sick was started off for Allahabad, and then he turned like a lion upon his foe, crushing him to pieces.

Of the campaign in the Doab that followed we shall say nothing. Early next spring the victorious army was again around Lucknow, and the thunder of guns once more shook the place where Havelock slept. The city fell, and Campbell following up his successes seems to have extinguished the rebellion.*

* Those who wish to follow Campbell in his brilliant campaign will find its history graphically written by Mr. Russell of the London *Times*.

Whatever may be the result of the present new relations established between England and the Indian Empire, the former may see the eternal justice of God vindicated in the expense and bloodshed it has cost her to retain possession of a kingdom she so unrighteously appropriated to her own use. England and America are both essentially grasping and aggressive in their policy, and whatever good may ultimately result to civilization from their conquests, both will eventually find their danger, if not their destruction, in the lust of territory.

THE END.

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2. The second part of the document focuses on the role of communication in achieving organizational goals. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication, both internally and externally. The text provides guidelines for effective communication, such as using appropriate language, listening actively, and providing feedback. It also discusses the benefits of open communication, including improved collaboration and decision-making. The document concludes by emphasizing that communication is a key skill for success in any organization.

